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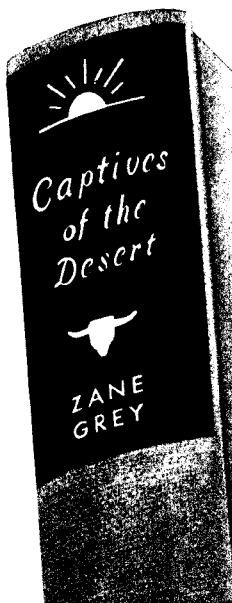

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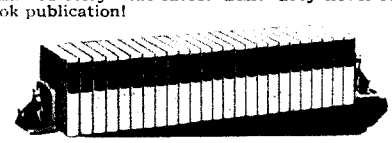

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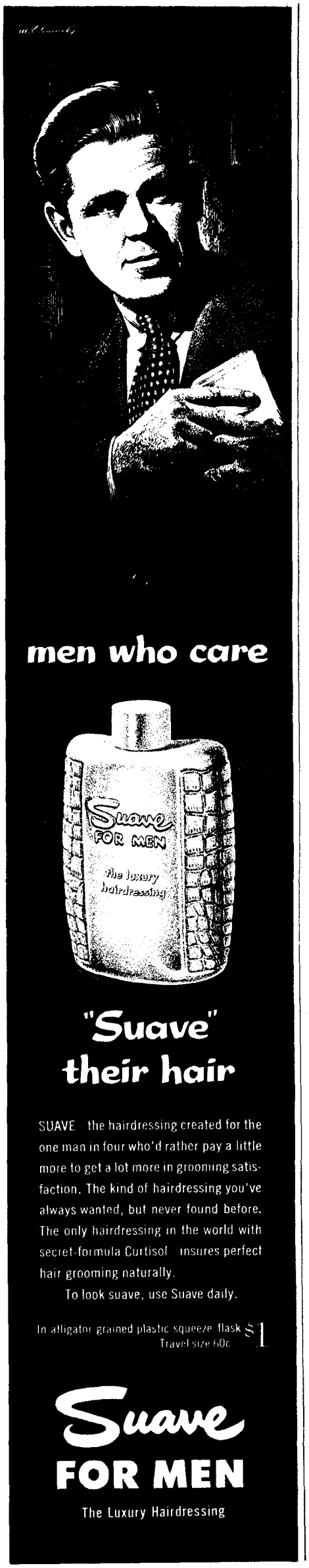
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January 31, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Subscription Department, 204 W. High Street, Springfield, Ohio
Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY. Vol. 131, No. 5. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, Ralph G. Smith, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

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ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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The Cover

We don't know the name of the gentleman in the foreground, but we can think of a number of names he'll undoubtedly call little Johnny if the youngster finally gets a bead on that fine head of skin. We only hope that Mom or the approaching conductor can manage to avert what might be called a scene. Artist Carol Johnson once witnessed this potentially messy drama but won't tell us how it turned out. All he'll say is that his own thatch is thin and that he makes a point of never turning his back on any tot under five years of age.

Week's Mail

Runyon Booster

EDITOR: Tom Runyon's story of Ole Lindquist (Number 9843, Dec. 6th) was tops. It caused a lot of comment out in this neck of the woods.

I am doing—and will do—all I can to get Runyon moving toward a parole. It may be a long grind. This is not to say that I am a prime figure in the whole affair. Warden Lainson and others go before me.

When I was warden nearly a generation ago the average life sentence in Iowa was 17 years. Runyon, I think, has done about 15 years and, therefore, is close to the day, if the law of averages holds, when his case could be considered anew. I hope so. He could become a highly valuable member of free society and would, I think, go far as a writer. J. R. PERKINS, Pastor Emeritus, First Congregational Church, Council Bluffs, Iowa

The Reverend Dr. Perkins was warden of the Iowa State Penitentiary for three of the more than 42 years that Ole Lindquist spent there. Tom Runyon, another lifer, was the author of Collier's article about Lindquist.

America's A-Sub

EDITOR: Your article concerning America's New Dreadful Weapon (Dec. 20th) has raised a very perplexing question in my mind. Conceding that this "dreadful weapon" will be here shortly, and assuming that we have no monopoly on the item in question, how will the supercarrier or the fast carrier task force (commented on in such great detail in one of your prior issues) survive in a sea inhabited by Russian atomic subs?

It appears to an uninformed layman that we could conserve our resources more effectively by converting our naval force from fast carrier task forces to atomic submarines.

JOHN A. GRIFFIN, Alexandria, Va.

. . . After reading America's New Dreadful Weapon and looking at your cover, I can assure you that, if I should meet this submarine head on under water, it could save its torpedoes, for it would surely frighten me to death.

In all seriousness, though, it's a splendid article on a most vital subject.

BILLIE FRANCES SMITH, Houston, Texas

. . . Regarding America's New Dreadful Weapon, it is stated: "Then the Bureau of Ships is working on a device to take oxygen from water." When this is possible, will we need atomic energy in any form but its destructive one? This

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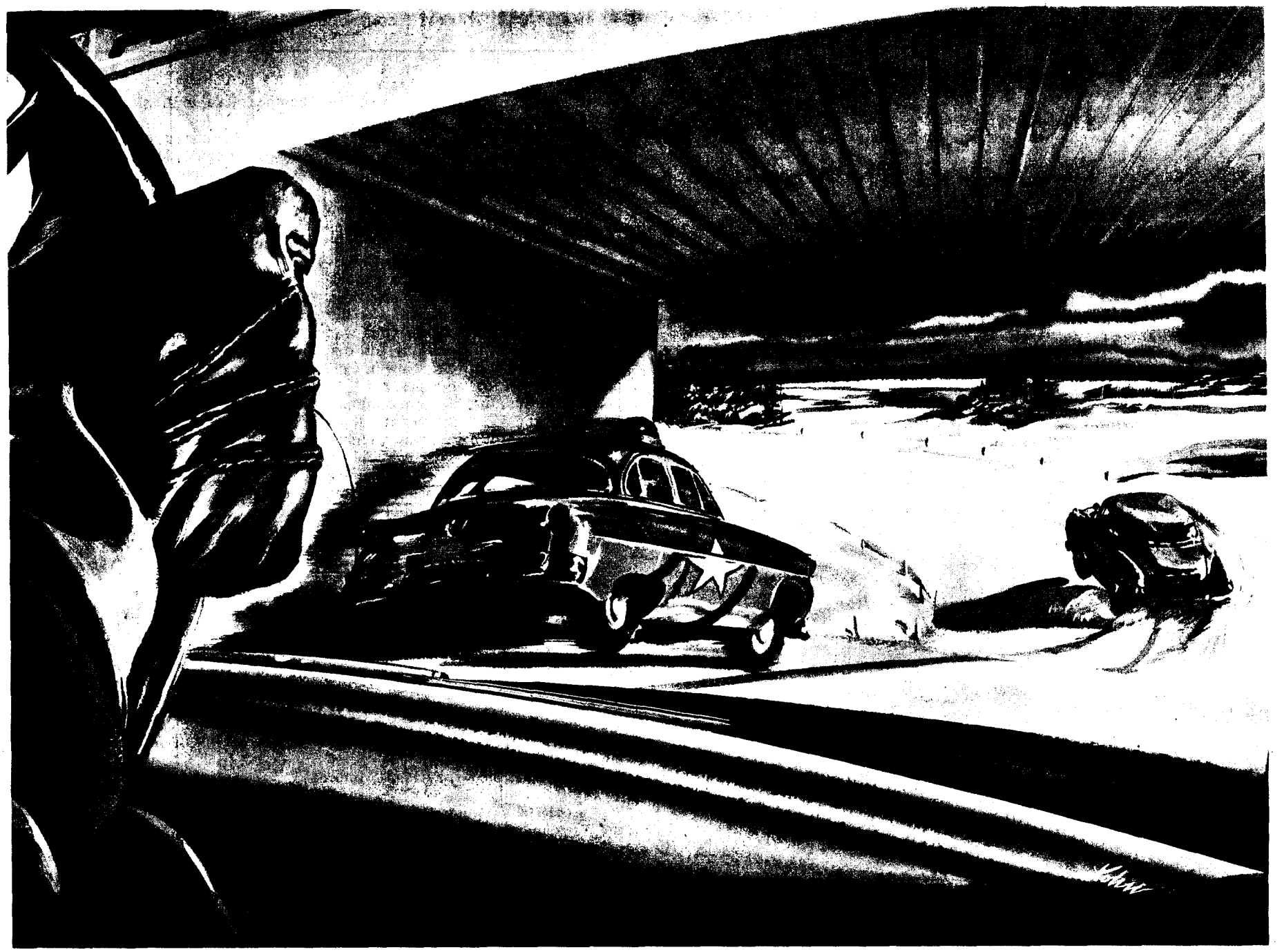

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would open the avenue to unlimited cheap power and locomotion. There would be no need for coal or oil; everyone could have an oxygen converter for heat, fuel and perfect air conditioning in his home, and one in his car.

Or would that upset our economy too much? W. A. SULLIVAN, Poteet, Texas

. . . The story of America's New Dreadful Weapon must have come as a shock to many Americans who, in magazines and newspapers, have been told of the need for secrecy in much of our war implements and preparations for our protection in time of war. Now in Collier's we find all that an expert needs to know about building an atomic submarine. And the bad feature of the story was that the information was given to your magazine by a Rear Admiral of the Navy in Charge of Naval Construction. Public press and other sources of information were told to be quiet about President-elect Eisenhower going to Korea, so why were not the same sources told to be quiet about our secret weapons?

With the information given and shown in your December 20th issue all the Russians have to do now is convert some of their now-building snorkels to atomic submarines and they will be able to match us under water.

Some big brass are so anxious to see their names in print that they gave away state secrets as has been done in the past.

H. G. BRANT, St. Paul, Minn.

The article in question was cleared by the Navy and the Atomic Energy Commission. They obviously do not share reader Brant's fear that we are giving away military secrets, or his confident contention that all the Russians need to do is to read Collier's in order to build an atomic submarine.

Saved by the Cover

EDITOR: You may be interested in an amusing incident which has to do with the cover of your December 13th issue.

Christmas shopping, I'm sure you'll agree, is a big problem to all of us, especially so to the wives of Westchester County who drive around to local communities in search of that elusive "something different" and that equally elusive and all but nonexistent place to park.

With shops brimful of gifts and gift seekers, it's not hard to forget that one last present for Aunt Mamie. So I put another nickel in the slot and off I went to find it.

When I returned to the car (in good time, I thought), lo and behold, there was that ominous slip of paper tucked in the windshield!

Before reaching home, I picked up my regular copy of Collier's and got a big kick out of the wonderful picture on the cover. I promptly tore it off and sent it along with the ticket and my check to the authorities in New Rochelle, scribbling across the top of it—"This could never happen in New Rochelle." I added a P.S. to ask, "Is five minutes overtime so vital that a little Christmas spirit in your community couldn't overlook it?" And then I added, "Next time I'll stay in my own bailiwick and not patronize your town."

Well, Judge Christopher J. Murphy, evidently a man with a sense of humor and a good deal of civic pride, decided that the city of New Rochelle could not be found lacking in the yuletide spirit. So he ordered my check returned to me with a nice note and "A Merry Christmas." He probably had a good laugh and came up with Christmas spirits galore—and all thanks to Collier's.

ETHEL R. DILLON, Yonkers, N.Y.

To which we might add that the cover artist, Bill Randall, his wife and model, Maxine, and the officer, "Alfie" Hall, are all Mrs. Dillon's Westchester neighbors in nearby Bronxville.

Safety Lights

EDITOR: Can slaughter on the highways due to improper speed be cut down? I think it can.

Recently I drove a car in which an inventor had installed three lights on top, visible from all angles.

At speeds of 25 miles an hour no light was visible. Between 25 and 35 miles an hour the green light showed. Between 35 and 45 miles an hour a yellow light.

At speeds above the state limit on the highways a red light came up. I became as conscious of my speed as I am when I see a motorcycle cop in the offing. To all those about me I was advertising my speed, and a cop a mile or two down the road could spot me coming.

I think this idea will eventually be compulsory. JAMES A. WORSHAM, SR., Los Angeles, Cal.

"Columbia's Grandeur"

EDITOR: As a reader of Collier's for over 40 years, I wish to express my appreciation for the many, many wonderful articles and editorials that have appeared in this popular magazine, and for their general information as well as their inestimable cultural value.

Particularly do I wish to refer to When 11 of 14 Children Were Hit with Polio, written by Karl Schriftgiesser (November 29th). From the sincerity and devotion evident in the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Thiel, the intelligence and efficiency in that of Dr. McGill, the eternal optimism of youth shown by the crippled boy Lawrence, and the beautiful happy faces in the main picture, one is reminded of a line from the immortal Bobby Burns, which with a slight substitution could aptly apply: "From scenes like these shall Columbia's grandeur rise."

TRENTON B. CURRIE, Houlton, Me.

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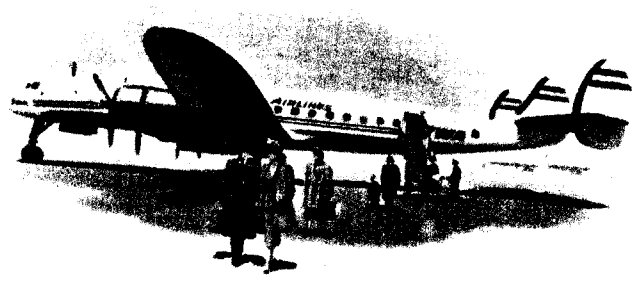
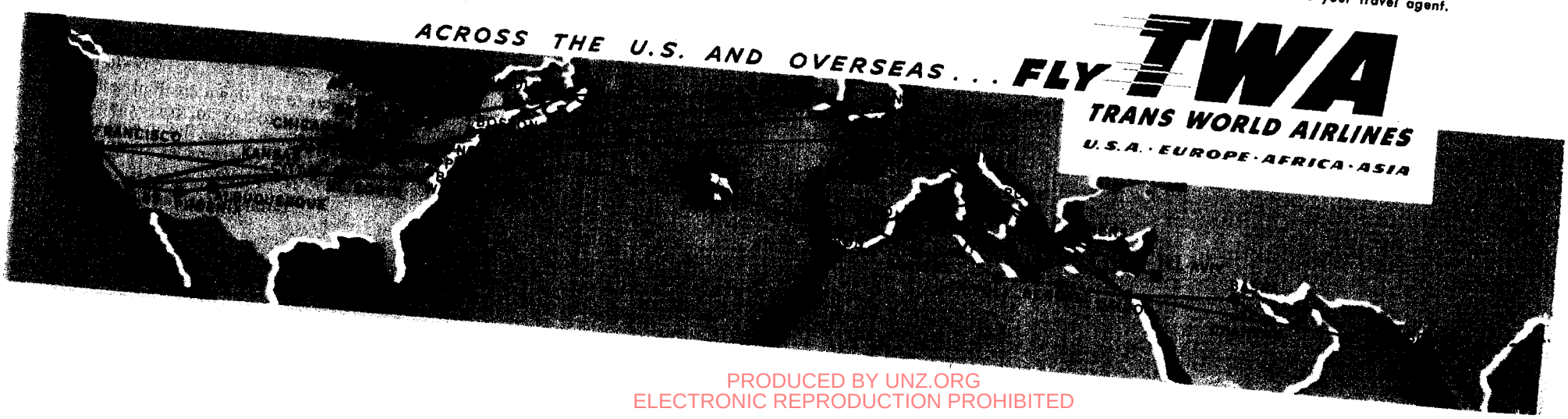
EASY STREET — 1953

While you're making resolutions for the new year, here's one that's bound to broaden your horizons. Resolve to travel the broad blue *high* way TWA Skyliners fly. It can be your road to greater success in business; your pathway to greater pleasure during vacation days ahead. Swift, dependable TWA Skyliners can help you *see more* and *do more* no matter where in the world you go.



Where in the world do you want to go? For information and reservations, call TWA or see your travel agent.



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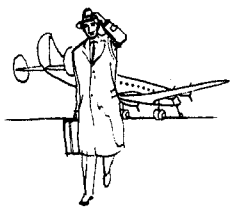

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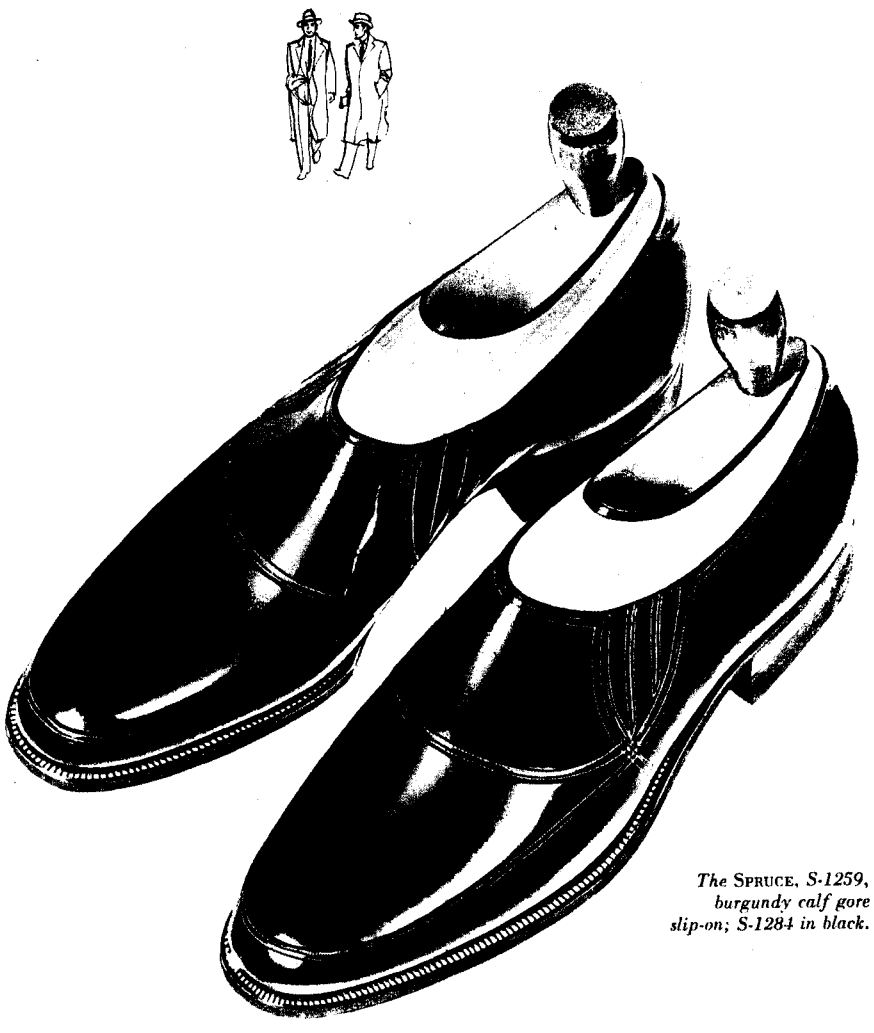

The SPRUCE, *S-1259, burgundy calf gore slip-on; S-1284 in black.*

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Oppressed by the grinding rigors of winter on the rock-bound shores of Miami Beach, a gentleman was holding forth about the good old days. Wasn't very specific about dates, but said that the good old days were the ones to have lived in. Gentleman nearby set down his tall frosted glass and replied that experience had taught him that the best days to be alive in were while you were still alive. For highly intelligent exchanges like that there's no place like Miami Beach.

★ ★ ★

Detroiter named E. Krumbiegel had a good man-to-man talk with an elderly widower who had accumulated several million dollars and, after looking around pretty thoroughly for something to do,

decided to marry a girl forty years his junior. Mr. E. Krumbiegel advised against it. Why not marry someone nearer his own age, and so forth? "Yes, yes," said the wealthy widower, "I know all about that. But it's been my experience that it's better to own a few shares in a going concern than all the stock in one that's all through."

★ ★ ★

The Volunteer Fire Department of Blountsville, Indiana, is not frittering away its time worrying about aid to Europe, Asia and Africa—increased or decreased. But while the government is billioning around, the VFD of B would like $350 earned in successfully fighting a couple of burning airplanes from Wright-Patterson Field, Ohio, and guarding the remains of the jets until the Air Force security officers arrived. Blountsville boys don't seem to understand that anybody billing the government for less than a couple of million can't expect to get much attention.

★ ★ ★

General Electric Company has just released a survey of the lives of working wives. That means wives who hold wage-earning jobs. There are more than 10,000,000 of these ladies at the moment, and we wish we had the space to tell you all GE found out. For example, the average working wife has one husband and one child. Twenty-four per cent of them own dogs. Most of them spend week ends with their husbands. She doesn't care a lot for ironing, dishwashing, floorwashing, furniture dusting, window washing, cooking or washing clothes—in that order. Thirty-nine per cent are "quite tired" at bedtime, although only 22 per cent are "exhausted." Twenty-four per cent are "pleasantly tired," twelve per cent are "not tired—just sleepy" and three per cent are "wide awake." And, oh yes. She isn't crazy about carrying out the garbage. Neither is her old man—the bum.

★ ★ ★

Had it not been for a rather stiffish brawl when the ladies met in St. Louis to organize, there might now be an Anti-Mamie Society. The meeting was called by a lady who yearned to lead a crusade to discourage calling Mrs. Eisenhower by her first name. Undignified. First ladies should not be treated with offhand familiarity. But another lady, doubtless a fronter, said that if Dolly was good enough for Mrs. Madison, Mamie was okay for Mrs. Eisenhower. Another, probably a Democrat, insisted that Mamie was no more disrespectful than Bess—the name of the wife of another but unidentified former President. Besides, said another, Mrs. Hoover was a lady known as Lou. Anyway there isn't any Anti-Mamie Society in existence yet.

★ ★ ★

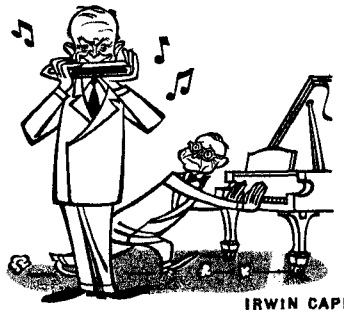
One of our steady customers in Topeka, Kansas, says he knows an author who has just dedicated his latest book: "To my wife, without whose absence this could never have been written."

★ ★ ★

Among the nuggets of trifling information you may want to tuck away and forget is this item from Mrs. Regina Potholez, of Duluth, Minnesota: If you have your hair cut in the light of the moon, it won't grow as fast as if you had it cut in the dark of the moon.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Truman and his pianos have gone. But there still will be music at 1600 Pennsylvania, Washington, D.C. Old 48 is told on fine authority that Ike is no fumblemouth with the harmonica. We're told, too, that his Oh Susannah caused many a SHAPE staff officer to break his arches stamping his feet. It is planned to have at least one harmonica on every mantel in the White House. Thus our new President will be able to solace himself wherever he may



IRWIN CAPLAN

happen to sit down to think out what he's going to say to, for example, his new Cabinet. Also, he can carry one around for emergencies. Couldn't do that with a piano. ▲▲▲

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JAMES HOWARD KINDELBERGER

Aviation executive of international renown; distinguished engineer and designer; chairman of the Board and chief executive officer of North American Aviation, Inc.; served as Air Officer, World War I; one of America's most expert and sought-after counselors in all phases of the aviation industry.

ERNST FREDERICK WERNER ALEXANDERSON

World-famous electrical engineer; one of America's outstanding inventors; has obtained more than 300 U. S. patents; recipient of international medals, awards, honors; noted pioneer in radio, television, electric ship propulsion, railroad electrification; consulting engineer for General Electric Company.

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Famed pioneer in all branches of television engineering; holder of numerous audio-visual patents; instrumental in building the Navy's World War II radar training program; cartoonist and author; respected leader in research and development projects; President and active head of Television Associates, Inc.

These four great American engineering executives, who have a thorough understanding of electrical and mechanical devices, can afford any type of hearing aid at any price. They wear the seventy-five dollar Zenith hearing aid.

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA FROM FILES OF "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA."

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RACING'S MOST COVETED AWARD AGAIN WON WITH **CHAMPION** SPARK PLUGS!

Chuck Stevenson, 1952 AAA National Racing Champion and winner of the stock car division of the Mexican Road Race.

The AAA medal awarded for the best record in 15 big car races totalling 2400 miles.

"When you're up against the best drivers and cars in the nation you want spark plugs that stay with you," says Stevenson. "For my money there isn't a spark plug in the world to compare to Champions and I give them full credit for helping make 1952 my big year. Practically every top race driver I know, here or abroad, will tell you Champions are the best!"

The spark plug chosen by Chuck Stevenson—and by nine of the first ten AAA drivers—must be the best—and that means Champion! This preference by those whose lives and livelihood depend on engine performance means that when *you* pick Champion Spark Plugs you are buying finer performance, economy and dependability. Whatever make or model car you drive—*it will run better with Champions!*

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

CHAMPION

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Better by Far for **EVERY CAR** *Regardless of Make or Year*

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Collier's, January 31, 1953

How to Run a GAMBLING CASINO

By RICHARD DONOVAN

Harold's Club in Reno takes bets of a nickel to more than $100,000, replaces its dice every three days, stakes losers to their fare home—and awards university scholarships

THE hour was 6:00 A.M. A new day was dawning for most of Reno, Nevada. But in the downtown area, two thousand crap, roulette and twenty-one players still milled around the three large and brilliantly lighted floors of Harold's Club, the largest legal gambling establishment in the Western Hemisphere and probably in the world.

Banks of slot machines filled the conditioned air with a tidal roar. Thousands of kibitzers gravely monitored the play at the keno, pan, poker and chuck-a-luck games. A woman jackpot winner shrieked her joy. Thousands of dollars were changing hands.

Oblivious to the torrent of sound and activity, a small, middle-aged man stood in the center of the first floor, locked in combat with a nickel slot machine. His face was haggard, his legs sagged, his eyes followed the twirling fruit symbols with sad but threatening watchfulness. Only four hours earlier, this man had been $6.65 ahead of the machine; and then he had been patting the machine and winking at it. Now, without warning, he straightened and punched it just over the pay slot with all his might.

"I pull that handle 7,862 times and I lose thirteen dollars!" the man shouted as he was led away to have his hand doctored. "What kind of an asylum is this, anyhow?"

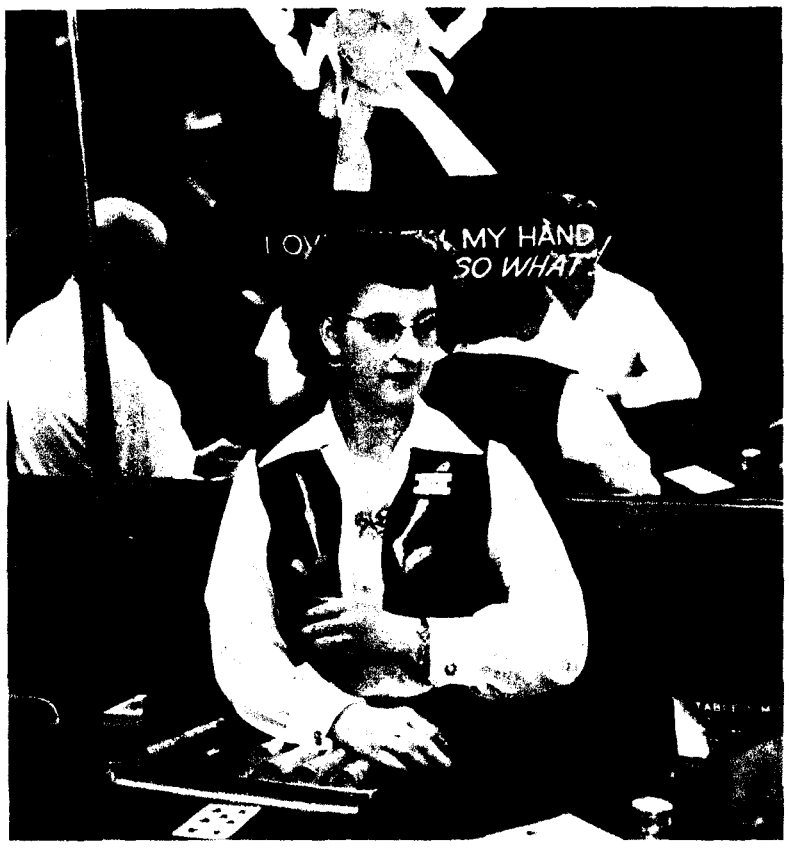
In most Nevada clubs, his question might have gone unanswered. But at Harold's Club, it got the prompt, personal attention of Raymond I. Smith, the general manager. Smith spent half an hour explaining to the man that Harold's slot machines are set to give the customer the longest possible play for his money. He also told the complainer that Harold's slot machines in July, 1950, alone paid out $8,144,842.

The reason for Smith's solicitude is that Harold's has built its mammoth business on the little man with a little money and a little daring.

"Let the big juice go someplace else!" says one of Harold's oldest and most trusted employees. "We ain't no Monte Carlo!"

Harold's indeed is no Monte Carlo. It doesn't boast jeweled patrons, cultivated croupiers or barbered gardens. And it has even less in common with its root ancestor, the Western saloon of frontier days.

Harold's is something new—a supermarket of gambling, huge, glassy, departmentalized and efficient. It has more floor space, games and customers than any other gambling club in North or South America. Although most of its patrons have no more than one dollar to a hundred dollars to lose, a player can—and has—bet as much as $180,000 on a single roll of the dice. That $180,000 bet, incidentally, set a Nevada record for one-shot wagers.



Half of the 300 dealers at Harold's Club are women. This is Anne Brewer, who deals at twenty-one table

Volume is the watchword. To survive taxes and inflation, meet a payroll of 500, clear an overhead of $3,700,000—not counting gambling losses, which may run as high as $500,000 a day—and still make a profit, Harold's must give and take an estimated $150,000,000 in bets every year. From this awesome figure, the house reaps a gross profit of $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 a year.

To maintain a net profit estimated by outsiders at more than $2,000,000 a year, Harold's must attract a daily average of more than 5,000 customers. It does so by staying open 24 hours of every day to market the most capricious commodity in the world—luck.

Jammed around the gambling tables and slot machines, wrapped in furs or overalls, spurred by confidence or naked desire, the thousands of patrons struggle endlessly against the law of averages. System players whose brains might have made them famous had they concentrated on theoretical mathematics instead of craps sit figuring by the hour. Sorcerers sprinkle goofer dust over slot machines and run in and out of the building to check the moon's position. Yet young women who try their luck for the first time stagger out the door with bundles of dollars big enough to paper a hotel, while the system players and veteran professional gamblers sit dazed and mumbling—but keep on playing.

The men who run Harold's generally approve this never-say-die spirit in their customers. They know that, in addition to their modest, fixed percentage on the games, they stand to profit from something called the hidden percentage—a strange compulsion that sends the man who has lost $10 back into the game to lose $100 trying to get his original investment back.

Harold's is not so serene about public judgment, however. People who spend one day pulling slot-machine handles may spend another pulling voting-machine handles and make gambling illegal in Nevada. To fend off such an eventuality, Harold's conducts endless good-will advertising campaigns, contributes heavily to church funds and awards yearly university scholarships of $1,000 each to the top 112 graduates of the state's 35 high schools.

Harold's operates much the same as any lucrative business—with certain interesting operational and management variations. Raymond I. Smith, a wise and talkative former news butcher, milkman and carnival wheelman from Addison, Vermont, runs the club and is responsible for most of the progressive advertising and business policies which have made it grow. But the elder Smith, who *is* Harold's to most customers, owns no stock in the family corporation that controls it. His sons—Raymond A. Smith, the president, and Harold Smith, vice-president and the man for whom the club was named—own two thirds of the stock, and the final third is owned by Harold's ex-wife. This arrangement works out fine. The sons wisely defer in most business matters to their father, whom they pay a small fortune in salary each year.

The elder Smith promotes a policy of sympathetic understanding for the customers of Harold's, even though the players themselves have no other desire than to break the club.

On one occasion, a Reno man who had embezzled $7,500 from his employers lost it in Harold's and then confessed to Smith. The embezzler got the money back after he repeated his story to the police and promised to stay out of the club thereafter.

Then there are always the losers who need money to get home. Harold's has sent sailors back to San Diego, California, soldiers to the Philip-

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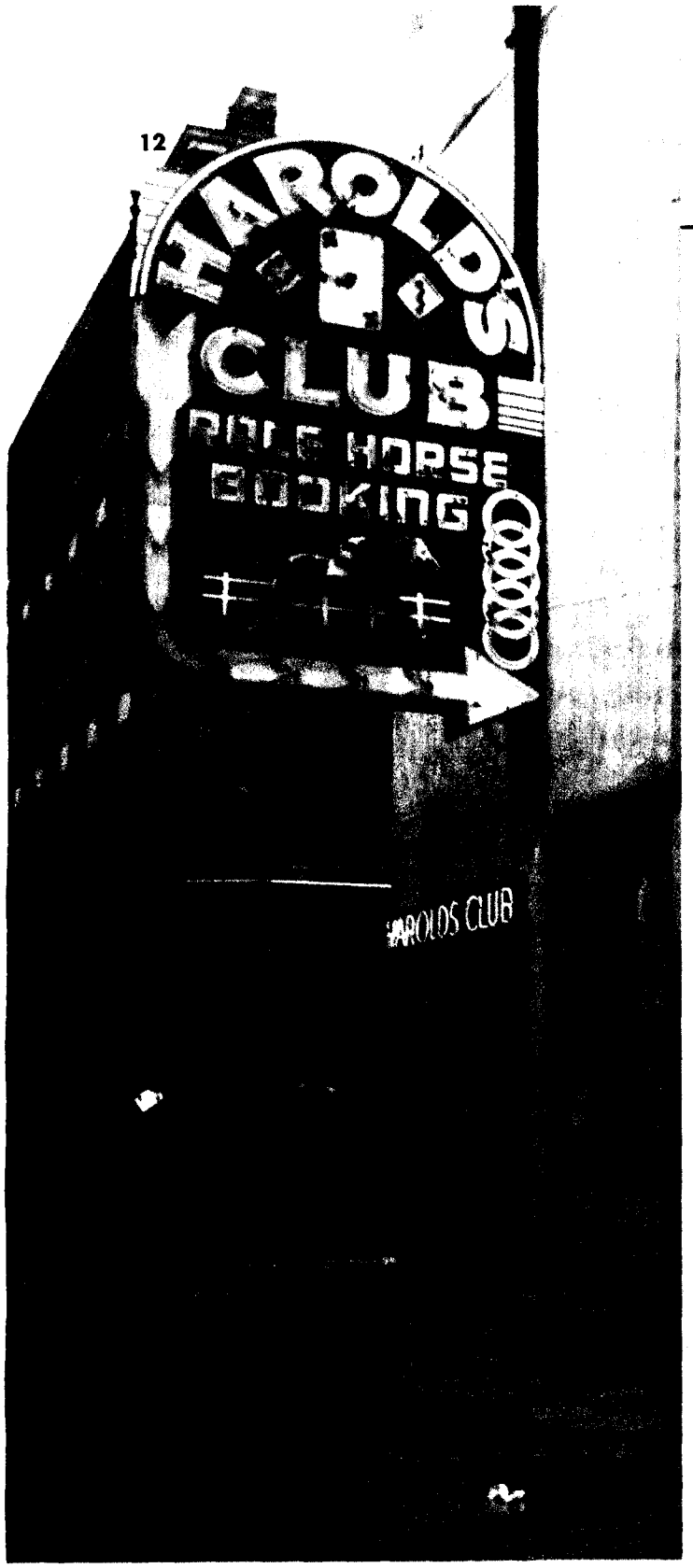

Harold's Club draws over 5,000 customers a day. This is entrance on Douglas Alley

pines, and civilians to most states of the Union. Once Harold's gave a man $30 for train fare, but instead of going home he went up the street to Reno's Riverside Hotel and won $6,000 shooting craps. Back at Harold's and full of bounce, he tackled the crap table there and lost the $6,000, plus the train fare. Harold's again staked him to a railroad ticket; this time he did not return.

Prolonged losing streaks by customers can be just as bad news for Harold's as for the victims. There are times when every game in the house will start to win from the patrons. Nobody knows why. Yet for days, sometimes weeks, nearly every patron is reduced to penury at worst, dismay at best. Then a rumor inevitably gets around that the games are fixed, and public relations sink to a new low.

In the middle of the tourist season—late May to October 1st—a couple of years ago, Harold's good luck really got bad. It all began in a roundabout way when a patron borrowed a nickel from a bartender and won $385. Back at the bar, he returned the bartender's nickel, pounded his chest and announced: "I got the power! I have a message that I am going to ruin the house today."

His boast, according to the superstitious local

Harold's likes its customers to win. The management stil

gambling fraternity, angered Lady Luck. In any event, the man lost all his winnings at a crap table. Then everybody at his crap table started losing; the losing streak spread next to patrons at a nearby roulette table, and it finally engulfed the whole building.

After the club had won steadily for a week, the elder Smith called in his sons, along with Guy Lent and Jim Hunter, his two most respected sublieutenants, for an emergency meeting. The club's spectacular winnings had to stop at once, he said. He then revealed that he long had been thinking of increasing the pay-off to winners at the crap, roulette and twenty-one games. Now was clearly the time to act, he said. So all five men got to work figuring percentages.

At two o'clock the next morning, they were still figuring. At 9:00 A.M., Harold's telephoned the mathematics department at the University of Nevada, near Reno. "Is there anybody there who knows how to change the percentage on a racehorse keno game?" a strained voice from Harold's inquired. There was some confusion on the academic end of the line, but finally a professor agreed to visit the club and look into the keno matter.

It Was Too Much for the Professor

Three days later, the professor and Harold's management were all very tired. "We have about 500 winning combinations on this thing," the professor was saying. "Right, gentlemen?" Management nodded. "But figuring all the 80 numbers on the board, we have an infinite number of combinations—thousands, maybe millions, I don't know."

"Why don't we just raise the pay-out on the six and ten spots?" somebody interrupted. "Or throw the game out of the house?"

Abandoning the keno computations temporarily, the professor turned to dice percentages. All the while, terrifying reports of house winnings kept coming in. "Hurry up," the elder Smith urged the professor. "Or it may be too late." But the dice were tough, too. There were, it turned out, some 495 possible combinations on these little cubes. In that many tosses, the house had 251 chances to win against the player's 244—a percentage bulge of 1.41. That looked so small the management hesitated to tamper with it.

The professor finally gave up the whole project and went back to the campus; the percentages remained the same. The Smiths were gloomily contemplating a future in which they might easily win themselves out of business when news arrived that the spell had been broken; a woman on vacation from the Bronx had taken the Number Six crap table for $3,500.

"This is a gambling hell?" she had inquired, loftily, on her way out.

Actually, the house's take on twenty-one also is almost dead even, except that the dealer wins without playing his last card if the player goes over 21 on the final draw; this rule gives the house a 2½ per cent edge. Slot machines give the house a bulge of 3 per cent or less; they pay something back, from three coins to a jack pot, every six and a half pulls on the average. And roulette gives the house a 5.19 per cent edge. Each gambling house in Nevada decides its own percentages. The state does not set a definite maximum but it will revoke the license of any house which fixes its own take too high.

On the other side of the cycle are the club's losing streaks. When all the games in the house start to lose, all Harold's can do is sit tight and wait for the odds, which favor the contestant who has the biggest bank roll and can last the longest, to go to work.

House-wide losing streaks are bad, particularly for dealer morale, but the elder Smith is inclined to look upon losses to individuals with a jovial eye. Such losses can be excellent public relations.

A couple of years ago, two Eastern students did Harold's a great service. They were system boys. They arrived one day and began to study a certain roulette wheel, not playing, but watching in four-hour shifts. This went on for ten days and began to attract the attention of the local press. Then the students started playing number nine, the number which had hit the most times during their study period. They won more than $5,000 during the first four days, playing in shifts and never leaving the wheel.

By this time, newspapers from coast to coast were beginning to root for the boys, and Harold's, which was being identified everywhere as a place to knock over, could not do enough for their comfort and encouragement. Coffee and sandwiches appeared beside them; club officials dropped by to see whether they wanted cushions for their stools. When the youths had won around nearly $10,000, Raymond I. Smith beamed upon them as though they were his own sons. But eventually the students began to lose. Smith grew visibly distressed and kept urging them to quit while they were ahead.

"I couldn't stand it after everything those fine boys did for Harold's," he said. The boys finally quit while they were about $2,000 ahead.

There are plenty of examples of Harold's customers who have won small fortunes over the gaming tables—and knew enough to quit while they were ahead. A sailor who borrowed $2 from a buddy at nine o'clock one night recently, walked away from a crap table with $30,000 at 11:00 P.M. A soldier who started out with $10 and played nothing but point four at craps and then roulette won $17,000; he wired the money home to buy a farm. A divorcée with no particular interest in whether she won or lost at dice left the table with $70,000. A housewife playing with the monthly car payment won $37,000 between lunch and dinner time.

But the most spectacular incident in the spectacular history of Harold's Club occurred the night a well-known professional gambler from Kansas City, who had lost $180,000 in 32 hours' play at a crap table, demanded the right to get even. He would be pleased, he said, to roll the house for the whole $180,000—single dice, high number, one roll. If he lost, he said, he would pay the house double the amount of his debt, or a total of $360,000. Son Harold accepted the challenge.

It was Harold's turn first; he got an ace. The gambler, fantastically, also got an ace. Harold rolled a three next. There was a terrible silence. Then the gambler rolled a four.

Grocery Bill Upsets Gambling King

It was an upsetting experience for Raymond I. Smith, the well-weathered king of the little bets. The next day he visited a Reno market to buy some groceries for his wife. His bill came to $7.65. Smith was thunderstruck. On his way out, he lectured the clerk on the perils of inflation. And for days thereafter—while his dealers paid out dollars by the thousands—Smith kept grumbling about that grocery bill.

"You'd think money grew on trees," he said.

The elder Smith, a tall, somewhat grizzled Yankee, spent 25 of his 62 years traveling around the country with carnivals. He ran wheels of fortune at hundreds of drab little booths in which the prizes were candy canes, Kewpie dolls and similar gewgaws. In the depression year of 1935, when the wheel business was doing no better than most other businesses, his son Harold, then his father's apprentice at a Modesto, California, carnival, set out for Reno with his $500 life savings. The elder Smith gave Harold his blessing—and said his job would be waiting when he came back.

"But I misjudged the Reno situation," Smith says now. "Harold bought out a bingo game in the building we still occupy, put in penny roulette and made a little money. Since there wasn't anything else for me to do, I came to Reno and began passing

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES STEINHEIMER

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...hudders at the memory of the two-week period when the house won all the pots

advice around. When it worked, I came up with more ideas and gradually, without actually meaning to, began to manage things around the place. After a while, we sent for my son Raymond, who was clerking in a bank in San Francisco, and I advised Harold to give him a third of the business, which he did.

"Raymond's the studious type, closemouthed, not like the rest of us, so we made him president of the whole shebang. He spends most of his time in the office trying to figure out new ways of keeping tabs on business. He set up our accounting system, where we run a profit-and-loss tally on every table after every shift."

Three Girl Dealers Married Bosses

The elder Smith took a twenty-one dealer from the club as his second wife 10 years ago and they have three children. Harold also married a twenty-one dealer from the club after his first marriage ended in divorce. Raymond A. Smith likewise followed the family custom and married one of the club's twenty-one dealers. Unlike the younger Raymond, who is no mixer, both Harold and his father like to meet people and are great handshakers. Harold also is well known among gamblers for his ability to spot cheaters in the club. How does he do it? Just instinct, he says.

The Smith family is generally a cheerful one—who wouldn't be cheerful with a $2,000,000 net annual profit?—but it sometimes seemed weighed down with problems. Turnover is always on the minds of the Smiths. When the club is running on schedule, there are 30 pulls a minute on its slot machines, two spins a minute on its roulette wheels, five rolls a minute on its crap tables and a hand a minute on its twenty-one tables. Over all, the house should win from 70 per cent of the customers, but gives them prolonged entertainment in the process. Guy Lent, Harold's chief accountant, figured out these statistics; just how, he wouldn't say.

Inventory and licenses are also a headache. Harold's has 695 slot machines, ranging from nickel to dollar models and costing around $500 each. Federal, state and county licenses on each machine run to $390 a year. The club has 10 crap tables, costing $1,800 each and $1,140 apiece for yearly licenses, nine roulette tables, which cost about the same, and 20 less expensive twenty-one tables. The keno, pan, poker and chuck-a-luck games, of which Harold's has one each, are less of a burden.

When he retires to his crowded, Indian-blanketed office on the second floor, the elder Smith has to think in terms of a department-store manager and a mystic. All games on the three floors must be placed to catch best the flow of traffic—and to avoid the flow of hexes. A crap table that has been losing near the Virginia Street entrance may win near the back, or Douglas Alley, door. Dealers who have been losing may have to be shifted to break the spell, too. Why such shifts should be necessary, Smith doesn't know. But they usually work.

In higher realms, the Smiths have to deal with a maze of Nevada gambling regulations. Under Nevada law, dice must be within one ten-thousandth of a perfect cube; a Harold's woman employee uses calipers to check the 9,000 pairs of dice bought each year from manufacturers all over the country and each pair is used for only three days. The roulette wheels must be free of magnets, which would make the ball drop into certain slots, and the slot machines must be free of plugs that would make it impossible for players to hit winning combinations. State inspectors drop in at times unknown to Harold's to check the games and look for minors among the guests. While they're at it, the inspectors also may check the house books.

Games Made Foolproof for Customers

Then there is the problem of keeping the customers happy—and sometimes protecting them against their own follies. A loud gentleman in a sport jacket may start explaining the crap game to a young woman acquaintance. At the same time, he may begin to play simultaneously the front line and the back line on the table, a procedure which makes it impossible for him to win. In such a case, a dealer is required by house rules to stop the game and point out the customer's error. Tact is needed, however, because most customers would prefer to lose rather than have their ignorance exposed in front of their women friends.

This great mass-production luck factory is also efficient in other ways. It moves as fast as any bank when a customer wants his winnings or wishes to cash a check. It advertises as widely as most conventional manufacturers; there are "Harold's Club or Bust!" signs on billboards or barns in some 35 states. And it has achieved what businessmen consider the best testimonial of all—an impressive repeat business. Harold's Club estimates that about 60 per cent of its customers return to play again.

Like any serious business enterprise, Harold's depends heavily on the quality of its employees. For this reason, the elder Smith chooses them with the care of a bank president. Dealers, the core of his staff, are his specialty.

Job Applicants Severely Screened

Applicants for Harold's dealerships fill out a questionnaire, are interviewed by a Smith secretary, and then if they qualify and there are openings, are passed on to the elder Smith. Smith looks for a conservative appearance, a cool, fast, mathematical brain, an easygoing manner and sharp eyes. If the applicant possesses all these qualities and has stood up under Smith's grilling, he is given a three-month apprenticeship under the eye of a veteran crap, roulette or twenty-one dealer. His starting wage is $10 a day. Eventually, he may work up to the top wage of $17 a day.

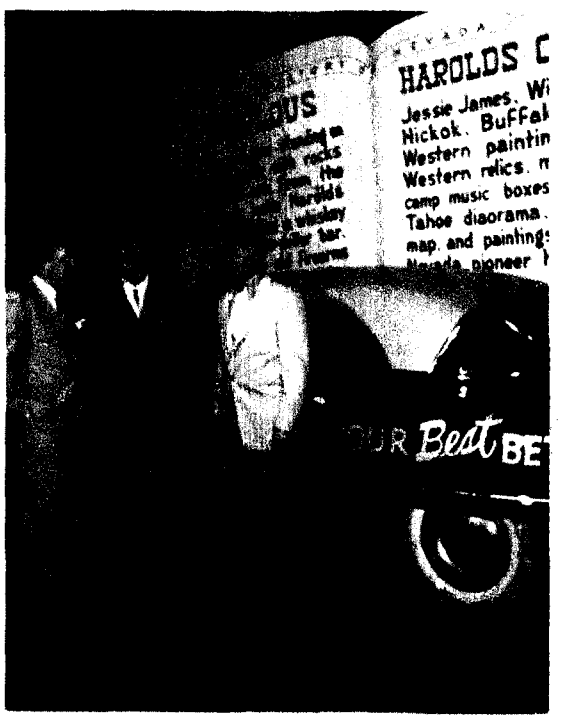
Some 30 per cent of Harold's dealers are former lawyers, teachers, accountants or university graduates. Almost every dealer is a Reno homeowner.

Half of Harold's 300 dealers are women, who were introduced to the gambling business by Smith in 1936. Most are between 25 and 30, because the job is tough on the nerves and the feet; and most are married. They handle all kinds of games, and work the same shifts and get the same pay as the men. Among the sober, fatherly-looking men dealers, they stand out like birds of paradise in the cowboy shirts and riding trousers that are their uniform.

Women dealers have little trouble with romantically inclined players because gamblers seem incapable of more than one emotion when they see all those silver coins lying on all those emerald tables. When would-be romantics do appear, a woman dealer reaches under her table for a buzzer, rings three times (the trouble signal) and waits for the floor manager to arrive. When belligerent customers appear, she rings much more quickly. The only dealer ever to be manhandled at Harold's was

Harold's boasts five bars. Bartender Bill Borden stands behind the Silver Dollar Bar

Robert Adair and Percy Kelley repair slot machines in basement workshop at Harold's



The three Smiths (from left): Veep Harold, Manager Raymond I., President Raymond A.

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A lighting failure could start a riot. But Harold's just turns on its own power

a woman twenty-one dealer who was slapped down by a burly customer for winning with a smile.

The floor managers—of whom Harold's has six, two for each shift—are the management's field generals. Like the dealers, from whose ranks they have come, they are all quiet, deft, pleasant and observant. They combine the qualities of headwaiters, bookkeepers, father confessors and house detectives. Besides watching the customers, the floor manager has to keep a cool eye on the dealers and the change girls, hostesses, cashiers and watchmen. And in his constant patrolling, he tries to remain as invisible as the men walking the concealed, one-way mirrored catwalks which hang from the ceilings of the club's three floors; they, too, keep the customers and the employees under constant observation.

Crowds Drawn by Lure of Easy Wealth

The chance of winning huge fortunes keeps the customers flowing into Harold's at the rate of 2,000,000 a year. The crowds, the excitement, the whir of machinery, the dealers' calls—all contribute to an atmosphere of tension and controlled violence. Gambling tables and slot machines dominate all three floors of the club, and even the decorative scheme seems to suggest action.

Across the entire front of the building is a huge colored-glass mural showing pioneers sacking down beside a wagon train on the desert. Inside, the walls are alive with pictures of hangings, scalpings, shootings, massacres and other activities which highlighted Nevada's past.

Near the first-floor escalator, believed to be the only one in a gambling club in the world, a kind of blockhouse runs from floor to ceiling. Here are the floor manager's office, the credit department, cashiers' cages and a vault in which up to a million dollars is kept. Inside the vault, which is guarded by one solid steel door and two barred ones, sits a woman custodian who keeps track of arrivals and departures. Cashgirls run in and out, to and from various tables, carrying thousands of dollars without a visible care in the world. (Harold's has never been held up, possibly because Reno has a large police force and is surrounded by desert, with only five easily blockaded roads leading out of town.)

On his occasional struggles through the crowded building, the elder Smith most enjoys the scenery of the second floor. This huge space, housing two of the club's five bars, was occupied by hotel rooms before Harold's took it over. Now, full-size stagecoaches, smaller coaches, buggies and other ancient vehicles hang suspended against three of the walls in the main gambling hall. The fourth wall is covered by what Harold's describes as the largest and most expensive collection of rifles, six-guns, bows, arrows, knives, bayonets, brass knuckles, clubs, hatchets, nooses, spears, swords and other instruments of death in the world. Smith, the proud owner of this collection, feels that it reflects the mood of the customers perfectly.

The third floor, which Harold's added a few years ago, features two peep shows. In both, plaster reproductions of women of the proportions our fathers respected recline gracefully.

Smith takes great pride in the building—even in the basement shop where repairmen are constantly at work on injured slot machines and where Harold's big, emergency Diesel power plant sits. The plant switches on automatically whenever Reno's regular power fails; otherwise the club might be plunged into darkness and all money in play at the time would be in dispute.

Nostalgia for Old Carnival Life

Despite the outstanding success of Harold's Club, there are times when the elder Smith gets disheartened over what he has wrought. On one such night recently, he recalls, he found himself thinking everything looked too big, too organized, too remote. He felt a pang of regret for those bygone days when he operated carnival wheels and on occasion had fought his customers personally. Here he fought only balance sheets and his customers fought only the law of averages. There wasn't a real gambler in the place, he decided. Not one.

His eye lighted on a striking-looking old gentleman who had been playing roulette 26 hours straight and had lost about $10,000. The old man arose finally, gaunt and unsteady. As he passed Smith, he announced that he would never gamble again. Near the door, the old gentleman suddenly stopped stock-still and stared at two bugs crawling toward a crack in the wall. "I have 33 cents on the brown one, by a nose," the old gentleman said.

"I'll cover that," said Smith. Suddenly he felt immeasurably better. ▲▲▲

Customers play some of the 695 slot machines in Harold's Club. Machines are set to pay off from three coins to jack pot every six or seven pulls

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A Bachelor Surrounded

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

Women to the right of him, women to the left of him—a guy didn't have a chance. A dog's life was better

THE trouble with being a bachelor is that there are too many women in the world. Even if you have cast-iron nerves and don't marry one of them, you're still surrounded. I drove home after a bad day at the office. My new secretary was terrible and I should have fired her, but every time I tried, she looked at me with that wide-eyed baby stare, and I lost my courage.

Now I had to stop off at the rental office and give Miss Hillcrest my rent check. I hated dealing with Miss Hillcrest. Her eyes, which weren't baby blue, stared disapprovingly at me from behind gold-rimmed spectacles; they always seemed to express her conviction that it had been a bad mistake to let me have the apartment.

I parked the car and went inside. She was just an old crosspatch, I told myself, and she couldn't intimidate me. I paid my rent on time, didn't I? Well, all right, I thought, and slapped down my check.

"Good evening, Mr. Shelton," she said coldly. "We have had another complaint about you. That is the second this month."

I tried to meet Miss Hillcrest's eye, became aware I had neglected to remove my hat, jerked it off and dropped it.

"I'm sorry, Miss Hillcrest," I said. "I had a little poker party—"

"It must not happen again," Miss Hillcrest said.

A beaten man, I retrieved my hat and got out of there. Automatically I walked toward the pet shop down the street to pay my respects to the lone, lorn cocker spaniel in the window. I felt a kinship for that dog. He was the last of a litter. His ears were ragged and his expression hopeless. He knew he was licked. The other dogs found homes, but not him. In a way, he could be called a bachelor dog. Every night I looked into the window and wished him luck.

But this time he too was gone; the window was empty. Maybe someone had taken pity on him. I wouldn't ever find out. I went back to the apartment-house garage, thinking (as I had taken to doing at all moments lately) of my next-door neighbor. Susan Chalmers was her name; I'd looked for it on her mailbox.

I had met her in the hallway a month before, when I came in and found her struggling to open her door with her arms full of packages.

"Allow me," I said, and took the bundles while she operated her key.

I followed her in, checking the vital statistics. She was about five four, chestnut-haired, brown-eyed, and easily the prize tenant. I debated asking her out for dinner. But a girl right next door can become a serious complication, and while I hesitated, she took the packages from my arms.

"Thanks, chum," she said, pushed me lightly outside, and shut the door in my face. End of romance.

It was probably for the best, I thought, but still I kind of kept hoping something would develop. I even took to leaving my front door open, but nothing happened.

I put my car in the garage and walked into the building. The door to Apartment 1A opened up, and old lady Skinner, a widow, glared out at me.

"Did Miss Hillcrest speak to you?" she said.

I decided not to take any more female *(Continued on page 44)*

"You think you know a lot, don't you?" Susan said. "I'll go—but only for Topper's sake. See if the coast is clear"

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

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SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST GLAMOROUS WOMEN

Baghdad-by-the-Bay columnist Herb Caen, otherwise known as "Mr. San Francisco," makes his selections

Photographed at the city's Fairmont Hotel (l. to r.): Mrs. George Ross, Mrs. David Hill, Mrs. Adam Musto, Jade Snow Wong, Mrs. Edwin Wilson

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CARLYLE BLACKWELL, JR.

THERE may be more beautiful women in San Francisco than the 12 who are looking out at you from these two pages, but in my many wanderings about town for the San Francisco Examiner I have found none more glamorous. Along with their obvious physical beauty, they are exciting and talented representatives of an exciting city.

If I could boil their qualities down to one word, I would say that they have importance—in their own circle, in the public's eye and in the city as a whole. Their glamor, if we may use the term all-inclusively, is universal and recognizable.

Mrs. George Ross, 31, is the wife of a real-estate-insurance man and the mother of two daughters (7 and 3) and a boy (4). She appears extensively on local television.

Mrs. David Fentriss Hill, 25, is married to a prominent rancher. They have a sixteen-month-old son.

Mrs. Adam Musto, 36, has two daughters, aged 14 and 3, and a son 12. Her husband is a lawyer.

Mrs. Edwin M. Wilson, 22, wife of an insurance broker, is the mother of a 17-month-old girl.

Mrs. John McWhorter, 32, also is married to an insurance broker. They have two girls (one 7, the other 13 months) and a son 2.

Mrs. Clarence Young, 43, who as Lois Moran was once a stage and screen star, is the wife of an airline executive and the mother of a son 16.

Mrs. Victor Bergeron, 43, is married to the noted restaurateur, Trader Vic, and has a 21-year-old daughter.

Mrs. Jackson Moffett, 32, is the mother of a girl, aged 5. Her husband is in the oil business.

Jade Snow Wong (Mrs. Woodrow Ong), 30, is a well-known ceramicist, and the author of the recent best-selling autobiography, Fifth Chinese Daughter.

Mrs. Henry Bohling, 44, wife of a stockbroker, is a society leader and active in charity work.

Mrs. Betty Holmes, 28, has one son aged 6 and another 3. She recently divorced Christian Holmes III, heir to a yeast fortune.

Mrs. Robert Folger Miller, 26, has a 3-year-old daughter, and sons aged 2 and 1. Her husband is in law school.

Well, there you are. If there's any city that says it has lovelier ladies than San Francisco I shall defend to the end their right to say it, but I'll never believe it.

HERB CAEN

Mrs. Henry Bohling, Mrs. Betty Holmes, Mrs. John McWhorter, Mrs. Robert Miller, Mrs. Clarence Young, Mrs. Victor Bergeron, Mrs. Jackson Moffett

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SOVFOTO

Russian women soldiers go through the same grueling training schedule as men comrades

The Russian

Authentic reports from behind the Iron Curtain show he's just as formidable as in World War II. That goes for women troops, too

Frankfurt, Germany

THE Russian combat soldiers—women as well as men—who face our troops across occupation-zone borders in Germany and Austria are just as tough and formidable as those who threw the Nazis out of the Soviet Union and captured Berlin in World War II.

They train as long as 12 hours a day, are kept in an almost constant state of alert and are being inflamed by propagandists against the United States.

If our own soldiers in Germany and Austria never before have had it so good, then—in the words of a Russian deserter who has been in the west long enough to learn the vernacular—Soviet troops "never had it so rough."

There are no well-stocked post exchanges, no service clubs, no pretty hostesses for Soviet soldiers. The Russian GIs have only a poor imitation of a post exchange, with no more goods than are displayed on the nearly bare shelves of stores at home. They have entertainment, but even the theater troupes and concert parties hammer away most of the time at the glorification of Communism, the deification of Joseph Stalin and the threat of American imperialism. And attendance at these propaganda parties is as compulsory as attendance at the Soviet army's two-hour political indoctrination lectures.

As a matter of fact, the Soviet soldier has no leisure time he can call his own. He spends almost all his waking hours training—physically and mentally—to defend his homeland from what his Communist political officers tell him is an impending American attack.

The Russians may lie, exaggerate and bluster about other things, but the fighting ability of the Soviet soldier and his preparedness for battle are no myths. The tough Soviet fighting man and woman of 1953 are as much a reality as Soviet possession of the atomic bomb, and a force equally to be reckoned with.

This first authentic, up-to-date picture of the soldiers who make up Russia's army and the life they lead comes from our own observations behind the Iron Curtain and along its fringes, and from Russian deserters representing nearly every branch of the Soviet military system.

It is a picture which raises vital questions for our military planners in these tense days of the Cold War. Are we pampering our soldiers too much? Would they be able to withstand a Communist onslaught from the east? The real answers could be found only in battle—a battle we hope will never come. Therefore our Chiefs of Staff must make their decisions on the basis of information about Soviet training methods and capabilities only now becoming fully available.

Russian deserters often tell conflicting stories of their life in the Soviet army, but that is to be expected. No two officers in any army lead their men or apply discipline in exactly the same way; no two soldiers react to that leadership or discipline in exactly the same way. But that does not alter the over-all picture which emerges from our interviews and observations.

There is perhaps no better illustration of Soviet all-out preparedness than the assignment of women as combat troops as well as to rear-echelon jobs similar to those held by our WACs. Women combat soldiers in the Russian army get no special privileges. They go through the same training schedule as their male comrades. They get the same rations and are subject to the same discipline. Many wear the same uniforms as the men.

"We made our own brassières if we could get the material; otherwise we wore none," a Russian woman deserter who used to be a noncommissioned officer told us. "Even if we didn't feel well, we took our turns on the firing range as long as we could walk. We were treated like soldiers, and we were expected to act like them."

The ex-noncom was a slim girl of twenty-five, Anya Zalenko, who deserted about a year ago in Berlin. She didn't look as though she could heft a large-sized pocketbook, much less a tommy gun. Yet she was no smaller than blonde Lieutenant Maria Dononyev, whom we saw in action during the final days of the battle for Berlin in 1945.

Lieutenant Dononyev commanded a group of light tanks on which Russian infantrymen were riding into the thick of the fighting in the burning German capital. When a couple of infantrymen were hit by German bullets and toppled off a tank, some of their comrades leaped down to their assistance. Maria cold-bloodedly leveled her pistol at the men and ordered them to abandon the wounded and get back on the tank. They jumped back with alacrity. One of the wounded even dragged himself painfully onto a tank; he stopped two more bullets before he ceased firing his tommy gun.

The Soviet general staff hasn't given the Russian soldier a chance to soften up in the years since Germany's surrender. His training schedule and field exercises are backbreaking and callous by American postwar standards.

"We lived with our weapons—our tanks and our guns," deserters say. "It's train, train, train. The equipment is your wealth, the gun your fiancée, and knowing how to use them your life."

Russian ex-Sergeant Georgi Bayukin, a recent deserter now working as a farm hand in western Austria, also put it succinctly: "I was a professional soldier and served in the army for 11 years. The Soviet army feels that recreation for soldiers is stupid and bourgeois. The men were always told that they were being trained to fight and that fighting men don't have time for anything else.

"You can bet that every man knows what to do with his weapons and how to care for them. He gets so that he thinks about them in his sleep. His equipment he knows better than his family. He's in good physical condition; he's tough."

On defensive field exercises, the soldiers are taught to live like moles. They burrow deeply into the earth and use their foxholes as firing stations, sleeping space and latrines. They are told that every foxhole soldier should hold out until death regardless of what may happen around him.

To make sure that the lesson of never surrendering sticks, Soviet officers sometimes lash their men to field guns and lay a curtain of real fire on exposed positions. You might think this sort of thing happens only in training, but:

"We often chained our soldiers to their guns during World War II to give others more time to retreat," says Mikhail Paladko, a former Russian infantry captain. "They kept firing even when they were lashed to their guns," adds German ex-Major Ernst Gunthersberger, who was at Stalingrad. "If they stopped, they'd be killed anyway: they couldn't raise their hands to surrender."

In offensive training, the Russians still emphasize mass assaults. They taught this technique of human-sea attacks to the Chinese and North Korean Communists, and the Asiatic Reds have used it effectively in Korea.

Such mass assaults, even when they succeed, are costly. But the Russians always have ignored casualties. There are no casualty lists in Russian newspapers, no telegrams to the next of kin. As a matter of fact, there is practically no mail service in the Soviet army. Families of World War II dead learned they had lost a son, husband or daughter only when he or she failed to return after Germany's surrender.

How Red Army's Wounded Are Treated

Although the Russians boast their medicine is the most advanced in the world, you don't see much evidence of it in the Soviet army. In contrast to the slick efficiency of an American field dressing station, Soviet emergency treatment is a haphazard affair. The soldier is supposed to fight until he drops, and this rule of thumb hasn't changed since the war. During the Battle of Berlin, we saw a wounded Russian tommy-gunner fight on until the house he was assaulting was taken. Then, assisted by two comrades, he walked a half mile to a battalion aid station under artillery fire and waited his turn in a long line. A dozen stitches were hastily taken in his wounded arm and, half an hour later, the soldier was back on the line again firing his tommy gun.

When a Russian soldier is in barracks, reveille is at 6:00 A.M. Rifle and machine-gun instruction takes up four hours a day, and field exercises another three. Then the always emphasized political instruction, plus drills and numerous other chores, occupies the rest of the crowded schedule.

There are brief breaks for meals. Mainstays of the diet are *kasha*, a cereal, served at least twice a day; chunks of black bread with each meal; tea, with one lump of sugar per man daily; and a total of 25 grams of meat daily. The diet is filling, if monotonous, and, as a former Russian army lieutenant explains:

"A Russian soldier eats pretty well compared with what he gets at home. During the war, if he didn't get his ration of black bread and *kasha*, he could even get along by eating the bark off trees."

Just before "lights out"—at 10:00 P.M. in the winter and 11:00 P.M. in the summer—some political officers require enlisted men to sing the Soviet hymn. If the officer is dissatisfied with the singing, he may force the men to sing it five or six times more before they can get into bed.

The ordinary tour of duty in the Soviet army is two to four years. And it is accompanied by

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Soldier—How Good Is He?

By SEYMOUR FREIDIN and WILLIAM RICHARDSON

iron discipline. A Soviet soldier can't go out on the town. Barbed wire, guards and watch towers with searchlights keep the soldiers close to home when they're not on field exercises. They are forbidden dates, and the only glimpse they get of women, except for their own soldiers, is through the barbed wire or on maneuvers.

"Mostly, we don't think about girls," explained a former Russian private. "You're so tired at the end of a day that you simply want to get to sleep. Of course, when you see some girls passing by, you think about them. In East Germany, we used to ask about meeting local Communist girls. We were told that we had better wait until we got out of the army and went home to meet Russian girls in our own communities."

Furloughs home are rare for the average Soviet soldier. Even noncommissioned officers seldom get them, and when they do it's more likely due to their political than their military aptitude. The favored ones usually have shown their loyalty to Communism by becoming secretaries of army branches of the Komsomol, or Young Communist League. Home leave, when granted, hardly ever exceeds 45 days every three years, and there is no local leave.

Officers in the Soviet army, especially the professional officers, lead an entirely different life from the enlisted men. A caste system has been built up more snobbish than anything the czarist armies ever knew. The professional officer has his orderly or orderlies, depending on his rank. And in some units there are even separate movie houses for professional (as distinct from reserve) officers.

Caste System Extends to Cigarettes

The cleavage between officers and enlisted men extends even to tobacco. Officers can buy fine-grain tobacco cigarettes with good paper, and enlisted men consider an officer's cigarette butt a great prize. Russian GIs receive only a coarse tobacco substitute called *makhorka*, the usual smoke of Soviet peasants and distributed in strands sufficient for the men to roll six cigarettes a day of their own. "We used to wrap *makhorka* in newspapers to make cigarettes," a deserter says. "Everybody tried to use *Pravda* (official newspaper of the Soviet Communist party). It burns the best."

How about pay in the Soviet army? This question usually brings laughter from Russian deserters; they've had a chance to see the big-spending American GIs. Soviet soldiers receive, depending on rank, the equivalent in local currency of up to ten dollars a month "overseas pay" while on occupation duty. The balance of their pay in rubles is held for them in their homeland.

Over-all pay rates depend largely on the specialized mechanical skills of the individual soldier. For instance, an air-force sergeant mechanic is likely to earn more than an infantry lieutenant. A mechanic may receive as much as 550 rubles a month (about $135 at the Soviet-pegged official exchange rate, but with far less buying power than the dollar equivalent). Since an average enlisted man is paid only 30 rubles a month, most Russian soldiers try to enter technical schools. Admission into the schools is easier for those who know their Marx and Stalin; political officers get speedy action on the application of loyal Reds.

Courses at the technical schools are thorough. Even to drive a Russian version of a jeep, a soldier

Soviet tommy gunners attack Nazi troops in Breslau during World War II. Soviet general staff hasn't let Russian army go soft since then

SOVFOTO

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Russia tells its army that American soldiers are more bestial than were Nazis

must pass a stiff examination. Once he completes his course, the soldier handles his equipment excellently and keeps it in tiptop shape mechanically. Soviet planes, tanks and motorized equipment may look seedy, without paint or polish, but they're extremely efficient.

The same standards also apply to the infantryman's rifle and other equipment. From pistols to superjets, performance—not appearance—is the rule in the Soviet armed forces. Thus an unclean rifle barrel can send a man to a forced labor gang —a decision his commanding or political officer makes on the spot.

Arkadi Rudovsky, twenty-four, formerly a senior sergeant in the 78th Bombardment Regiment, near Vienna, put it this way: "We worked over our planes as if every training mission meant life and death. It could, you see. And we were always kept in a state called Alert Number 1. That meant we had to get from our barracks to our planes in two minutes."

Rudovsky, lanky and grave-faced, is now a member of the United States Army. He was sworn in under the alien-enlistment program last September, seventeen months after he fled his Soviet air-force outfit. The enlistment program, established in 1951, provides for the admission of 12,500 Eastern Europeans into the American Army. Recruits are screened for security and must take an oath, as did Rudovsky, to "defend the United States against all enemies."

Why do men like Rudovsky desert? Disillusionment with Communist propaganda is the main reason. Away from their homeland for the first time in their lives, Soviet soldiers found it just wasn't true that peoples in other nations were oppressed and exploited. They discovered that Soviet living standards were far worse than those in the conquered countries they were occupying.

Russian soldiers deserted by the thousands in the early days of victory after World War II, but in recent months the number has shrunk to an insignificant trickle. Security precautions have been so stepped up that Soviet soldiers in Germany and Austria have little or no contact with the local populations.

Russian ex-Captain Mikhail Paladko, who fled the Soviet army in 1949, warns against expecting any increase in the number of desertions in the near future.

"I think Americans overrate discontent in the Soviet army," he says. "Every soldier grumbles in every army. Then, too, most of us who were disillusioned already have got out. Moreover, the Russian soldier eats better in the army than he does on a farm or in the factory. None of us, except party officials, ever had or knew anything much better. We make do on very little. We don't need meat, socks, beds, blankets or tooth paste."

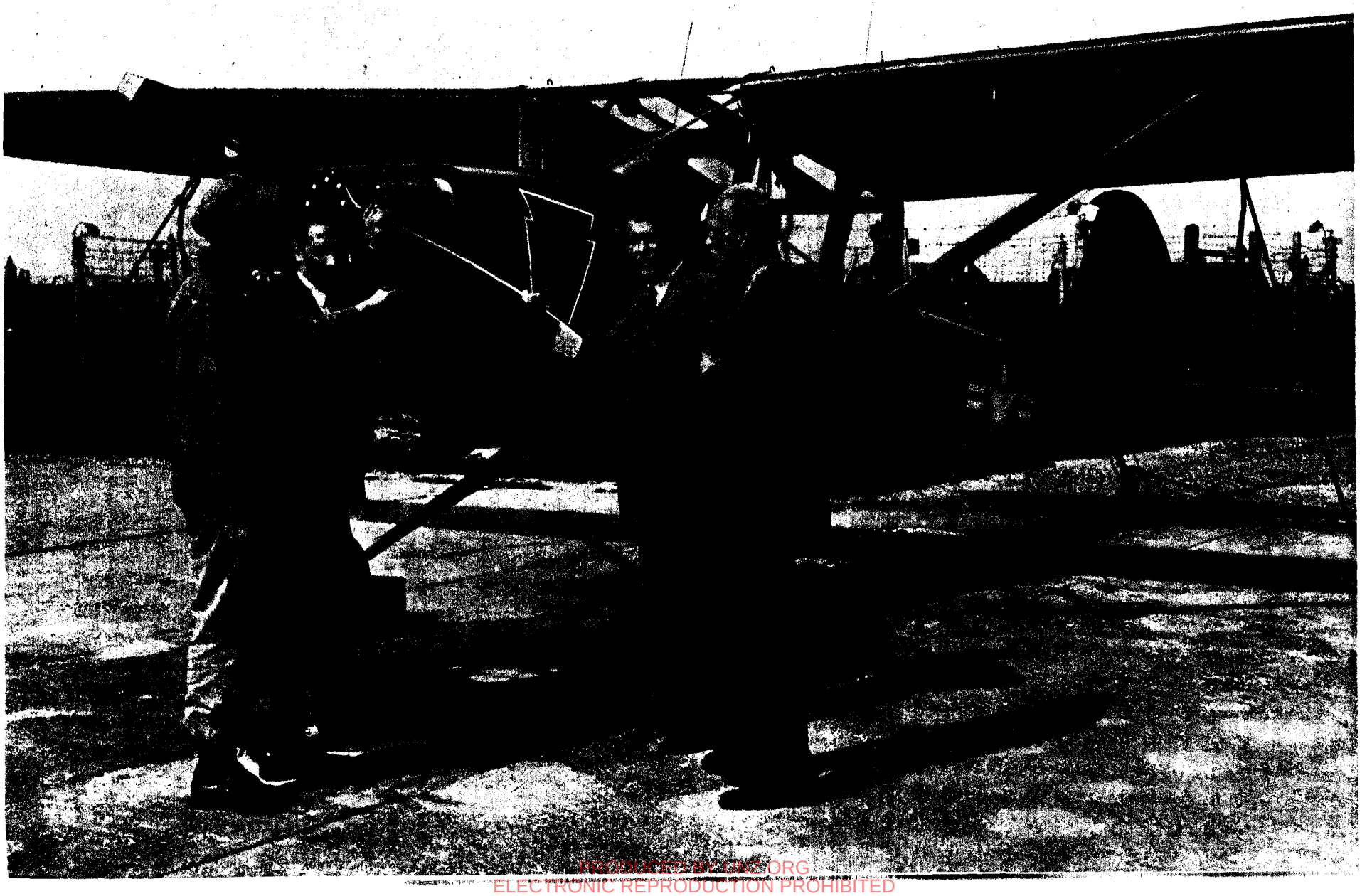
Another development instrumental both in reducing desertions and in conditioning the Soviet soldier for battle is that a growing proportion of the men and women in the Russian army apparently believe most of what they are told in political lectures. The political officers hammer on the double theme that the United States is preparing to attack the Soviet Union and that U.S. soldiers are more bestial than the Nazis of World War II.

"Every week we had at least two hours of political lectures," says a Soviet soldier who deserted recently from the Soviet zone of Austria. "We were always told, in every lecture and by different officers, that American imperialists are preparing to attack the Soviet Union. They told us that American troops have no political indoctrination, that they won't fight well, and that the American people are cowardly and have never won a war alone. At the same time, we were told these cowards were drunkards who would shoot civilians and rape our women. We were told they would loot and pillage worse than the Nazis ever did."

Another Russian deserter, Vladimir Feodorovich Moisejev, a blond, square-faced, smooth-shaven farm boy from the Tomoskaja district 350 miles south of Moscow, added: "They told us the Americans would never take any prisoners and we could expect no mercy."

One of the mainsprings of the Red soldier's ferocity in World War II was his deep, bitter hatred —and fear—of the enemy. Now he's being asked to protect his homeland, whose defense, the Kremlin contends, begins at the English Channel, against a more villainous enemy than before.

Deserters agree that if war comes the Soviet soldier will fight just as fiercely and just as well as he did in World War II. ▲▲▲



Cpl. A. J. Fiorucci, from the Bronx, New York, shows American liaison plane to three Russian army deserters in American zone of Germany

RAY V. LAWRENCE

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Worth making tracks for. When the cold bites deep, a wonderful drink to head for is a warming and satisfying hot toddy, made with that most satisfying whiskey—Four Roses. The very special and distinctive flavor of Four Roses has made this superb whiskey the first choice of millions across the nation.

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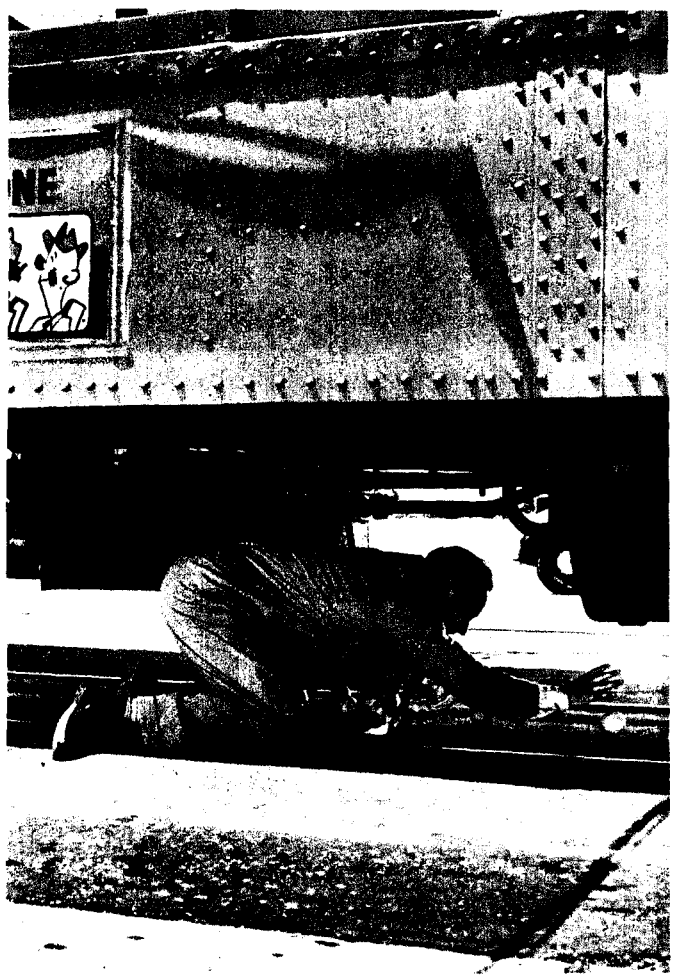
LAUGHS ARE MY

Here's how Hollywood's famed producer of movie shorts



Spilled oranges provided laugh in Pedestrian Safety, one of Pete Smith's funniest shorts

Uncle Sam says the mail must go through, but was *he* ever confronted by a boy with a squirt gun?

Dave O'Brien, Smith's ace director, actor and stunt man, nearly saws hand in two while watching a pretty girl. Audiences thought this gag from Wrong Way Butch too realistic

THERE comes a time in the making of movie comedies, even as in real life, when a man must go up a ladder. In 20 years of making Pete Smith Specialties for M-G-M, I have sent many men up ladders—so that they would fall off. It's a sure-fire way to get a laugh.

But there are only a certain number of ways a man can fall off a ladder. He either can tumble on his way up, when he reaches the top, or while clambering down. He can fall to one side or the other, or he can slide down the rungs (usually to the accompaniment of xylophone sound effects). Or the ladder can collapse or be knocked over.

Several years ago, I sent a man up a ladder in a movie short which I was making at the request of the government. Called Seventh Column, the picture pointed out the hazards of working in an industrial plant and suggested ways to avoid accidents.

The movie showed the ladder climber perched precariously on the top rung among the eaves of a huge warehouse. Near the base of the ladder, unknown to the man on top, another man was carelessly driving a dolly truck. A huge hook protruded from the end of the truck, and it appeared to be only a matter of time before the hook would topple the ladder and hurtle the man on top to the cement floor.

But my writers and I thought such a sequence would be too obvious. So we devised a new twist: the truck would pull the ladder out from under the man on top—and the camera would pick him up a moment later hanging desperately to a protruding ledge.

The audience snickered all the way through the tantalizing build-up as the dolly truck drew nearer and nearer the ladder. But there was not a single laugh as the ladder fell to the ground without the man. The audience had wanted to see him fall and resented being fooled.

This incident proved once again what an elusive thing comedy is. I have produced and narrated more than 300 Pete Smith Specialties ranging in subject matter from sports oddities to how to understand inflation (which, incidentally, I still don't understand). Most of them have been comedies. Yet neither I nor anyone else in the business pretends to know exactly what it is that constitutes a sure laugh. A gag may have the audience in hysterics in one theater, and the very same gag on the very same night will lay an egg at the movie house across the street.

If you make one-reelers, as I do, you have but eight brief minutes to get your laughs. And if you don't make every second of those eight minutes count, the people will be in the lobby buying popcorn and the feature will be on before you know it.

But at the risk of sounding conceited, I think I can say I have sold less popcorn over the years than a good many of my competitors. I try to squeeze as many laughs into my eight-minute shorts as a lot of producers will settle for in a whole 90-minute feature. To succeed, however, I must be willing to do almost anything, so long as it isn't in bad taste.

In this business, there just isn't time for subtlety or long build-ups to a gag. Whatever story points have to be made, I explain in a couple of short lines of narration. And as for the humor itself, I have to take advantage of every trick device imaginable—from comedy sound effects to running the picture upside down.

These tricks may be corny, but they pay off in audience reaction. At every preview, I keep my own box score—not only on the total number of laughs, but on the kind of laughs they are. A Number One laugh is a boff or belly, a Number Two is a medium laugh and a Number Three is a snicker.

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BUSINESS

By PETE SMITH with ARTHUR MARX

boosts his laugh average as high as one every 15 seconds—from snickers to guffaws

I consider a comedy a success when it gets somewhere in the neighborhood of 40 laughs, including from 12 to 20 Number One laughs. I don't always attain this goal, but on rare occasions I have even surpassed it. Pedestrian Safety, for example, contained 51 laughs—or a laugh every 15 seconds.

Pedestrian Safety was a sugar-coated educational picture. In a comic way, it pointed out many of the careless habits of the average pedestrian and suggested methods of preventing unnecessary accidents. I don't know if it saved any lives—I hope it did—but I do know it was a natural subject for comedy.

The sequence which got the biggest laugh opened with Mr. Average Pedestrian spilling a sack of oranges in the street and attempting to retrieve them from under a streetcar that was about to start up. Narrowly escaping death under the heavy wheels, Mr. Pedestrian crawled out from beneath the car and sat on the curb to count his oranges. As he did, a dump truck unloaded a ton of sand on him. That got a Number One laugh.

Like all pictures, Pedestrian Safety had its share of Number Two and Number Three laughs. A Number Two, which I had hoped would be a Number One, showed our pedestrian alighting from a parked car on the street side of his vehicle. As he opened the car door, ignoring oncoming traffic, a car whizzed by and ripped off the door.

Housewife's Boner Gets Only a Chuckle

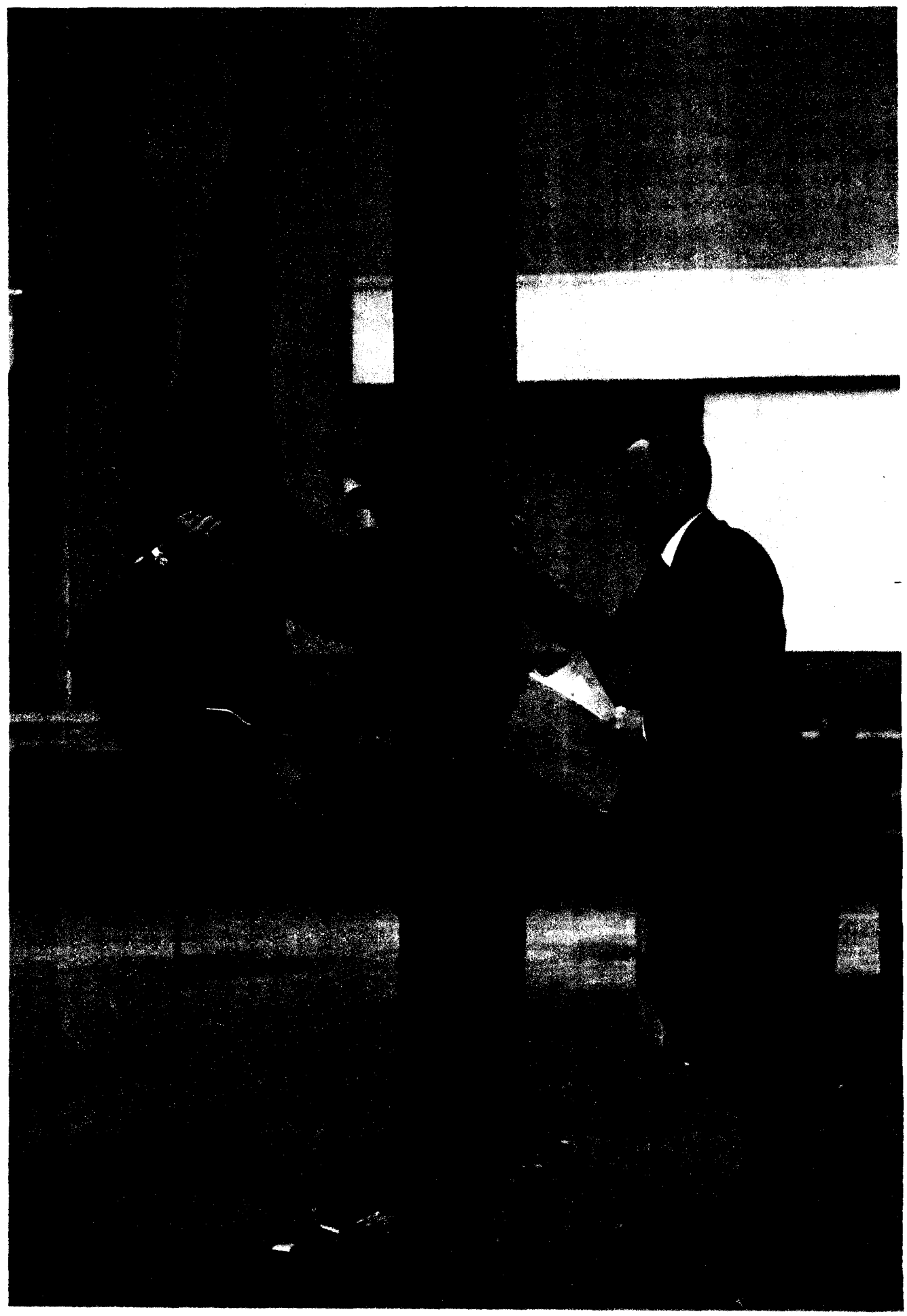
Actually, there's not much to choose between a Number One and a Number Two laugh. Sometimes just the size of the audience can make the difference. But there's no mistaking a Number Three. What's worse, a Number Three laugh sequence isn't necessarily less funny—to us—than a Number One or Two. Take, for example, a sequence in Wanted One Egg, the story of a scatterbrained housewife who, needing just one egg to bake a cake, found her cupboard bare and set out for the grocery store. On her way there, the family jalopy ran out of gas, and the wife had to take a bus. When she returned home three hours later, she found that she had left her key inside the house. It took her another two hours to break into the house—only to discover that the front door had been unlocked all the time. The audience was amused, but didn't laugh out loud. That's what we call a Number Three.

But to make any gag work—no matter how wild it may be—you must first have a sound basic premise, or plot idea. It should be something that will strike a responsive chord in most people. Audience identification, it's called. It means something that's happened to you, possibly in an exaggerated form by the time it reaches the screen, but nevertheless something that will make you sit up and say, "Gee, that's just like what I did," or "I have a mother-in-law who acts the same way."

Knowing what constitutes a good idea is one thing. Finding a good idea is another.

Luckily I have a fellow working for me named Dave O'Brien, who's one of the best idea men in the business. O'Brien is my man Friday. He directs and co-writes nearly all of my pictures, and appears as an actor in about 90 per cent of them, usually portraying Mr. Average American. The only time I don't use him as an actor is when I'm making a sport short or some other kind of picture which doesn't require the talents of a slapstick comedian.

O'Brien has been working steadily for me for the last 13 of his 39 years. When he appeared in his first Pete Smith Specialty, Bus Pests, he had had no background in comedy. His acting experi-



BOB LANDRY

Upside-down actor-director Dave O'Brien tries to sell producer Smith a gag idea on what might happen to a careless telephone lineman. But Pete needs a bit more convincing

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THE BIGGEST YOU'LL

NEVER...Such Wild Pageantry...

Robert Haggiag presents

THE THIEF

starring

MARIA MONTEZ
PAUL CHRISTIAN

Faye Marlowe • Massimo Serato

Produced by ROBERT HAGGIAG • Directed by JOHN BRAHM • Screenplay by JESSE L. LASKY, JR. • From an original story by MICHAEL PERTWEE • Music by ALESSANDRO CICOGNINI • Played by the Rome Symphony Orchestra • Released thru 20th Century-Fox

These are some of the leadir will be playing "The Thief of Venic

ALABAMA
BIRMINGHAM ..... EMPIRE
MONTGOMERY ..... EMPIRE
TROY ..... PIKE

ARIZONA
GLOBE ..... GLOBE
PHOENIX ..... FOX
TUCSON ..... FOX
YUMA ..... YUMA

ARKANSAS
BALD KNOB ..... JOY
CLARKSVILLE ..... STRAND
CONWAY ..... GRAND
EL DORADO ..... RIALTO
HELENA ..... PARAMOUNT
HOPE ..... RIALTO
LITTLE ROCK ..... CAPITOL
MORRILTON ..... RIALTO
PINE BLUFF ..... MALCO
POCAHONTAS ..... RAND
STEPHENS ..... STATE
WARREN ..... PASTIME

CALIFORNIA
BANNING ..... BANNING
BISHOP ..... BISHOP
BOYES SPRINGS ..... BOYES
BRAWLEY ..... BRAWLEY
CALEXICO ..... CAPITOL
CONCORD ..... ENEAN
EUREKA ..... STATE
FRESNO ..... WILSON
GUSTINE ..... VALLEY
LAFAYETTE ..... PARK
LAGUNA BEACH ..... LAGUNA
LA JOLLA ..... GRANADA
LINDSAY ..... LINDSAY
LIVERMORE ..... STATE
LODI ..... LODI
MILL VALLEY ..... SEQUOIA
MODESTO ..... COVELL
NAPA ..... UPTOWN
NEWMAN ..... WESTSIDE
NEWPORT BEACH ..... LIDO
OCEANSIDE ..... PALOMAR
ONTARIO ..... GRANADA
OXNARD ..... OXNARD
PALM SPRINGS ..... VILLAGE
PITTSBURGH ..... VOGUE
POMONA ..... FOX
REDLANDS ..... REDLANDS
RIVERSIDE ..... RIVERSIDE
SAN BERNARDINO. WEST COAST
SAN FRANCISCO . PARAMOUNT
SAN JOSE ..... PADRE
SAN LUIS OBISPO .. FREMONT
SAN RAFAEL ..... EL CAMINO
SANTA MARIA .. SANTA MARIA
SANTA PAULA ..... FOX
SAUSALITO ..... GATE
STOCKTON ..... STATE
VALLEJO ..... CREST
VENTURA ..... MAYFAIR
WALNUT CREEK ..... EL REY
WHITTIER ..... WHITTIER

COLORADO
COLORADO SPRINGS ... TRAIL
DENVER .... TABOR, ALADDIN and WEBBER
LA JUNTA ..... MESA
PUEBLO ..... MAINE
TRINIDAD ..... FOX

CONNECTICUT
BRIDGEPORT ..... MAJESTIC
HARTFORD ..... STRAND
NEW HAVEN . ROGER SHERMAN
NORWICH ..... LORD
WATERBURY ..... POLI

FLORIDA
ARCADIA .....DE SOTO
BARTOW ..... RITZ
BRADENTON ..... PALACE
CLEARWATER ..... CAPITOL
DAYTONA BEACH ..... EMPIRE
DELAND ..... ATHENS
FT. MYERS ..... LEE
GAINESVILLE ..... STATE
JACKSONVILLE ..... PALACE
KEY WEST ..... SAN CARLOS
LAKELAND ..... LAKE
MADISON ..... WOODARD
MIAMI .... LINCOLN & TOWN
NEW SMYRNA ..... VICTORIA
OCALA ..... MARION
ORLANDO ..... GRAND
PALATKA ..... HOWELL
ST. AUGUSTINE ... MATANZAS
ST. PETERSBURG ..... PHEIL
SANFORD ..... RITZ
SARASOTA ..... FLORIDA
TAMPA ..... PALACE

IDAHO
BOISE ..... RIALTO
CALDWELL ..... FOX
IDAHO FALLS .... PARAMOUNT
MOSCOW ..... KENWORTHY
NAMPA ..... ADELAIDE
POCATELLO ..... ORPHEUM
TWIN FALLS ..... IDAHO

ILLINOIS
AUBURN ..... "R"
BENTON ..... CAPITOL
BLOOMINGTON ..... ESQUIRE
CANTON ..... CAPITOL
CENTRALIA ..... GRAND
CHAMPAIGN ..... COED
CHARLESTON ... WILL ROGERS
CHRISMAN ..... EMPIRE
DANVILLE ..... RIVOLI
DU QUOIN ..... GRAND
EFFINGHAM ..... HEART
FLORA ..... FLORINE
HAVANA ..... LAWFORD
HIGHLAND ..... LORY
JACKSONVILLE ..... TIME
LAWRENCEVILLE .... AVALON
MARION ..... ORPHEUM
MATTOON ..... MATTOON
MT. VERNON ..... GRANADA
OLNEY ..... ARCADIA
QUINCY ..... GLEN
ROBINSON ..... LINCOLN
ROCK ISLAND ..... ROCKET
SPRINGFIELD ..... LINCOLN
TUSCOLA ..... STRAND
VILLA GROVE ..... GEM
WAUKEGAN ..... TIMES
WEST FRANKFORT .... STRAND

INDIANA
BEDFORD ..... INDIANA
BLOOMINGTON .... PRINCESS
ELKHART ..... ORPHEUM
EVANSVILLE ..... MAJESTIC
FT. WAYNE ..... PARAMOUNT
INDIANAPOLIS ..... LYRIC
LAFAYETTE ..... LAFAYETTE
LOGANSPORT ..... LOGAN
MADISON ..... OHIO
MUNCIE ..... STRAND

IOWA
AMES ..... VARSITY
DAVENPORT ..... ESQUIRE
DES MOINES ..... STRAND
GRINNELL ..... IOWA
IOWA CITY ..... STRAND
KEOKUK ..... IOWA
MARSHALLTOWN ..... ODEON
OSCEOLA ..... LYRIC
SIOUX CITY ..... HOLLYWOOD

KANSAS
COFFEYVILLE ..... MIDLAND
COLBY ..... COLBY
EMPORIA ..... STRAND
HUTCHINSON ..... FOX
LAWRENCE ..... PATEE
MANHATTAN ..... WARE HAM
MC PHERSON ..... RITZ
OAKLEY ..... MAINSTREET
PITTSBURG ..... MIDLAND
RUSSELL ..... DREAM
SALINA ..... STRAND
TOPEKA ..... JAYHAWK
WICHITA ..... PALACE

KENTUCKY
ASHLAND ..... PARAMOUNT
DANVILLE ..... KENTUCKY
FRANKFORT ..... CAPITOL
LOUISVILLE ..... BROWN
PADUCAH ..... RIALTO
WINCHESTER ..... LEEDS

LOUISIANA
BATON ROUGE ..... OGDEN
HOUMA ..... DRIVE-IN
LAKE CHARLES ..... ARCADE
MINDEN ..... TOWER
RUSTON ..... DIXIE

MAINE
AUBURN ..... AUBURN
BANGOR ..... BIJOU
BATH ..... OPERA
BIDDEFORD ..... OPERA
CARIBOU ..... POWERS
FT. FAIRFIELD .... PARAMOUNT
FT. KENT ..... SAVOY
HOULTON ..... HOULTON
LIVERMORE FALLS . DREAMLAND
MILLINOCKET ... MILLINOCKET
MILO ..... CAROL
NORWAY ..... REX
PORTLAND ..... EMPIRE
ROCKLAND ..... STRAND
SOUTH PARIS ..... STRAND
VAN BUREN ..... MARILYN
WATERVILLE ..... HAINES
WILTON ..... WILTON

MARYLAND
BALTIMORE ..... NEW
CHINCOTEAGUE ..... NEW
CRISFIELD ..... ARCADE
CUMBERLAND ..... LIBERTY
DAMASCUS ..... DRUID
FREDERICK ..... OPERA HOUSE
HAGERSTOWN ..... HENRY
POCOMOKE ..... MARVA
SALISBURY ..... BOULEVARD
WESTMINSTER ..... CARROLL

MASSACHUSETTS
AMHERST ..... AMHERST
BOSTON ..... PARAMOUNT & FENWAY
PALMOUTH ..... ELIZABETH
FARMINGHAM .... ST. GEORGE
GARDNER ..... ORPHEUM
GLOUCESTER .....No. SHORE
GREENFIELD ..... VICTORIA
HAVERHILL ..... COLONIAL
HUDSON ..... HUDSON
IPSWICH ..... STRAND
LAWRENCE ..... WARNER
LOWELL ..... STRAND
MAYNARD ..... FINE ARTS
MILFORD ..... IDEAL
NEW BEDFORD ..... EMPIRE
NEWBURYPORT ..... STRAND
NORTH ADAMS ..... MOHAWK
SPRINGFIELD ..... CAPITOL
TAUNTON ..... PARK
WESTFIELD ..... PARK
WORCESTER ..... WARNER

MICHIGAN
ADRIAN ..... FAMILY
ALPENA ..... LYRIC
ANN ARBOR ..... MICHIGAN
ATHENS ..... SWING
BAD AXE ..... BAD AXE
BATTLE CREEK ..... REGENT
BENTON HARBOR ..... STATE
CHEBOYGAN .... GOLD FRONT
COLDWATER ..... MAIN
DETROIT ..... PALM STATE
ESCANABA ..... MICHIGAN
GAYLORD ..... GAYLORD
GRAND RAPIDS .. RKO REGENT
GRAYLING ..... RIALTO
HOLLAND ..... CENTER
HOUGHTON LAKE ..... PINES
HOWELL ..... HOWELL
MARQUETTE ..... NORDIC
MUSKEGON ..... STATE
NILES ..... RIVIERA
OWOSSO ..... CENTER
PONTIAC ..... OAKLAND
PORT HURON ..... FAMILY
SAULT STE. MARIE .... TEMPLE
TRAVERSE CITY ..... STATE
WEST BRANCH .... MIDSTATES
YPSILANTI ..... WEURTH

MINNESOTA
AUSTIN ..... PARAMO
DULUTH ..... GRAN
FAIRMONT I
FARIBAULT ..... PARA
MANKATO ..... ST
MINNEAPOLIS ..... CENT
ROCHESTER 1
ST. CLOUD ..... PARAMO
ST. PAUL ..... RIV
VIRGINIA ..... M
WINONA ..... WIN

MISSISSIPPI
BAY ST. LOUIS.....HIGH
DRIV
GULFPORT ..... LEG
OXFORD L
PASCAGOULA .. LAKE DRIV

MISSOURI
CAPE GIRARDEAU . BROAD
CENTRALIA V
ELDON ..... OZ
HANNIBAL ..... TOM SAW
JOPLIN .....
KANSAS CITY ..... K
LIBERTY ..... PL
MACON ..... MA
MEXICO ..... LIB
ST. JOSEPH ..... TI
ST. LOUIS .... SHADY OAK PAGEANT
SPRINGFIELD ..... JEW

MONTANA
BOZEMAN ..... JO
GLENDIVE ..... UPTO
GREAT FALLS ..... RAINB
HAMILTON ..... R
HAVRE ..... ORPHI
KALISPELL ..... STR
LEWISTOWN ..... JUD

NEBRASKA
FAIRBURY ..... BONH
FREMONT ..... EMPR
GRAND ISLAND ..... CAPI
HASTINGS ..... RIV
KEARNEY ..... WO
LINCOLN ..... NEBRA
McCOOK .....
NORTH PLATTE .....
OMAHA ..... OM

NEVADA
BOULDER ..... BOU
HENDERSON ..... VICT
LAS VEGAS ..... EL PO

NEW HAMPSHIRE
CLAREMONT ..... LAT
CONCORD ..... CONC
DOVER ..... STR
HANOVER ..... NUC
KEENE ..... COLO
LACONIA ..... COLO
LEBANON ..... OPERA H
MANCHESTER ..... STR
NASHUA ..... S
PORTSMOUTH ..... (

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SEE...IN '53!

3 YEARS IN THE MAKING!
...3 MILLIONS TO MAKE!
CAST OF TENS OF THOUSANDS!

Lusty Adventure...Glorious Romance!

eatres which
arting Jan. 23rd, 1953.

NEW JERSEY
NTIC CITY ..... SHORE
BRANCH .. PARAMOUNT
BRUNSWICK ..... RIVOLI
N CITY ..... VILLAGE
BANK ..... STRAND
RIVER .... COMMUNITY
TON ..... CAPITOL
WOOD ..... CASINO

NEW MEXICO
QUERQUE ..... STATE
C ..... AZTEC
INGTON ..... TO-TAH
CRUCES ..... STATE

NEW YORK
RN ..... PALACE
ABLE FORKS . HOLLYWOOD
ON ..... RIALTO
VIA ..... MANCUSO
HAMTON ..... CAPITOL
ALO ..... CENTER
NDAIGUA ..... LAKE
KILL ..... COMMUNITY
HAM ..... CRANDELL
ESKILL ..... PARK
IING ..... PALACE
LAND ..... STATE
SVILLE ..... STAR
SIRK ..... STATE
AURORA ..... AURORA
RA ..... COLONIAL
EVA ..... REGENT
VERNEUR ... UNION HALL
ANDA .... HOLLYWOOD
SURG ..... PALACE
HELL ..... STEUBEN
ON ..... COMMUNITY
CA ..... STATE
STOWN ..... SHEA'S
VILLE ..... REX
PORT ..... RIALTO
ONE ..... PLAZA
NA ..... DIANA
SARA FALLS ..... STRAND
WICH ..... SMALLEYS
ENSBURG ..... PONTIAC
N ..... PALACE
GO ..... TIOGA
DAM ..... ROXY
HESTER ..... LITTLE
ER CREEK ..... GEITNER
NGVILLE ..... JOYLAND
CUSE ..... ECKEL
WANDA ..... STAR
A ..... OLYMPIC
ERLY ..... CAPITOL
TFIELD ..... GRAND

NORTH CAROLINA
NE ..... APPALACHIAN
TON ..... AUSTIN
ABETH CITY ..... CENTER
ST CITY ..... GRIFFIN
ORY ..... CATAWBA
NAPOLIS ..... MAIN
SVILLE ..... COLONIAL
GANTON ..... DAVIS
IGH ..... VARSITY
CINGHAM ..... STRAND

NORTH DAKOTA
FARGO ..... GRAND
GRAFTON ..... ZELDA
GRAND FORKS ... PARAMOUNT
JAMESTOWN ..... GRAND
MINOT ..... STATE

OHIO
AKRON ..... COLONIAL
ASHTABULA ..... BULA
CAMBRIDGE ..... STATE
CANTON ..... PALACE
CELINA ..... CELINA
CHILLICOTHE ..... MAJESTIC
CINCINNATI ..... KEITH
CLEVELAND ..... HIPPODROME
CONNEAUT ..... STATE
DAYTON ..... COLONIAL
DOVER ..... BEXLEY
E. LIVERPOOL ..... STATE
E. PALESTINE....E. PALESTINE
FINDLAY ..... STATE
GALLIPOLIS ..... COLONY
GENEVA ..... SHEA'S
GREENVILLE ..... STATE
HAMILTON ..... RIALTO
LIMA ..... QUILNA
MANSFIELD ..... MADISON
MARIETTA ..... OHIO
MARION ..... OHIO
MASSILLON ..... WESLIN
MINERVA ..... ROXY
NEWARK ..... AUDITORIUM
NEWCOMERSTOWN ..... RITZ
PORTSMOUTH ..... COLUMBIA
ST. MARYS ..... ST. MARYS
SIDNEY ..... OHIO
SPRINGFIELD ..... MAJESTIC
STEUBENVILLE ..... GRAND
TOLEDO ..... PARAMOUNT
TORONTO ..... MANOS
TROY ..... MAYFLOWER
WASHINGTON COURT HOUSE ..... FAYETTE
WILMINGTON ..... MURPHY
WOODSFIELD ..... NEW LIFE
XENIA ..... XENIA
YOUNGSTOWN .. PARAMOUNT
ZANESVILLE ..... WELLER

OKLAHOMA
MUSKOGEE ..... RITZ
OKLAHOMA CITY ..... HARBER

OREGON
CORVALLIS ..... STATE
EUGENE ..... REX
GRANTS PASS..... RIVOLI
KLAMATH FALLS ..... PELICAN
MEDFORD.....CRATERIAN & ESQUIRE
PENDLETON ..... ALTA
PORTLAND ..... MAYFAIR
SALEM ..... CAPITOL

PENNSYLVANIA
ALIQUIPPA ..... STATE
ALLENTOWN ..... MIDWAY
ALTOONA ..... CAPITOL
AMBRIDGE ..... STATE
BEAVER FALLS ..... GRANADA
BELLEFONTE ..... STATE
BELLE VERNON ..... VERDI
BERWICK ..... STRAND
BETHLEHEM ..... PALACE
BLOOMSBURG ..... CAPITOL
BRADFORD ..... MC KEAN
BROCKWAY ..... BROCKWAY
BROOKVILLE ..... COLUMBIA
BROWNSVILLE ..... PLAZA
CANNONSBURG ... ALHAMBRA
CARMICHAELS ..... LUND
CHAMBERSBURG ..... CAPITOL
CHARLEROI ..... PALACE
CLARION ..... ORPHEUM
CLEARFIELD ..... ROXY
COALPORT ..... DIXIE
CONNELLSVILLE .... ORPHEUM
COUDERSPORT .. COUDERSPORT
DANVILLE ..... CAPITOL
DONORA ..... HARRIS
DU BOIS ..... HARRIS
ELLWOOD CITY ..... MANOS
EMPORIUM ..... EMPORIUM
ERIE ..... STRAND
FRANKLIN ..... KAYTON
GREENSBURG ..... MANOS
GROVE CITY ..... LEE
HARRISBURG ..... COLONIAL
HAZLETON ..... CAPITOL
HUNTINGDON ..... CLIFTON
INDIANA ..... MANOS
JOHNSTOWN ..... EMBASSY
KANE ..... TEMPLE
LANCASTER ..... GRAND
LANSFORD ..... PALACE
LATROBE ..... OLYMPIC
LEBANON ..... COLONIAL
LEHIGHTON ..... CLASSIC
LEWISTOWN ..... EMBASSY
MAHONOY CITY ....VICTORIA
MAUCH CHUNK ..... CAPITOL
MC KEESPORT ..... LIBERTY
MEADVILLE ..... PARK
MT. CARMEL ..... VICTORIA
MT. PLEASANT ..... PENN
NEW BRIGHTON ... BRIGHTON
NEW CASTLE ..... VICTOR
OIL CITY ..... LATONIA
PITTSBURGH ..... J. P. HARRIS
POTTSVILLE ..... CAPITOL
PUNXSUTAWNEY .. JEFFERSON
READING ..... WARNER
RIDGWAY ..... STRAND
ST. MARYS ..... ST. MARYS
SAYRE ..... SAYRE
SCRANTON ..... CAPITOL
SHAMOKIN ..... VICTORIA
SHARON ..... LIBERTY
SHENANDOAH ..... CAPITOL
STATE COLLEGE ..... STATE
STROUDSBURG ..... SHERMAN
SUNBURY ..... STRAND
TAMAQUA ..... VICTORIA
TARENTUM ..... HARRIS
TITUSVILLE ..... PENN
TOWANDA ..... KEYSTONE
TYRONE ..... WILSON
UNIONTOWN ..... STATE
VANDERGRIFT ..... CASINO
WARREN ..... COLUMBIA
WASHINGTON ..... BASLE
WAYNESBURG .. OPERA HOUSE
WELLSBORO ..... ARCADIA
WILKES BARRE ..... ORPHEUM
WILLIAMSPORT ..... CAPITOL

RHODE ISLAND
NEWPORT ..... OPERA

SOUTH CAROLINA
CHARLESTON ..... RIVIERA
CHERAW ..... CHERAW
COLUMBIA ..... FIVE POINTS
GREENVILLE ..... FOX
KERSHAW ..... CENTER
LEESVILLE ..... LEESVILLE
MYRTLE BEACH ..... GLORIA
ORANGEBURG .... CAROLINA
SUMTER ..... CAROLINA

SOUTH DAKOTA
ABERDEEN ..... CAPITOL
HURON ..... HURON
MADISON ..... STATE
MITCHELL ..... PARAMOUNT
SIOUX FALLS ..... EGYPTIAN
WATERTOWN ..... PLAZA

TENNESSEE
CHATTANOOGA ..... ROGERS
COVINGTON ..... RUFFIN
KINGSPORT ..... CENTER
KNOXVILLE ..... RIVIERA
NASHVILLE .. KNICKERBOCKER

TEXAS
BEAUMONT ..... JEFFERSON
CANYON ..... OLYMPIC
CORPUS CHRISTI ..... RITZ
MARLIN ..... PALACE
PORT ARTHUR ..... STRAND
SAN ANGELO ..... RITZ

UTAH
CEDAR CITY ..... CEDAR
LOGAN ..... ROXY
OGDEN ..... OGDEN
PRICE ..... CINEMA
PROVO ..... ACADEMY
ROOSEVELT ..... UINTA
ST. GEORGE ..... DIXIE
SALT LAKE CITY ..... LYRIC
VERNAL ..... VERNAL

VERMONT
BARRE ..... PARAMOUNT
BRATTLEBORO ..... LATCHIS
BRISTOL ..... COLONIAL
MANCHESTER ..... PLAYHOUSE
MIDDLEBURY ..... TOWN HALL
MONTPELIER ..... CAPITOL
RUTLAND ..... PARAMOUNT
ST. ALBANS ..... STUDIO
ST. JOHNSBURY ..... PALACE

VIRGINIA
BRISTOL ..... LEE
CHRISTIANSBURG ..... PALACE
DANVILLE ..... NORTH
HARRISONBURG ..... STATE
LYNCHBURG ..... WARNER
MARTINSVILLE ..... RIVES
NEWPORT NEWS...PALACE and WYTHE & STUART
NORFOLK ..... RIVERVIEW
PARKSLEY ..... ROYAL
RICHMOND ..... CAPITOL
ROANOKE .... GRANDIN & LEE
STAUNTON ..... VISULITE
SUFFOLK ..... PALACE
VIRGINIA BEACH ..... BAYNE
WINCHESTER ..... PALACE

WASHINGTON
ABERDEEN ..... D & R
BELLINGHAM ..... AMERICAN
BREMERTON ..... ADMIRAL
CENTRALIA ..... FOX
ELLENSBURG ..... LIBERTY
EVERETT ..... GRANADA
HOQUIAM ..... 7th STREET
KELSO ..... KELSO
OLYMPIA ..... STATE
PASCO ..... LIBERTY
PULLMAN ..... AUDIAN
RICHLAND ..... RICHLAND
SEATTLE ..... COLISEUM
SPOKANE ..... STATE
SUNNYSIDE ..... LIBERTY
TACOMA ..... ROXY
VANCOUVER ..... CASTLE
WALLA WALLA ..... CAPITOL
WENATCHEE ..... LIBERTY

WEST VIRGINIA
BECKLEY ..... LYRIC
CHARLESTON ..... KEARSE
CLARKESBURG ..... RITZ
ELKINS ..... MANOS
FAIRMONT ..... LEE
GRAFTON ..... MANOS
HINTON ..... RITZ
HUNTINGTON ..... ORPHEUM
LOGAN ..... GUYAN
MARTINSBURG ..... CENTRAL
MONTGOMERY ..... KAYTON
MORGANTOWN..METROPOLITAN
MT. HOPE ..... MT. HOPE
NORTHFORK ..... FREEMAN
OAK HILL ..... OAK HILL
PARKERSBURG ..... STRAND
WAR ..... WAR
WEIRTON ..... STRAND
WHEELING ..... CAPITOL
WHITESVILLE ..... BOONE
WILLIAMSON .... CINDERELLA

WISCONSIN
ANTIGO ..... PALACE
APPLETON ..... APPLETON
BEAVER DAM ..... ODEON
EAU CLAIRE ..... STATE
FOND DU LAC ..... RETLAW
FT. ATKINSON ..... UPTOWN
GREEN BAY ..... ORPHEUM
JANESVILLE ..... MEYERS
KENOSHA ..... ORPHEUM
LA CROSSE ..... HOLLYWOOD
MADISON ..... MADISON
MANITOWOC ..... STRAND
MILWAUKEE ..... WISCONSIN
OSHKOSH ..... OSHKOSH
RACINE ..... VENETIAN
RHINELANDER ..... MAJESTIC
SHEBOYGAN ..... WISCONSIN
STEVENS POINT ..... LYRIC
SUPERIOR ..... PALACE
WAUKESHA ..... PIX
WAUSAU ..... WAUSAU

WYOMING
LARAMIE .....WYO.
ROCK SPRINGS ..... RIALTO

HAWAII
HONOLULU ..... HAWAII

ALL THIS... And More!

THE RACE of the galley slaves for Venice . . . under the cruel lash of the whipmaster!

THE REVOLT of the rabble against Prussian mercenaries!

MEDIEVAL TORTURE! Tina—tortured on the wheel . . . The Thief—broken on the rack!

THE THIEVES against the might of the Chief Inquisitor!

MARRIAGE PARADE OF the Doge's daughter—tens of thousands on the screen!

ANGEL'S ROOST . . . fabulous hideaway of the cut-throats of Venice—where all law ends!

THE INNOCENTS swinging from the gallows—for the secret crimes of the Masked Assassins!

If your favorite theatre is not listed here . . . ask the manager when he will be playing "The Thief of Venice."

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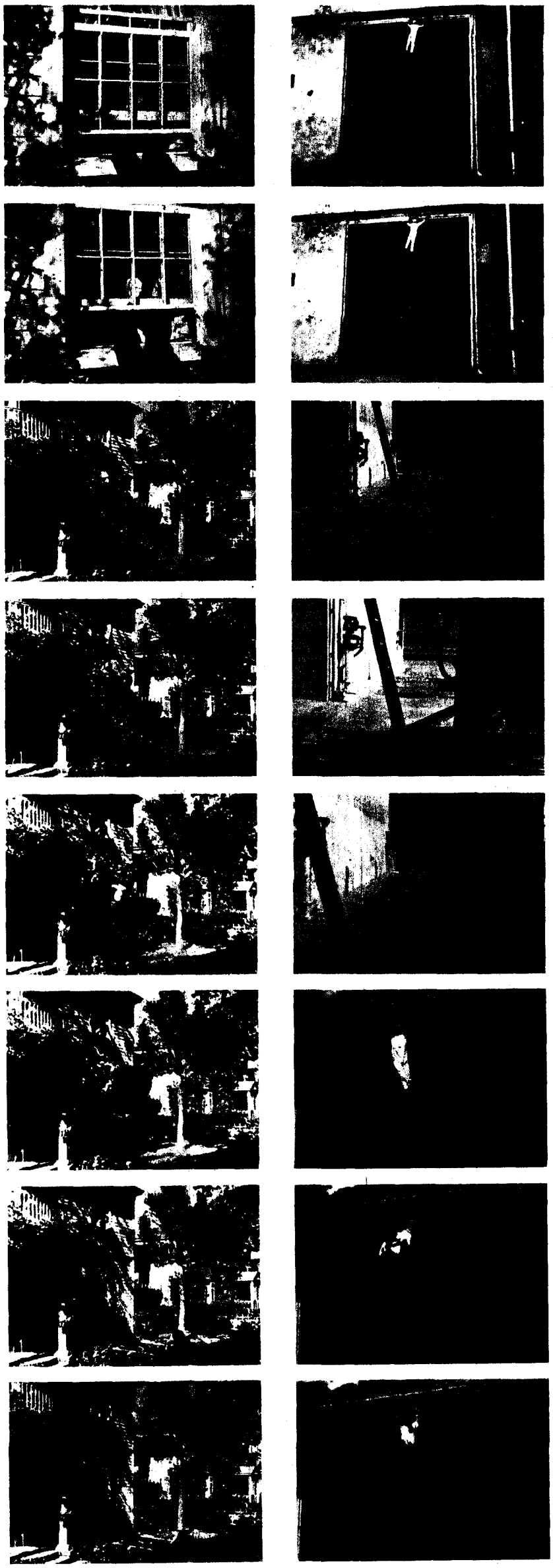

Where does Pete Smith get ideas for film shorts?

ence had been limited to about 200 friend-of-the-hero roles in quickie Westerns.

Will Jason, who was my director at the time, spotted O'Brien on the set of some Western, clowning for the benefit of the rest of the cast. Jason was so amused by the unknown actor's antics that he insisted I use him in my next short. I did, and O'Brien has been doing prat falls and double-takes for me ever since.

O'Brien dreams up most of the slapstick comedy routines himself. Then he tries to sell them to me by acting them out in my office. He performs with much gusto, climbing on tables, turning over chairs, knocking down lamps, in fact doing all kinds of acrobatics to make his point. When he is through, my office is frequently a shambles, and usually O'Brien isn't in much better shape himself.

It's then that I ask myself: Is this something that will be funny to the layman? If the verdict is no, I throw out the routine, no matter how amusing it might be to me; then I throw O'Brien out as well.

Part of the success of any O'Brien comedy is the fact that he does his own stunts. When O'Brien falls off a ladder or out of a window, it's O'Brien falling, and not a stunt man or a dummy. The realism is what makes the audience laugh.

Several years ago we made a picture called Let's Cogitate. In one sequence, O'Brien, while cleaning a second-story window, lost his balance and fell to the ground. On the way down, he grabbed a rose trellis beneath the window and pulled it with him.

A dangerous scene to make—naturally—but by the time we were ready to shoot it, we knew exactly how to do it without injuring O'Brien. Our prop man would control the action of the trellis so that O'Brien, while appearing to land on his head, would first break the fall with his feet.

It was worth all the trouble we went to. It produced one of the biggest laughs we ever have got—because the audience appreciated the realism of the scene. O'Brien appreciated the realism of it too, because the prop man mistimed the falling of the trellis. O'Brien landed on his head—and was unconscious in the studio infirmary for six hours.

Sometimes a scene may be too realistic. In Wrong Way Butch, a safety picture, O'Brien was working an electric saw. His fingers were less than an inch from the blade, but he wasn't even looking at it. His eyes were on a pretty girl in a tight sweater who had entered the workshop. We thought the scene would get a Number One laugh; instead the audience sat through it in stunned silence. I guess we should have taken our cue from the cameraman on the picture. He had to look the other way while O'Brien was playing the scene.

Of all the sources of raw material available, I believe that my own personal experiences have proved as rewarding as any. We have just completed a picture showing the trials and tribulations of an average mailman, and all the obstacles he must hurdle before he can finally deliver the mail to your door—obstacles like the roller skate on the front step, the boy with a squirt gun, the ferocious dog and the locked gate.

I got the idea from my dog—a boxer named Lobo. Lobo's a very sweet dog, but he hates all mailmen. For the past three years our mailman has lived in constant fear that someday Lobo would chew his leg off. Mrs. Smith was fearful he would, too, so one day she decided to have Lobo make friends with the mailman. She took Lobo by the collar and insisted that he shake hands with the postman, who in turn patted the animal gingerly on the head. It was a very friendly meeting, and all the humans concerned were hopeful that relations would be more amicable in the future. The reconciliation looked so promising, as a matter of fact, that Mrs. Smith let loose of Lobo's collar. As she did, the dog lunged at the mailman and ripped his pants, from thigh to shoetops.

Of course, we don't get our mail delivered any more—I've had to rent a post-office box—but what's a little inconvenience? I got a whole short out of the incident.

Writers Must Develop Humor

Once the idea is decided upon, it's up to my writers—O'Brien and whomever he happens to be collaborating with at the moment—to develop the idea and put it on paper. This process is probably the most painstaking part of laugh getting, for no matter how good an idea you may have, if it isn't developed properly, an audience won't think it's funny.

In my case, it's doubly difficult because my pictures are made without dialogue. In a dialogue picture, you can always throw in a joke or an amusing line to save a weak situation. But when you're working with pantomime, the action must speak for itself. Not only must it be funny, but we try to give every situation—even an old one—some semblance of originality.

Good props are also important in laugh getting—especially in a comedy which depends on sight gags rather than spoken jokes. A prop can be anything from a break-away door to a flower that squirts water. But whatever it's supposed to be, the prop has to look realistic enough to create the desired illusion on the screen.

For example, if you show a man taking a bite out of a telephone, you'll probably get a laugh. But if it's apparent to the audience that the telephone is really made of chocolate, you are not likely to get even a snicker. There's nothing funny about anyone eating chocolate; you and I do it often.

That's why I'm a stickler when it comes to realistic props. For the ending to a sunbathing sequence in Keep Young, we wrote a routine in which a bee landed on O'Brien's neck, crawled up under his toupee and stung him.

Accustomed to the ways of eccentric producers, the prop department soon figured out a way to make a live bee harmless—by sealing its stinger with rubber cement—so that O'Brien wouldn't really get stung. Then the prop men rigged a device to control the action of the bee with an invisible thread.

The contraption worked like a charm. But when I saw the scene on the screen, I discovered the doctored bee looked like a fly; that killed the whole point of our gag. I decided to try again—this time with a bumblebee. But bumblebees, unfortunately, were out of season, and would be for the next eight months—at least in our part of southern California.

I refused to wait that long. I advertised

Left: This fall from Let's Cogitate was the real thing. O'Brien tumbled from the second story while washing window. He pulled down rose trellis during fall and landed on head. He was in coma for six hours afterward. Right: Dolly truck upsets ladder in Seventh Column, a short about safety. The audience sat silent through this sequence. It wanted man to fall and felt cheated when he escaped by grabbing hold of a ledge

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The plot of his latest was contributed by his dog

in the papers, offering a cash reward to anyone who could tell me where to get a bumblebee. Four months later I got word that someone at Desert Hot Springs, in southeastern California, had a bumblebee in captivity. I dispatched a studio car to Desert Hot Springs, and within six hours I had a genuine bumblebee in a box on my desk. I was delirious with joy—we would shoot the scene the next day. But that night the janitor, while cleaning my office, threw out the bee, box and all.

I had to wait the full eight months for another bumblebee, but finally we got the scene on film. On the screen it ran approximately ten feet, or 6½ seconds. Not a very long glimpse of the bee, but the sequence got a very healthy Number One laugh.

After the picture is on film, it is cut, edited and put into sequence. Whether or not a gag gets a laugh frequently depends on just how effectively the editing is done. When we were editing How Come?, a short about good deeds which go wrong, we came to a scene in which O'Brien walked into an open manhole. Should we let the audience see the manhole before O'Brien falls in, or should we let them discover it at the same time O'Brien does?

Up until then I had always believed that it was better to let the audience in on a gag; they like to feel smarter than the man in the picture. So I suggested that it be done that way, and we showed the manhole first. The manhole got "ohs" and "ahs," and O'Brien falling into it got a big fat nothing. The next time we did a similar routine, we had O'Brien reappear with a flounder in his mouth. *That* got a laugh.

Two of the most important touches in any Pete Smith Specialty are the narration and the sound effects—each good for a few extra laughs when used correctly.

Explaining Isn't Always Easy

As I mentioned earlier, our pictures are shot silent, without dialogue. It's up to me to explain on the sound track what's taking place on the screen. The explanation isn't always easy, because frequently I'm not sure myself.

Once a year, for example, I make a picture called Football Thrills, in which I recap the best plays of the previous season. Now I can tell a drop kick from a hot dog as well as the next fellow, but believe me, I'm no expert on the game, so when I write my narration I try to remember that most of the people in the audience don't know much more about the sport than I do. Consequently I try to keep my remarks on a comedy level so that even if you hate football, you might enjoy the picture.

Another trick that pays off with laughs is synchronizing my narration with the action. In Reducing, for example, I showed a close-up of a fat woman about to put a forkful of salad into her mouth—while on the fork, unknown to her, was a juicy caterpillar. As she raised the fork to her lips, my voice over the sound track cried out, "Lady!" The audience yelled at my exhortation, but if it had come ten seconds earlier or later, it would have been meaningless—or should I say laughless?

Comedy sound effects can be used to the same good advantage. Friends often accuse me of employing this device too freely in some of my pictures, but, again, audiences love it. Show a football player skidding ten yards on his back, and you'll get snickers; add the sound of automobile tires screeching, and you'll get howls.

I learned the importance of amusing narration and sound effects when I made my first picture, Wild and Wooly, back in 1931. Until that time I had been head of the M-G-M publicity and advertising department. But after the death of Joe Farnham, who had just started the first series of M-G-M short subjects with sound, I was asked to take over his job until he could be replaced.

For my first assignment, I was handed a couple of cans of newsreel footage on rodeos and told to make a short out of that.

I decided that the only way I could get by with it was to trick it up. I went to the sound-effects library, dug out all the effects that had nothing to do with rodeos, and synchronized them with the rodeo action. I used auto brakes when a bronco came to a sudden stop, glass breaking when a cow hand hit the dust and gunpowder explosions when a steer rammed into a fence. For good measure I employed every trick camera effect in the book: slow motion, speeded-up motion, stop action and running the film in reverse. And in one scene I even ran the film upside down. Rodeo Thrills was so successful that I was given Joe Farnham's job permanently.

Two of my shorts have won Academy Awards in the field of live-action one-reelers—Penny Wisdom in 1937 and Quicker 'n a Wink in 1940. Both were comedies—but the subtle kind. Penny Wisdom dealt with cooking hints, and Quicker 'n a Wink specialized in ultra-slow motion, showing such things as the impact of a football player's toe at the exact moment it kicks the ball and a golf ball being batted off a tiny wooden tee.

Two Oscars out of 300 or more shorts may seem a pretty poor average. But I think I'm safe in saying that, Oscars or no Oscars, most of my pictures have been successful at the thing they were designed for—getting laughs. At any rate, they've topped the popularity polls conducted by the Showman's Trade Review and the Motion Picture Herald for the past nine years.

I got my biggest single laugh back in 1936, at the preview of a picture I called Audioscopics. Perhaps you remember it. It was the first third-dimensional picture ever made, and it had to be viewed through green-and-red gelatin glasses, which were passed out to the audience.

In one scene in the film, a stick with a live mouse on the end of it was extended out toward the audience. The third-dimensional photography made it seem as if the mouse were being shoved into your face.

Just as that happened, a young woman in the preview audience let out a blood-curdling scream which set off a thunderous roar of nervous laughter. The incident, properly exploited by a publicity man, created a stir which wound up on many front pages in the nation, and it helped make Audioscopics the biggest money grosser in the history of short subjects.

But it wouldn't have happened if director George Sidney, who was my assistant then, hadn't pinched his girl friend just at the opportune moment and made her scream. ▲▲▲

Left: Synchronizing the narration with action also can pay off with laughs as in this scene from Reducing. Narrator cried, "Lady!" just as woman appeared about to eat a caterpillar. Audience screamed at the exhortation. Right: Just falling into manhole as actor did in Pete Smith short called Bus Pests was not enough to produce a laugh. But when he came up with a flounder in his mouth, the audience really roared

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"Ha, ha, ha," Abigail said to me. "Your contract called for me to attend this press party. Well, I have attended it. I will look forward to the payments"

THE STINGY SKYSCRAPER

By HANNIBAL COONS

In which Dear George has to manage a rich old lady and some king-sized beauties, and again makes hard work of child's play

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

January 17, 1953
Air Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Conrad Hilton
Chicago, Illinois

Dear George:

George, old friend, I have a small job for you. One that a child could do. In fact, I would have a child do it except that they're all back in school now. But in this case, I have every confidence that you can handle it—the whole thing being the work of a moment, a simple matter of inviting a single, deserving citizen to a real peachy party.

And now that you have agreed to do it, let us hasten to the details. You have perhaps heard that we have just completed a very tall production out here called Sky High, based on the activities of the noted Skyscrapers, the famous nation-wide club composed of young ladies over six feet tall. The amazing thing is that a lot of them turned out to be not only tall, but also beautiful; then we added the comic talents of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis to the proceedings, and the result is a picture that is a real smasheroo of entertainment. Also, since we got all the lady Skyscrapers to work for practically nothing, the whole thing didn't cost much,

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

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GUARD AGAINST THROAT-SCRATCH

enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos . . . the finest quality money can buy

Wherever you go, notice how many people have changed to PALL MALL in the distinguished red package

THE FINEST QUALITY MONEY CAN BUY

Here's Mildness You Can Measure

See how PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat

Light a PALL MALL and notice how mild PALL MALL's smoke becomes as it is filtered further through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos.

At the very first puff of your PALL MALL you will enjoy PALL MALL's cooler, sweeter smoking. And your enjoyment of PALL MALL doesn't stop there.

After 5—10—or 17 puffs of each cigarette, your own eyes can measure PALL MALL's extra length for extra mildness. **Pall Mall's greater length of fine tobaccos travels the smoke further on the way to your throat—filters the smoke and makes it mild.** PALL MALL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Outstanding ...and they are mild!

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as pictures go, so we confidently expect to make quite a satchel on it.

And, thank heaven, without the publicity department having to beat out its brains to be brilliant. All I have to do is crank out a few standard ads showing all these lovely big gals, in lovely small costumes, kissing Mr. Lewis and other male citizens on the top of the head, and we're in. The customers will see at once that we are offering not only comedy—ho, ho, ho,—but also the large economy size in the female form divine, and they will rush to the ticket wicket in great numbers. In fact, except for a sweeping epidemic of cholera, there is just no way for us to miss on this one.

Well, then, why roll you out of your hammock at this unearthly hour?

Because, George, things out here have been a little, shall we say, unsettled, and there is, in truth, an air of great seriousness all over town. Gone are the days when an hour in a Turkish bath was considered a good morning's work. Things are so bad that we are even starting to waste money only in small quantities, which will show you just how desperate things have become. Hollywood is, in other words, pretty well tightened up for squirrel, and no matter who you are, the best way to insure the continuance of the pay check is to do everything possible for the good of the firm. At all times.

In the course of publicizing this Sky High, therefore, I have decided to throw in a small volunteer executive coup. One that will not only make the bosses love me forevermore, but one that might even gain me rather a bouncy bonus. And though I know you're not one to think of money, George, a little of it might come your way, and you could give it to your favorite charity.

Here, boy, is the pitch. For several frantic months now, the studio has been trying to beg, borrow or steal the film rights to the current Broadway hit, Money Isn't Everything, as they figure, quite rightly, that it ought to be just what the doctor ordered for our present escapist, tax-weary audiences. George, if we can just get hold of Money Isn't Everything, and soon, we can make a jillion dollars off of it. But so far we have got exactly nowhere, as the film rights are all tied up like a package for Europe by Miss Abigail Green of New York City.

George, does the name Abigail Green mean anything to you? At the risk of insulting your almost limitless general knowledge, allow me to recapitulate. Abigail is the elderly spinster sister of the late Arthur Green, the noted Broadway producer. When Arthur died about five years ago, Abigail inherited all his various theatrical properties, and she has since been guarding the estate like a starved Doberman pinscher. Actually, she has turned out to be an even cannier angel than Arthur himself, at this moment being the backer of the three biggest hits on Broadway. Which I must say rather supports the long-rife rumors that old Abigail was really the brains of the Arthur Green setup all along.

But let us hop on down to the important stuff—us. Because it is dear Abigail who now, by a whim of fate, has the strangle hold on the rights to Money Isn't Everything. And while it may not be everything, word of that fact has evidently never reached Abigail. By now that old girl has more money than Howard Hughes, but all she does in this world is continue to pile it up. She lives all by herself in a big shack up in Connecticut, and according to rumor the moat is alive with alligators. At any rate, no one has personally seen her for some years. She just sits up there in the woods and pulls strings by telephone like an octopus playing four harps.

And, George, that isn't right. That poor old girl ought to get out and have some fun. Nobody in this world, rich or poor, really wants to be a recluse; it's just that nobody has ever offered them a lift to town. Either that, or they have some real or fancied problem that makes them shun their fellow man.

And, George, in casting about for some possible way to crack this Abigail nut, I have just discovered what her trouble is. George, that old woman is six feet three! And right there's her whole problem. When she was a girl, we didn't have all these tall dames we've suddenly got now, and her life must have been an utter hell. People asking her how the weather was up there, possible boy friends arriving on stilts—why, George, she must have been miserable.

That's the amazing thing I've learned from working with these gal Skyscrapers. They were all miserable till somebody thought of forming their blasted club. The gal star of the picture, Vivian Blythe, who today is the happy chairman of the membership committee, is not only lovely of feature, but stacked like the complete works of William Shakespeare. Yet that girl sat right in this office with tears in her eyes and told me that until she got in the club she'd felt that nobody loved her.

Which I think you will agree gives us the key to a really brilliant maneuver. At one fell swoop I can do everybody concerned here a terrific favor.

So follow me closely. Some months ago, as the opening gun in the campaign on this Sky High picture, I scheduled a big New York press party to be held in the main ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria on next Friday afternoon, the twenty-third. Vivian and a lot of the other wonderful Skyscrapers will be on hand, and the feature of the afternoon is to be the public induction into the club of various tall and famous lady citizens of our land. People like Mrs. Henry Hartley, the wife of the head of the City Industrial Bank of New York, Sybil Morgan, the dress designer, and a dozen or more other prominent women I have found who are themselves overly tall. We are going to give them gold cards as honorary life members of the Skyscrapers, and they are to do great things in the worthy work of helping this splendid club for tall girls. The astounding thing is that they not only all agreed to participate in this great publicity mishmash, they were extremely happy to, evidently having felt the pinch of tallness, all.

Well, George, I need hardly go on. Our next step would seem to be self-evident. Rush posthaste to New York, swim Abigail's alligator-filled moat, and get that old girl to the party. Induct her, boy, induct her. And be just as nice to her as a boy can be. The gal Skyscrapers will also naturally be nice to her—they're nice to everybody—and in a matter of minutes you will see a new and happy Abigail. Gold card in hand, deep in the hearts of her fellow Skyscrapers—why, George, it will be one of the happiest afternoons of her whole life.

And after she sees what swell folks we are, she can't help but realize that we are just exactly the right bunch of fine boys to film Money Isn't Everything. And she will hand it over, at something approaching a decent price.

And when the bosses here learn of my brilliant part in the proceedings, they will naturally all crowd around, kissing my hand and forcing on me their best cigars.

Isn't it a beauty? Go, boy, go.

As ever,
Dick

"Now, dear, I don't want you to buy anything expensive for my birthday. I've taken care of that"

COLLIER'S — BILL YATES

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WOULD LOVE TO JOIN IN THIS STRATOSPHERIC SOCIAL WORK, BUT I'VE CHECKED ALL OVER TOWN, AND ANY DECENT STEPLADDER AT ALL COSTS AT LEAST FIVE DOLLARS. SO I GUESS I CAN'T MAKE IT. WHAT ELSE IS NEW? GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL CONRAD HILTON
CHICAGO ILL

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED WHAT ELSE IS NEW. TED BURNS, WHO HAD BEEN WITH US FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS, WAS FIRED THIS MORNING.

RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

IS THAT A FACT? LEAVING FOR NEW YORK IN TWENTY MINUTES.

GEORGE

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York, New York
January 20, 1953
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, I am here. But beyond that simple word of successful navigation, the rest of this report isn't going to be very thrilling.

Dick, believe me, I've rushed around this town like a man trying to find a rest room, but this thing of trying to work Abigail Green in on this Friday shindig just isn't going to work. That's why I tried to discourage you by telegram even before I left Chicago. I agree that your purpose is, in a way, worthy, and God knows I, too, love my fellow man. Abou Ben Adhem had nothing on me.

But Dick, you can't just go about these things as though everyone else in the world were a complete idiot. I admit that an astounding number of people are, but some aren't. And whatever old Abigail Green may be, she is not a fool. Apart from her somewhat unusual love of solitude, she is evidently sharper than a lumberjack's razor. All by herself she has sat up there on that hill in Connecticut and made about three million dollars in the last five years, and even with a good start you don't do that if very many of your marbles are missing. Even if I could get to talk to her, which seems impossible, she would see through this scheme of yours as though it were cheesecloth. Those other prominent lady totem poles you have got into your toils have no connection with the theatrical business; old Abigail would know instantly that you had something ulterior in mind, and she would put her finger on it with the speed of Mr. Rand McNally pointing out Chicago. All we could possibly succeed in doing would be to make her mad, and then she wouldn't sell us Money Isn't Everything for any figure whatever. Believe me, she doesn't need the money. She's got more gold buried on that hilltop up there than they have at the Chase National Bank—with more pouring in every second, like wheat into a grain elevator.

And where did you get this naïve idea that she's so unhappy? From what I hear, she's practically beside herself with glee. She counts her money several times a day, with a scoop shovel, and her cackles of pleasure can be heard clear down in the village at the A&P. I say recognize a happy woman when you see one, and leave her alone.

At any rate, Dick, believe me, she seems like too tough a nut for us to tinker with in this amateurish fashion. In this time of economic peril, going out of our way to fiddle with this woman is just asking for the ax. There is nothing in this world worse than a left-footed volunteer. The sort of well-meaning ass who says, "Having a little trouble with the carburetor?" and then proceeds to rip out the entire engine, cylinder by cylinder. Old Bill Fields used to do that so wonderfully, and when he did it, it was funny; when we do it, it isn't.

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Richard, I beg of you, desist. This is the kind of a setup that could suddenly find us both in the deep end of the pool, with lead water wings.

Let us, in other words, get back into the publicity business. Without delay.

As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
NEW YORK NY

GEORGE, WHEN I NEED YOU TO CALL OFF ANY OF MY PROJECTS, I WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOU ARE PROVIDED WITH A WHISTLE. UNTIL THEN, IF YOU DON'T MIND, DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD. YOU JUST DON'T KNOW THESE SWELL SKYSCRAPER KIDS. GETTING THAT WOMAN TO MEET THEM CAN'T HELP BUT HAVE A GOOD RESULT. THIS IS ONE CASE WHERE WE CAN HAVE THE STRENGTH OF TEN, BECAUSE OUR HEART IS PURE. SO GET THAT OLD LADY TO THAT PARTY IF YOU HAVE TO KNOCK HER ON THE HEAD. IF YOU'RE SURE SHE'LL SHY AWAY FROM FLASHLIGHT CAMERAS, HAVE HER MEET THE SKYSCRAPERS PRIVATELY. EVEN IN A BASEMENT. BUT HAVE HER MEET THEM. PERIOD. THAT'S FINAL. GOOD-BY. RICHARD L. REED

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York, New York
January 22, 1953
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Reed:

Well, when I first got to town here I checked into the Waldorf, figuring that the slight extra tariff would be more than justified by the importance of being right at the scene of action. But in the future, no matter what town I'm in, I think I'll just stay at the Y. Then when I get one of your cheery telegrams, like the one yesterday, it will be so handy just to go downstairs and drown myself in the pool.

In other words, at ten thirty this morning the future looked bleak.

But just about then Fred Tupper, who's handling the basic details of the press party, called and said did I want to go out to the airport with him to meet the Skyscrapers?

Well, why not? I might just as well take one last look at a few more of nature's phenomenons before hurling myself under a cross-town bus. So I went.

And, Dick, I don't know when I've had such a thrilling surprise. Why didn't you tell me what wonderful girls they were? Why, they're all so pretty and pleasant, and all so just tickled pink over their dandy club, that they couldn't help but sell anybody they meet on it. Why, Dick, after knowing them for no more than thirty minutes, there's only one possible thing for us to do—get that Abigail over here to meet them without delay. It's the chance of a lifetime. It'll give her a completely new view of Hollywood—one that she couldn't possibly get any other way—and in no time at all she is just bound to love us. Dick, if you would just tell me these basic facts at the start of these projects, it would save me so much torment.

But at any rate, now that I've had to puzzle it out for myself, to business—the problem at hand now being how in the devil to get that Abigail woman out of that barricaded bailiwick of hers, and over here to enjoy the charm of these lovely girls. That Vivian in particular is just delightful, and in fact my one regret in this world at the moment is that I'm not a girl, and six feet tall, so that I could join her club.

But, as I say, to business—the point being that any means necessary now seems justified to get that old woman into town here to meet these splendid girls. But just what can we possibly bait the trap with? From everything I can learn here, that Abigail has in the last five years not even bothered to answer at least ten thousand invitations to the dandiest events imaginable. Everybody had by now just given up and stopped sending her invitations to anything.

But that, of course, doesn't stop me. If old George decides that somebody should come to a party, come to the party they will. And even as I speak, I have it.

As follows. What is the only thing that seemingly has ever had any attraction for Abigail? Gold. I will therefore forget any childish social approach to this matter and lure her to the festivities with a siren song of cash. Just as soon as I mail this I will sit down and whip up some sort of a phony money deal. Say a little contract, just enough of a thing to fool her for the moment, offering her maybe five per cent of the net profits of Sky High, in return for her lending her mighty presence to the press party. And she will forthwith put on her best black organdy and hasten over. Believe me, she'll do it. That old woman would fight Rocky Marciano if the terms were right. And as soon as the Skyscrapers have charmed her to the gills with their girlish freshness, I'll apologize for the little ruse I had to pull to get her to the party, and she'll say, "Oh, that's all right, George, glad you did it," and we'll all head for the nearest Italian restaurant, just one big happy family.

At any rate, please don't give this one another thought. It's in the bag.

As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
NEW YORK NY

GEORGE, I DON'T KNOW. I'M BEGINNING TO CHILL ON THIS WHOLE THING A LITTLE. MAYBE THE ONLY WAY WE COULD ROPE HER IN TO START WITH WOULD BE WITH SOME SORT OF PHONY FINANCIAL DEAL, BUT SHE'LL SEE THROUGH THAT CONTRACT THING LIKE A YOUNG OSTEOPATH WITH A NEW X-RAY MACHINE. AFTER ALL, SHE'S NOT A COMPLETE FOOL. EVEN IF SHE BELIEVED IT, THE FIRST THING SHE'D DO WOULD BE TO WIRE OR PHONE LOU BENTLEY, OUR PEERLESS PRESIDENT, TO CHECK ON IT. AND THE FAT. WHAT'S LEFT OF OURS, WOULD BE RIGHT IN THE FIRE. ACTUALLY I THINK WE BETTER JUST HOLD OFF ON THIS WHOLE THING TILL WE CAN THINK UP A GOOD ONE.

DICK

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DICK. DON'T WORRY, I TELL YOU. AS IN SO MANY OTHER WAYS, YOU HAVE GREATLY UNDERESTIMATED MY TALENTS AS A FORGER. ALSO AS A RISING YOUNG ATTORNEY. MEANING THAT ABIGAIL HAS GONE FOR MY PHONY CONTRACT, HOOK, LINE AND SINKER. THERE'S NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD TROUT. ONE OF HER UNDERLINGS HAS JUST RETURNED THE CARBON COPY, DULY SIGNED, AND SAYS THAT SHE'LL BE AT THE PARTY THIS AFTERNOON RIGHT ON THE

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DOT. AND THANKS VERY MUCH. SO REST EASY. WE'RE IN. WILL WIRE YOU AGAIN RIGHT AFTER THE PARTY.
GEORGE

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
EVERYTHING FINE, JUST FINE. AIR MAIL SPECIAL FOLLOWS WITH FULL DETAILS. GEORGE

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York, New York
January 23, 1953
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Dick, please forgive me for that last telegram I just sent you. Instead of being fine, everything here is really so horrible that I couldn't bear to tell you about it till I'd had a little while to think it over. I hoped I could save you from a terrible moment. But even after thinking it over with great thoroughness, the truth still is that things are about as fine here as a bad fire at the oil refinery. They could hardly be worse.

And the most horrible part of it is the sheer injustice of it. If ever real ability, the pure unselfish urge to do a good job, has brought a man to his knees, it has done so now.

But maybe you'd better just sit down and let me tell you about it.

The whole trouble came about, I see now, in my being overly conscientious in making up the contract. And the thing that tripped me up there was the fact that one of the many things I have always wanted to be was a lawyer. Many are the times that I have imagined myself in a wig and gown, or with coat off and snapping my suspenders like old Clarence Darrow, defending some hapless client before the bar of justice.

So, when the chance finally came for me to actually make up a contract, I naturally went all out. I first went to our New York offices here, secured a batch of genuine Federal Pictures contract forms, and began filling in the blank spaces with happy thoroughness. When I got through, for once a proper contract had been drawn, covering every contingency in this world including the possibility of a hydrogen bomb destroying the Mississippi River.

Then I came to the matter of how to sign it. Sign it myself? Maybe put your name on it? No, it should naturally be signed by Lou Bentley, the head of our mighty studio. So I tried his signature a few times, but it just didn't come off. It didn't look any more like Lou Bentley's signature than it looked like Mahatma Gandhi's signature.

Then I remembered a little thing I'd read years ago, in Popular Mechanics. That's another secret of my success, wide general reading. And if you ever had occasion to forge a signature, they said, simply turn both the signature you were copying and the paper you were writing on *upside down*, and merely follow the lines with no thought of how it would look right side up.

Well, I tried it, and, Dick, it's uncanny. When I turned that contract back around, there was Lou Bentley's signature to the life. So, thinking that ought to do the trick, I biffed it off by special messenger, together with another duly signed copy for her to sign, and send back. Just to make everything seem properly official.

And as I told you, in not over two hours my copy was back, and she had accepted our proposition. And taking time out only to send in a fast congratulatory note to Popular Mechanics, I hurried to the press party.

And about three thirty the man at the door summoned me, to announce that *Miss Abigail Green* had arrived. In person. I hurried to the door, and there she was—a tremendous length of old woman in black satin, with a look in her beady eyes that would have unlocked a gate. "How do you do, Miss Green," I said. "Come in and meet the girls. And you will be delighted to know that we have arranged to hold your induction in a small side anteroom, without any photographers or other of the madding throng present."

"That won't be necessary at all," she said. "Whatever you want me to do is perfectly all right. I'm at your service."

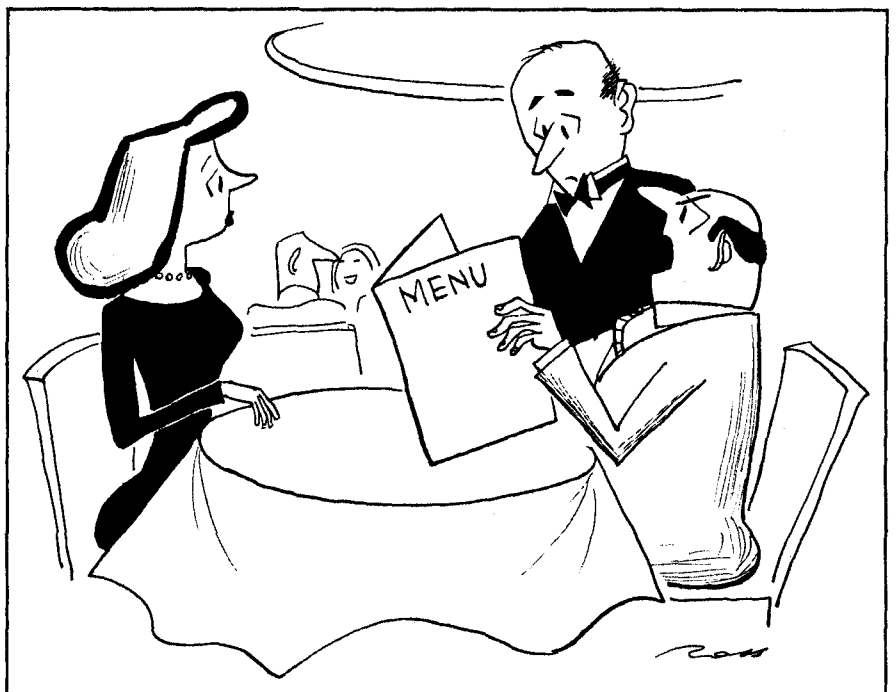
"Huh?" I said, staggering backward.

Good heavenly jumped-up days! My contract was evidently not only so genuine-looking that she believed it, but she intends to hold us to it! And the worst part of it is that, since I didn't think it meant anything anyway, while I was at it I just made it for an even twenty-five per cent of the Sky High profits. Which is now right in the contract, I am sorry to say, and any judge in this world would swear that Lou Bentley's signature on it was genuine.

But now don't you worry, Dick. I'll work it out. After all, I'm right here.

As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
NEW YORK NY
FINE. JUST STAY THERE TILL I CAN FIND A HIRED ASSASSIN. BECAUSE I'VE JUST FOUND OUT HERE THAT THAT WOMAN ALSO CONTROLS ABOUT FOURTEEN OTHER DRAMATIC PROPERTIES WE'VE BEEN AVIDLY BIDDING FOR. AND NOW THE ONLY WAY THE STUDIO CAN POSSIBLY GET BACK INTO HER GOOD GRACES IS TO FIRE US BOTH. WHICH I'M AFRAID MIGHT MAKE ME ANGRY AT YOU. IN OTHER WORDS, MY ONLY ADVICE TO YOU IS TO GET A GOOD START. RICHARD L. REED



"Sure these decimal points are in the right places?"

COLLIER'S — AL ROSS

"Well, in that case, we might as well get a few pictures of this important event."

And we thereupon duly inducted her, smack in the middle of the dais in the main ballroom, with everyone looking on and the flashlight cameras going off in salvo, and the Skyscrapers behind her never looking lovelier.

"And now why don't you have a nice talk with the girls," I said, "while I see to a few details on the other side of the room?"

"Fine," Abigail said, "fine; anything at all."

And, a little dizzy, I left them, hurrying over to the bar for a quick brandy. Something had evidently slipped a cog. But there seemed to be only one thing to do, and that was to nail down our advantage before she regained her senses. So I hurried back to the fray, to find Abigail and the other girls talking most pleasantly and animatedly.

"Ha, ha, ha," I said heartily, joining the group. "Miss Green, I can see that you have met our wonderful Skyscrapers, and you are theirs. And I certainly hope you'll forgive me for that little joke about the contract which I had to pull to get you down here."

"Ha, ha, ha," she said. "Your little joke of a contract called for me to attend this press party. Well, I have attended it. And now, Mr. Seibert," she said, "as soon as practicable I will look forward to the payments for my percentage of the picture."

And she swept out.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
DICK, I BEG OF YOU, UNLOAD. I'VE GOT A NEW IDEA. NOW THAT I'VE FOUND OUT HOW TO MAKE THESE GENUINE-LOOKING CONTRACTS, MAYBE I CAN MAKE UP A FEW MORE AND SOMEHOW GET US OUT OF THIS. GEORGE

FRED TUPPER
HOTEL LEXINGTON
NEW YORK NY
TUPPER, GET THAT GEORGE UNDER LOCK AND KEY TILL I CAN GET THERE IF YOU HAVE TO SHOOT HIM. YOU CAN REPORT IT AS PEST CONTROL. LEAVING HERE ON NEXT PLANE. RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
GOSH, DICK, I'D LOVE TO SEE YOU BUT AS TIGHT AS MONEY IS I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD COME EAST NOW JUST FOR A VISIT. IN OTHER WORDS, AFTER A SOMEWHAT HECTIC DAY EVERYTHING JUST FINE HERE. ABIGAIL SENDS HER BEST AND AIR MAIL SPECIAL FOLLOWS WITH REALLY THRILLING DETAILS. BELIEVE ME. LOVE. GEORGE

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York, New York
January 24, 1953
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, it's been a busy day. But before pausing even for a cup of cool water, I want to get this final communiqué off to you, so that you can dismiss those terrible thoughts of murder, which so poison the whole system.

But first I want to confess that I occasionally almost have them myself. Though normally an even-tempered man, there are times when even my patience wears thin.

For instance only this morning, when I finally arose after a thoroughly sleepless night, I could have jerked that old Green woman bald-headed. We had intended nothing but good for that woman, and she had cruelly taken advantage of us. I therefore shaved in a hurry and then got on the phone.

"Listen, you old idiot," I said, when I finally got through to her—I apologize for it now, but that's what I said in the heat of the moment—"you know perfectly well that was never intended to be a legitimate contract. It was nothing but a harmless little gag just to get you off that blasted hilltop of yours long enough for you to have a pleasant afternoon for once."

"I am quite aware that it was not intended to be a contract," she said. "After all, I'm not a fool. I knew it the minute I read the first three lines. But it's still got Lou Bentley's signature on it, or a good enough facsimile, and by the time I get through with you people, you'll never again try to drag busy and innocent persons into your silly publicity schemes. You people out there in Hollywood think that you can get away with anything. Well, for once, young man, you've met your match."

And she hung up.

So, it was to be war. Like so many men before me, I was left with the choice of knuckling down to a tyrant or fighting back with every weapon at my command.

I accordingly began pacing up and down that hotel room like a tiger. No seventy-year-old woman was going to lick me, even if she did have the reach on me. Let's see now—what to do, what to do?

It was at about this point that I got your other heartening telegram and dispatched my spur-of-the-moment return wire mentioning the making up of further contracts of some sort. And for a time there I did think that possibly I could pull us out of the hole with a rash of my newly found talent at legal documents.

But I didn't really like to compound forgery upon forgery. A man can get into trouble that way.

And then I paused with one foot veritably in midair.

Why, of course. Maybe we didn't need any other contracts at all! The only reason for a second contract is if the first one should prove inadequate. And though I by no means remembered all the stuff I'd poured into that first

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one, me being as good a lawyer as I am, it no doubt covered quite a bit of ground. Like a man possessed, I sprang for the copy she'd signed.

And sure enough, there it was, right in the midst of page thirty-two: ". . . and furthermore and whereas, the party of the second part agrees not to become involved in any entangling foreign alliances without the express permission of Congress, or to bear arms at any time against the United States, and furthermore and whereas and to wit, agrees to sell to Federal Pictures the film rights to the current Broadway hit, Money Isn't Everything, for the sum of one dollar. . ."

A-*ha!* She was so smart-alecky she just hadn't read that far! Dick, *always* read every line of any contract you sign; there are a lot of smart lawyers in this world.

At any rate, it was with some relief that I grasped the phone again. "Miss Green," I intoned, "I know you're a busy woman, but I wonder if I could trouble you to read carefully page thirty-two of your copy of our contract? There's a stray line in there I think you will find of interest."

And *I* hung up.

Well, in a matter of minutes she called back, sputtering like a short-circuited electrical cord. "Why, you miserable whelp!" she cried. "You know I never intended to sign any such thing as that."

"But you did sign it, didn't you?" I said, setting off a burst of violence as though lightning had struck the instrument.

"It's a foul conspiracy!" she cried. "Even my own lawyer says I am bound by this ridiculous contract, and that I should somehow settle with you. I'll settle with you, you—you—"

"Now, now, Miss Green," I said, "harsh words will get us nowhere. The only important thing is that if anybody has got anybody over a barrel, we have got each other over it, and if you'd care to drive into town here, maybe we can work out a way for both of us to get off."

Which she did. Not over ten minutes ago we met at her attorney's, tore up my original all-encompassing contract and replaced it with a simple new one, calling for us to give her no percentage whatever of anything, and calling for her to sell us at once the film rights to Money Isn't Everything, and at the last cash offer we made her for same. Which, if it's anything like our other preliminary bids for things, should give us a rousing bargain.

Also, she's going to see immediately about getting you those other little things of hers you want. "You know, George," she said—she calls me George now—"I'm really very happy that this has all worked out so pleasantly. Actually, meeting those lovely young women yesterday afternoon was a most enlightening experience. It took me a little while to admit it, but it did show me just how far into my shell I've gone and how foolish it's all been. From now on, I intend to get out and have a little fun."

"You are so right, Miss Green," I said. "After all, money isn't everything."

Which it of course isn't. But don't tell Lou Bentley till after you've discussed our bonus. Money may not be everything, but there's nothing wrong with a little of it.

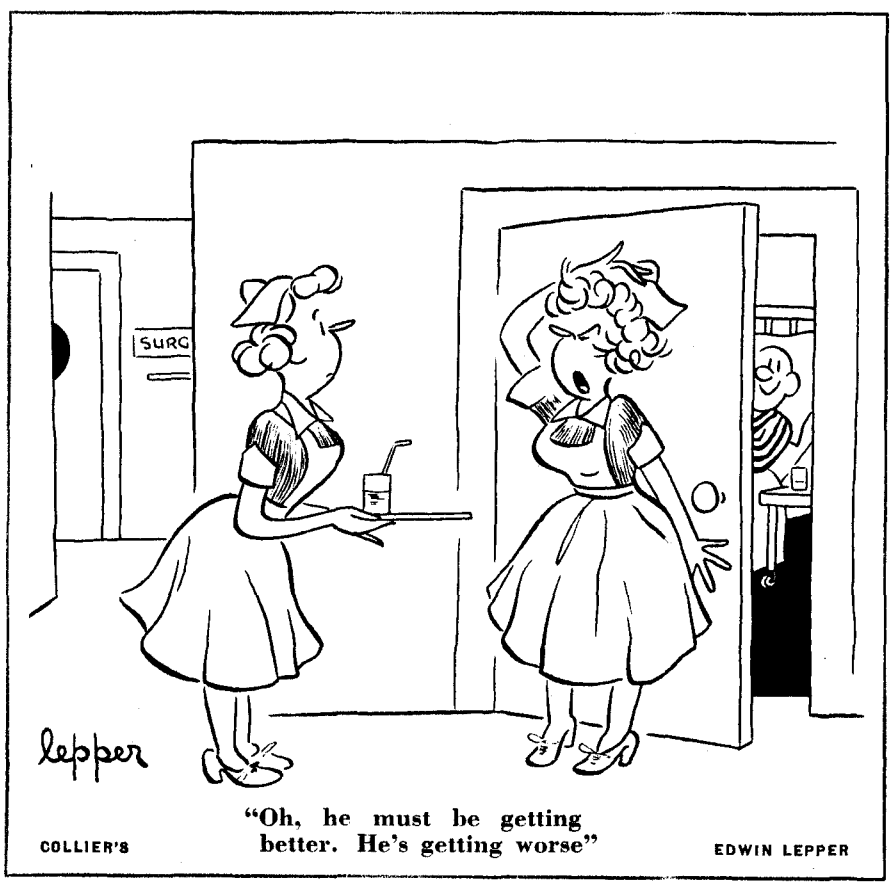
Oh, by the way, speaking of money, one last little thing. You may fear that we owe Miss Green's lawyer a small sack of it for his timely intervention in the proceedings. Well, fear not. He came in for his little drum solo only because of the very luckiest of accidents. This very morning he had a call from Miss Green's personal physician, who was genuinely worried. For a woman of her age, he said, Abigail was getting much too wrought up over this latest contract hassel, and for her own good he thought the thing should be brought to some sort of conclusion, and as rapidly as possible.

Actually, it was this call that swung the deal.

And so what do we owe *him?* Again, nothing. Because it took very little of his time; in fact, none.

Not wishing to take him away from the care of the sick and wounded, I really just made the call myself.

As ever,
George ▲▲▲



"Oh, he must be getting better. He's getting worse"

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Why Not Let the People Elect

By U.S. SENATOR ESTES KEFAUVER with SIDNEY SHALETT

The crime-busting candidate who won 14 of the 17 Democratic Presidential primaries in 1952 —but then lost the nomination—tells how we can thwart the bosses who ignore the people's vote

Estes Kefauver thinks he could have made a better showing in 1952 Presidential election than Adlai Stevenson. But he says he found only humiliation at the Democratic convention

DRAWING BY SAM BERMAN

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, as he goes into the office of President of the United States (an office that I myself sought long and hard), has my fervent wish that he will give us an administration which will make our country strong and secure. Though he is a Republican and I am a Democrat, he will have my support as a United States senator whenever I believe he is right. This is no time for narrow and petty partisan politics.

There is a second equally fervent wish on my mind at the start of the administration of the man against whom I might have run had it not been for the rather peculiar brand of politics within my party: Whether Eisenhower is re-elected in four years, or whether the Democratic party returns to power, I hope he will be the *last* President to be chosen by the now prevailing undemocratic process which gives the people no real voice in the nominations of the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates.

The election system in this country is bad enough, pegged as it is to the antiquated electoral college tradition which makes it possible for a candidate to receive a minority of the popular vote and still be elected President. But the convention system is a mockery of our democratic processes. The system—as was demonstrated by the 1952 Democratic National Convention—is an easy tool for the political bosses, the slick manipulators and the unscrupulous kingmakers. Boss-ridden Republican conventions, of course, have been notorious in American politics.

There is nothing particularly new about this situation. Students of politics have known for a long time what a weak reed the convention system is for our democratic government to lean upon. What is new, however, is that now, thanks largely to television, the people are on to it, too. TV has brought the national convention into the living room of the American home, and has exposed it for the undemocratic spectacle that it is.

Those of us who are interested in good national government long have felt that election reforms are needed, if we ever are to break the hold of the bosses and others who make decisions in smoke-filled rooms. Our efforts so far have been fruitless; we try, but the political bosses of both parties—those smug, self-satisfied advocates of the *status quo*—won't listen.

Last year, for instance, long before the convention, I joined in a bipartisan movement with Senators Douglas, Smathers, Tobey, Hunt, Murray, Aiken and Margaret Chase

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Our President?

Smith. We wanted a simple bill, authorizing the U.S. Attorney General to make agreements with all the states to conduct preference primaries for selection of Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates. We couldn't even get our bill onto the Senate floor for a vote. Similarly, I have joined repeatedly in bipartisan moves to reform the electoral college along twentieth-century lines. All have failed.

Hope for Election Reforms

This year, however, thanks to greater knowledge of the people, who now have seen for themselves what shabby performances the national conventions really are, we have new hope. Nineteen fifty-three may be the year of decision, the year to get something done. Toward that end, I already have introduced a resolution —and similar legislation has been introduced by others—calling for a constitutional amendment on election reforms.

I purposely have made my bill flexible. If Congress will pass it, there will be a national referendum to decide whether there shall be a nation-wide primary for selection of Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates by the major parties. If legislatures of three fourths of the states vote "yes," it then will be up to Congress to work out the details and enact such legislation.

Obviously, I have more than an impersonal interest in the subject of convention reforms. In seeking the Democratic nomination for the Presidency last year, I knew in advance that most of the big-city machines would be against me, so I took my case to the people. Even though I made a good showing with the voters, the boss-run convention machinery had me stopped in Chicago. Because the archaic convention system makes it so easy for the bosses to control the show, I could not win, despite my popular support.

I sought the nomination, I might add, only after thoughtful, serious consideration, in which I took into full account the difficulty involved in running against such a distinguished adversary as General Dwight Eisenhower. It was not a frivolous impulse.

I worked hard for the nomination. Democratic primaries were held in 16 states and the District of Columbia. I entered all but one of these primaries, and won 14 of them. Out of a total of some 4,600,000 Democratic primary votes cast, I received 3,140,000. The second-placing candidate received only 370,000 votes.

Just before the Democratic convention in Chicago, the Princeton Poll showed that, in the preference of Democratic voters, I led the field. I went to the convention—the winner of the primaries, the choice of the polls—with the largest number of delegates. These delegates held firm to me for two ballots—and then the power of the machine overcame us.

What happened? I had aroused the implacable enmity of certain politicians, including some defeated hacks and various political yeomen who were taking orders implicitly from the outgoing Truman administration. There were a number of reasons for their enmity, none of them very inspiring. Some resented my call for new, young, vigorous leadership in places where the party had fallen into stodgy and selfish hands. Others were angry because I had announced for the nomination before Mr. Truman made his intentions known. Still others were irked because I did not withdraw from the New Hampshire primary after Mr. Truman decided to let his name be entered. My victory in New Hampshire, of course, didn't help.

Then there were those who were angry with me because, as chairman of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, I carried out my sworn obligation to uncover facts where I found them, without regard for party politics. I might say that, regardless of what my policy cost me at the convention, nothing in my public career brings me greater satisfaction than the fact that our committee didn't consider the politics of a man before we exposed his crookedness or criminality. So far as we were concerned, a Democratic crook was as bad as a Republican crook.

The Man Who Was Drafted

Being thus committed to "stop Kefauver!" these "machine stalwarts," who were all-powerful behind the convention scenes, disregarded what the people and largest bloc of the delegates said they wanted. They chose a man who was virtually a political unknown on the national scene; a man who publicly insisted he did not want the job, and who had refused to enter a single primary. His selection was said to be a "draft," but some observers have remarked that it was a mighty peculiar draft, with such stalwarts as Truman, Jake Arvey, Sam Rayburn, Scott Lucas *et al.* blowing on the fire, and minor wood carriers tossing in their little bits of kindling.

As it turned out, Adlai Stevenson showed himself to possess many attributes of greatness. He spoke with moving eloquence, displaying courage, vision and nobility of purpose. I would not be honest if I denied my disappointment at not receiving the nomination which many observers felt was denied me not by the people but by the party bosses. But I put down my disappointment and campaigned vigorously for Governor Stevenson. I campaigned in good conscience, believing that the country would be best served through his election.

I do not think that Stevenson him-

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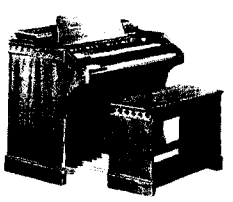

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self altogether liked the company he was bound to by the circumstances surrounding his nomination. He tried to rise above it and I suspect he genuinely wished he could have done so. But it could not be done.

Would the election have gone differently for the Democrats had I—a candidate not obligated to the administration—been nominated instead of a candidate hand-picked by Truman & Co.? I would not be so immodest as to predict that, with the temper of the country as it was, I would have beaten the formidable General Eisenhower. But I will quote what an old friend, experienced in politics, said to me just before the convention. "Estes," he said, "I don't see how you're going to lick the Democratic bosses, but, if you do, I think you've got a good chance, at least, against Ike."

Certainly, I thought that by putting on a vigorous nation-wide campaign, by frankly discussing the issues with the voters and presenting a positive program for achieving peace, international security and morality in government here at home, I stood a chance to be successful. I felt my candidacy offered the change in government the voters obviously wanted. If I had thought it impossible for me to win, I would not have done my party—and myself—a disservice by seeking the nomination.

Stevenson at a Disadvantage

Quite possibly, with the demonstrated reaction against the recent administration, I, too, would have been defeated by the general. However, I would have had fewer burdens to carry than Governor Stevenson. For one thing, through my participation in the state primaries, my views and what I stood for were better known to the voters than those of Mr. Stevenson, who entered no primaries.

For another thing, I would not have had the handicap of having such enthusiastic support from Mr. Truman, whose campaign placed the efforts of the Presidential nominee himself into such a peculiar and undignified second billing. In retrospect it is obvious that the give-'em-hell whistle-stop tour by the outgoing President was a mistake.

In fact, when I went to Springfield at Governor Stevenson's request and discussed campaign strategy with him, one of the principal pieces of advice I gave him was to disassociate himself from the apron strings of the White House. In this opinion, Charles Neese, a Tennessee attorney who had covered the entire United States as principal organizer of the Kefauver-for-President Clubs, heartily concurred.

Mr. Stevenson was to go to Washington the next day for his first briefing at the White House. He asked me what I thought, and I told him the best thing he could do was to come down with a sudden threatened attack of appendicitis or something and cancel that trip to Washington. At least, that was my opinion, and I still think he would have been better served at that point had he stayed in Springfield and run his own campaign. While future history may applaud—and rightly so—many of the sound accomplishments of the Truman administration, it was an obvious fact that the President's popularity and the prestige of his administration were in a decline.

I believe the proposal for a national Presidential primary has a greater chance for success if we advance it first as a general principle, then work out the details after the reform has been approved by constitutional referendum. For this reason, I purposely kept my resolution simple and nonspecific as to details. I have in mind, however, a pattern for a nation-wide Presidential primary, and I will work for adoption of a bill along such lines if the basic idea is adopted as a constitutional amendment.

A Primary for Every State

My plan is as follows:

Step One—There shall be a primary in every state, provided for by federal law, to determine the popular choice of the people for President. In each primary, delegates shall be elected to cast their votes at a streamlined national convention for the choice of their state's voters.

Discussion: There have been Presidential primaries in various states since Wisconsin passed the first such state law in 1903. Currently, 19 states have primary laws of one sort or another. The laws, however, are not uniform, and in some states are not even binding on the delegates; the lack of uniformity, plus the fact that most of the states do not have primaries, leads to a helter-skelter pattern that prompted Mr. Truman, just before the New Hampshire primary, to brand Presidential primaries as "eyewash."

With a uniform and binding law applicable to every state, Presidential primaries no longer would be "eyewash," but would be meaningful. Mr. Truman, incidentally, has endorsed the principle of national primaries, as did the late Woodrow Wilson.

Step Two—No candidate shall be placed on the ballot in any state primary without his consent, and he must file a qualifying petition signed by not less than one per cent of the total number of voters who voted for the Presidential candidate of his party in the last election.

Discussion: This provision would make it necessary for a man to be a willing candidate and to work for his nomination. I believe it is a good principle, and a democratic one, for "the man to seek the job"—particularly under the proposed new system where the voters really would have something to say about selection of candidates. It also will eliminate many of the non-serious candidates—"favorite sons" and others.

Step Three—A uniform nation-wide system of choosing delegates, based on the vote of the political party of each state in the previous Presidential election, shall be adopted. There shall be provisions to limit the number of delegates so as to avoid the present unwieldly size of national conventions, and there shall be no split votes—such as one-half and one-third votes.

Discussion: It would be politically healthy to peg a state's delegates to the total votes mustered by the party in the last election. For one thing, the system would strike a blow at local bosses, who sometimes actually connive to keep down the total vote, because of the greater dictatorship they can exercise when only a few citizens vote.

I suggest that, instead of the present 1,200-odd votes at a convention, with some of them split between two and three delegates, the total be limited to no more than 600, with no split votes. It is impossible to conduct an orderly convention with some 2,000 (counting the split votes) delegates—not to mention their alternates—milling about.

Step Four—Delegates shall be firmly pledged to cast their votes on a proportional basis geared to the state vote received by the candidate. As a simple illustration, if a state has 10 delegates and Candidate A receives approximately 60 per cent of the vote, he will receive six votes at a convention. (To avoid undesirable fractional ballots, machinery can be set up whereby the division of delegates is calculated by round numbers, rather than by exact fractions.) The delegates will continue to vote for the candidate to whom they are pledged as long as he receives as many as 10 per cent of the total vote cast at the convention (with certain provisions in case of deadlock).

Discussion: I gave thought to the alternate possibility of having the candidate who receives a plurality of the state vote capture all the state delegates. I believe, however, that proportional division is fairer, and would reflect the wishes of the voters more accurately. Such a division is more in line with the belief of many legislators, myself included, that the electoral-college vote should be divided proportionately, rather than letting the candidate who gets the most popular votes in a state take all of the state's electoral votes.

Another possible alternative, which might be considered as an interim measure pending reform of the electoral-college machinery, would be a federal primary law patterned after the excellent Wisconsin state law. In Wisconsin, the candidate receiving the largest statewide vote wins a certain number of delegates running as the state delegates at large, while winners in various Congressional districts get the votes of delegates for those districts.

As a means of breaking an early deadlock, a candidate should be given discretionary authority to release his delegates when he feels he cannot win. The law should be written to indicate strongly that the delegates, once released, are free agents, at liberty to exercise their best judgment as to preference among the remaining eligible candidates; the practice of trading delegates to accomplish private political deals should be discouraged.

When Delegates Are "Freed"

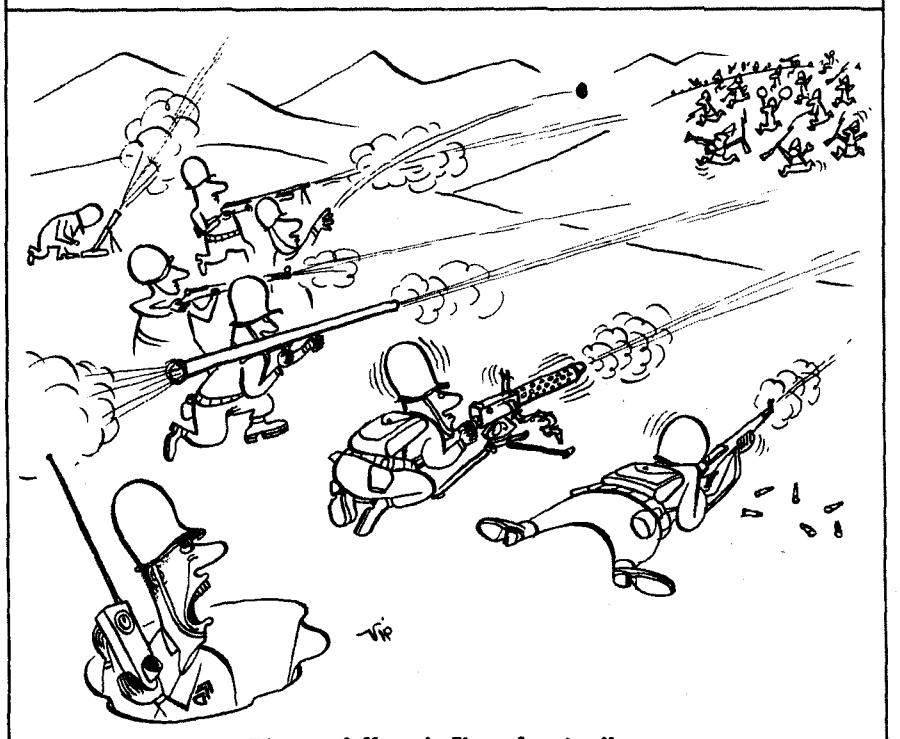
Step Five—Nomination for President shall be by a simple majority of the total number of votes cast by delegates at the convention. If no candidate has a majority, and has not released his delegates, after 10 ballots the delegates shall be considered free of their obligation to vote for the winner of their state primary, but must vote for one of the candidates receiving the top three total number of votes in the national primary.

Discussion: This step provides a key which makes the proposed system practical. In combination with *Step Four*, it would mitigate the "nuisance value" of any surviving favorite sons, who could not hope to hang on for 10 ballots, but would try to trade delegates for favors. The provision for picking the Presidential nominee from the aspirants who placed first, second and third in the nation-wide primary popular vote is a means of respecting the will of the voters. It also has constitutional precedent, for the Twelfth Amendment provides that, in the case of a deadlock in the electoral college, the House of Representatives shall select a President from among the top three candidates.

Step Six—Finally, after the Presidential nominee is chosen, the Vice-Presidential nominee shall be chosen by a vote of the delegates from the three candidates who polled the next highest number of votes in the nation-wide primaries.

Discussion: This proposal is made in

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "*Please*, fellows! I'm phoning" VIRGIL PARTCH

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Presidential also-rans, Sen. Kefauver says. Here's his election reform program

an effort to respect the wishes of the electorate; if adopted, it would keep nonentities out of the Vice-Presidential office, and effectively curb the practice of degrading the office of Vice-President to an object of political barter. It would mean that the Vice-Presidential post would go to a man sufficiently interested in public service to get out and work for his nomination in a primary, and that the post would be filled by a man whom the people knew, and who was of sufficient stature to have placed at least fourth in the national Presidential primary.

With all respect to the Republican and Democratic Vice-Presidential nominees of 1952, can anyone say they were the choice of the people? Under the system I propose, there would be an opportunity for any political skeletons hiding in the closets of the eventual Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates to be brought into the open—before, not after the nomination.

If Senator Richard Nixon, for example, had wanted to be Vice-President, he would have had to expose himself to the electorate as a serious candidate for President. The facts about his qualifications, and presumably such issues as his $18,000 private fund, then would have come out, and the Republican voters would have judged whether they wanted him in a critical post. We must remember that a Vice-President always is a "serious candidate" for President, for seven times in our history Presidents have died in office. The office of Vice-President always should be filled by mature, capable individuals of whom the voters have full knowledge. We should not take chances on political accidents elevating unknowns and mediocrities into the highest office of the land.

A "Cumbersome Procedure"

One of my colleagues, Senator George Smathers of Florida, who also has introduced a bill favoring Presidential primaries, has proposed that, if a Vice-President succeeds to the Presidency by reason of death, there shall be a special Presidential election at the next general election to choose a new President. This procedure, in my opinion, would be cumbersome. The system by which one of the top four choices of the victorious party would become Vice-President would eliminate the necessity for such a special election.

Another healthy reform that could evolve naturally from such a program would be a shorter campaign period for the men finally chosen by the major parties as Presidential nominees. The party candidates would fight it out in the primaries, which would be held simultaneously throughout the country on a fixed date in August. The national conventions then could be held in September. Assuming that the successful candidates would take the usual amount of time to map out their campaign, the actual campaigning could be limited pretty much to the month of October. That plan would be good life insurance for our chief executive.

Personally, I would like to see all campaigning elevated to a less strenuous, more intellectual level, with less wear and tear on the candidates.

I have never seen any sense in practically killing off our Presidents before we elect them, and I do not believe the American people really want that.

From my own experience in the preconvention primaries and on the campaign trail for Stevenson, I can testify that national campaigning is a rugged ordeal. I'm a reasonably durable physical specimen, but the grind got me down at times. I'll never forget the day I was campaigning with Nancy, my wife, during the New Hampshire primary. We passed from one snowbound town to another, and every time I saw a crowd of prospective voters I automatically left my car, went over to them and started talking. In one town, I approached such a group, saying: "I'm Estes Kefauver. I'm running for President—how'm I doing here?" One fellow answered me dryly: "You're doing fine here, but you'd better get back to New Hampshire where the primary is—this is Vermont!" Without knowing it, I'd crossed the state line.

While campaigning for Governor Stevenson, I used the same chartered airplane in which I covered the country in my own campaign—only the coonskin cap and the "Kefauver for President" legend were painted out. Once in Willmar, Minnesota, we had to switch to a smaller private plane to make a landing on a small field; Dick Wallace, my administrative assistant, and I actually had to help the pilot chase cows off the runway before we could take off. Anyone who wants my support for a federal fencing law covering airports can have it.

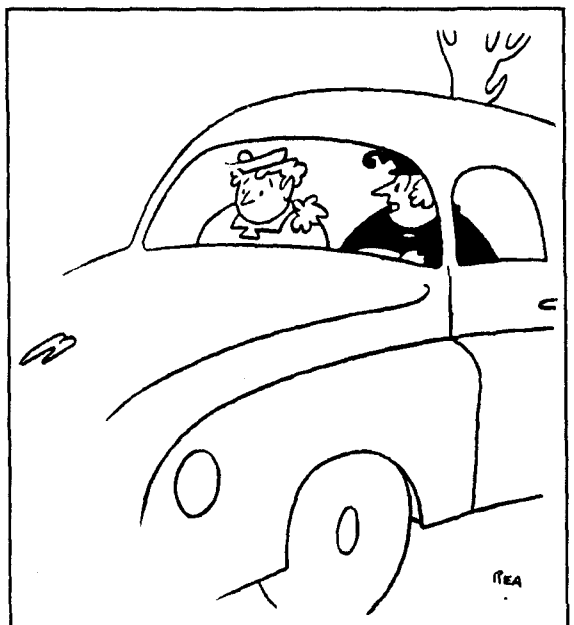
Another time, I was supposed to fly back from an ox roast given by my friend, Representative Wayne Hays, at Wellsville, Ohio, to debate in Cleveland with a Republican senator on a nation-wide TV hookup. The plane provided for me was of ancient vintage, and I kept poking the pilot futilely to try to go faster. The telecast already was on the air when we landed, and Cleveland police took me through the city streets at a terrific pace to catch the tail end of the program. I almost became the subject of a crime inquiry myself, instigated by the justly irate local chief of police. I felt obliged to write him, asking him to blame me, not his officers.

Critics may argue that the strain of running in 48 separate primaries might kill a candidate. I do not think so, particularly with the advent of television. The campaign in each state need not be as intense as the full-dress Presidential campaign. And, when the successful candidates of the major parties finally enter upon the shorter campaign to decide the election, both they and what they stood for would be so well known to the voters that the campaign actually would be easier. It could be conducted on a higher plane, involving issues rather than personalities.

Others may contend that, with a national primary system, the race might go to the candidate with the biggest organization and the most money. Again, I disagree. Certainly with scant organization and very little money, I fared well in the primaries I entered. How well that was demonstrated in Nebraska! There, my opponent, Senator Kerr, was able to blanket me with campaign literature, professional workers, entertainment, newspaper advertisements, radio and TV time. In Omaha, I remember, the opposition even bought up all the advertising space on the sides of the city trash cans. Yet, even with the trash cans against me, I captured more than 60 per cent of the votes.

My own experience at the Democratic convention demonstrated how easy it is for the faction that controls the convention machinery to operate unfairly against the candidates it opposes. Let me cite some examples:

On the platform committee, several members favorable to my candidacy felt the convention should have the opportunity of voting on a stronger anticorruption plank; also a plank advocating Congressional reforms to mitigate the effects of "McCarthyism." Colonel Phil Whitaker, a distinguished Tennessee attorney, and Jimmy Roosevelt, son of the late President, made the necessary arrangements to present the minority reports and to offer amendments. They were told to take seats on the rostrum so as to be available to speak in support of the amendments. We had eight other speakers on the rostrum to back them up.



"I don't like that 'Gonkity-ickle' sound in the motor. It usually goes 'Furtle-urkle-choob . . .'"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

The platform, which contained a pious "we're-against-sin" plank, was read. Then chairman Sam Rayburn hurriedly came to the podium and, with his well-known finesse, put the motion and declared the platform adopted. Colonel Whitaker and others protested his speedy action. Finally, Mr. Rayburn allowed Colonel Whitaker the grand total of two minutes to "explain" the proposed amendments. Since the deed had been done, the belated recognition was quite academic. We were angry about it and said so. Our anger only made Mr. Rayburn rougher from then on when my supporters sought recognition.

On the Thursday night of the convention, when a recess was obviously in order, the distinguished senator from Illinois, Paul Douglas, who was one of my supporters, did everything but tear out his hair and throw it at the chairman in a fruitless attempt to make a motion to recess. Senator Douglas' seat in the convention hall was squarely in front of Mr. Rayburn's perch on the rostrum, but, despite some highly athletic maneuvers on the senator's part, the chairman couldn't quite recognize him. "He looks me straight in the face, but he can't seem to see me!" Senator Douglas exclaimed in a broadcast from the floor. It finally took a fire in the convention hall, and an ultimatum from the Chicago fire marshal, to get the recess.

Final Gesture of Contempt

Some disillusioned delegates have commented that the most undisguised demonstration of contempt for the men and women who were supposed to represent their home states at the convention was the Scott Lucas-Clarence Cannon act, staged on the Friday evening before the convention closed. All the intrigues had been played out; the "ins" had had their way. The exhausted delegates wanted merely to vote for a Vice-President—for any Vice-President—and go home.

The powers that be, however, hadn't quite got together on who would be tapped. Up stepped former Senator Lucas, who blames my investigation of Illinois politics for his retirement from public life, to present a motion to recess until Saturday morning. Acting chairman Cannon, the parliamentarian of the convention, banged his gavel and put it to a vote. Almost to a man, the delegates jumped to their feet and roared, "No!" Brother Cannon gave them his famous scowl, banged the gavel again and declared the motion carried!

The most aggravating personal humiliation that those who ran the convention tried to heap upon me came when they denied me the privilege of taking the floor to release my delegates and end the long fight for the Presidential nomination. Had they shown me this courtesy, much intraparty bitterness and several hours of a useless roll call would have been saved. Though I did not enjoy the physical and emotional strain of sitting on that platform for several hours while they played out their game, I could be philosophical about it for I am reasonably hardened to some of the strange ways of politics. What was harder for me to take, however, was their attempt to stop my wife, Nancy, and my father, who were bewildered by the turn of events, from even reaching me on the platform to inquire what was happening.

There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that the electorate is fully awake to the need for election reforms. Public-opinion polls already have shown an overwhelming majority in favor of selection of the President and Vice-President by national primary.

The era of boss rule in American politics is fading. Every time the issue of bossism versus the American people is tested at the polls now, the bosses take another licking. Let's hand them a death blow by taking the Presidential elections out of the smoke-filled rooms and the rigged convention halls, and placing them, via the national primary method, firmly in the hands of the people. ▲▲▲

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R-O-M-A-N-Y REVISITED

By DIANA HIRSH

MICHAEL FARNAN

After his memorable appearance at G.O.P. convention, former Judge Marcelino Romany (l.) got big welcome at Troy, N.Y., Eisenhower rally. With him and Ike are Douglas Hudson and Troy Mayor Edward Fitzgerald (r.)

San Juan, Puerto Rico

RESIDENTS of this ancient walled capital find it fitting that a mere stone's throw separates the Plaza de Colón, with its impressive marble statue of Christopher Columbus, from the modest law offices of Marcelino Romany on neighboring San Francisco Street.

Columbus, they point out, discovered Puerto Rico 459 years ago, but it took Marcelino Romany really to put the island on the map.

Romany, as no American with a TV set needs be reminded, is the redoubtable little Puerto Rican who stole the show at the Republican National Convention in Chicago last July with the ringing demand that his three-man delegation be polled on the Credentials Committee's minority report favoring the seating of pro-Eisenhower forces from the state of Georgia.

Bantam-sized Señor Romany, who bears both a facial and vocal resemblance to Jimmy Durante, now knows at firsthand what a beautiful Channel swimmer or Hollywood starlet goes through when the American public decides to clasp her to its bosom; the nature of the phenomenon became evident to him at once after his unforgettable if unrehearsed debut on millions of TV screens.

First came a flood of wires to his Chicago hotel room. CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR YES, one Ohioan put it. Some self-styled "admiring Rhode Islanders" echoed: MANY THANKS FOR STICKING TO IT. Next came an astounding variety of personal encounters. Old ladies in elevators pumped his hand; strangers interrupted his meals in restaurants to demand his autograph. Commercial TV offers poured in: Would Mr. Romany accept $250 to appear for only five minutes on video —to talk on anything, just anything? Mr. Romany would not—for pay; with considerable dignity, he explained that he was a lawyer and preferred to make his money that way. But he did appear, gratis, on some television shows to discuss a subject dear to his patriotic heart—the problems of Puerto Rico.

Mail Piled up Back Home

Señor Romany spent three weeks in all in the States after the convention, visiting friends in New York and in Philadelphia, where, as a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, class of 1914, he has many sentimental associations. Then, on his return home, came the real (and pleasant) shocker: an avalanche of mail awaited him—from Maine to Texas, from Democrats as well as Republicans, from R.F.D. numbers and big cities. Fully half a year has elapsed since what he calls "the Chicago incident," but he has yet to dig out from under.

Bewilderment still occasionally assails him, as well as a feeling that perhaps his leg is being pulled. At such times he leafs through a fat clipping-book or a Manila folder marked *convención* and draws reassurance from letters such as this one from Omaha, addressed to him simply at "Purito Rico, West Indies," and saying in part: "Please believe that the laughter following your demand for a roll call was born not of ridicule but of admiration. . . . In our peculiar manner we were expressing our approval of your action . . . the laughter was intended as a big *'ole'* from the United States."

Or this one from an Army first lieutenant stationed in Seattle: "To us in the service of our country, it is a consolation to know that we can depend on men such as you."

Or this one from Minneapolis: "You certainly displayed your courage and persistence under somewhat trying circumstances. Occasions like this draw us even closer together in our united effort for world peace."

Señor Romany's office walls display, framed, two other tokens of American esteem. One is a citation from the National Association of Gagwriters "for creative humor in the best American tradition." The other is a newspaper ad of Zimmermann's, a Glenside, Pennsylvania, children's clothing specialty store, which appeared shortly after the convention and heralded a sale with this preamble: "Not even Romany would question these reductions."

The señor concedes that there was seeming humor "in that I should ask for a poll of such a miscroscopic delegation of three." But his own view of the incident which brought him continent-wide fame is sober, although he considers the event far from the "heroic stand for the rights of the individual" which many of his admiring correspondents have called it.

As Romany tells it, Señor Gonzales Blanes, spokesman for the Puerto Rican delegates and a Taft supporter, told his colleagues that he was going to vote "no" for the whole delegation when the question of seating Ike's Georgia contingent came up, although Romany had previously indicated that he wished to vote "yes."

Warning Ignored by Rival

"He thought he was going to get away with it," Romany recalls with flashing eyes, "even when I warned him I would grab the mike and demand a poll. He thought I didn't have the nerve. He should have known me better."

Time has not dimmed the señor's memory of his classic exchange with temporary chairman Walter Hallanan; he can, and obviously likes to, repeat it word for word, and in the same stentorian tones. "First I said, 'Mr. Chairman, I call for a call roll (*sic*) of the delegation!' The chairman replied, 'Will the gentleman who has requested that the delegation be polled give his name to the chair?' And so I said, 'My name is Romany —R-O-M-A-N-Y!' . . . Then he said, 'The roll call can only be demanded by a member of the delegation whose name appears on the temporary roll.' Then I told him, 'My name appears on the temporary roll. My name is Romany—R-O-M-A-N-Y!' "

Although to the convention at large Romany proved a much-needed relief from mounting tension, and to the rest of his own delegation only a brief irritant (disqualified as a permanent delegate, he left the floor for good that night), to Romany himself his performance meant no more than the logical assertion of his rights under the convention rules. "After all," he says, "anyone who could put the whole Puerto Rican Cabinet in jail could do a small thing like challenging the delegation's vote."

The señor did, indeed, once put the island's entire Cabinet in jail—even if only for an hour. Romany, who for years had been a crusading district attorney, was by 1944 a judge of the San Juan district court. The island's governor at the time was Rexford Guy Tugwell. Romany issued an injunction ordering top officials under Tugwell to cease and desist from spending war emergency program funds not yet appropriated by the island legislature. "They were using the money for political purposes," he says. For disobeying the injunction the officials in question went to jail, until they were freed an hour later by a court writ.

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What's happened to the roll-call-demanding delegate from Puerto Rico who convulsed the nation and eased the tension at the Republican National Convention?

Subsequently retaliation came when Romany's judgeship was legislated out of existence. He returned to private law practice, becoming what his son and law partner, Jorge, describes as an "outcast." The memory of those bitter years made all the sweeter Romany's triumphal return to the island from the convention last summer. Friends unheard of for years flocked to the airport to give him a latter-day conquistador's welcome.

Thus another by-product of the Romany rhetoric in Chicago has been to make him, once more, a social lion back home. The lean years of his personal unpopularity are past; his home in the fashionable suburb of Santurce has again become a focal point for well-wishers.

Señor Romany is now much in demand as a speaker at such places as the Rotary and Lions Clubs (the theme, naturally, is the Chicago incident), and his frequent nonoratorical appearances at the baseball games at the Sixto Escobar Athletic Park provide further opportunities for demonstrations of how warmly his fellow islanders feel about the local boy who made good.

A Family Baseball Feud

In baseball as in politics, Romany happily confesses: "I am also a dissenter." A feud as classic as that of the Dodgers and the Giants exists in Puerto Rico between the teams of San Juan and Santurce. The Romany family—wife, son, daughter and grandchildren—are stanch San Juan rooters. Romany is a Santurce *aficionado*, and when his team loses: "I go home after everyone is in bed. The next morning I get up and go to the office very early."

Since making history at the G.O.P. convention, the señor has been back to the States only once—at the invitation of Congressman Dean P. Taylor of New York to appear at an Eisenhower rally in Troy. "The congressman thought," Señor Romany explains, "that on account of my popularity in the States I could be a big attraction. At that time we didn't fully realize what a big attraction the general himself was. He didn't need anybody!"

The rally took place on October 22d, Romany's sixty-first birthday. As he entered the hall at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute with Taylor and Mayor Fitzgerald of Troy, thunderous applause and cries of "Poll the delegation!" greeted him. Romany responded with a rousing attack on the Truman policies in Korea.

No Introduction Needed

General Eisenhower came in late with Governor Dewey. After the general had spoken, Mayor Fitzgerald turned to Romany and asked if he did not want to meet the man on whose behalf he had so audibly labored in Chicago.

"General," said the mayor, "I want to introduce to you—"

Ike interrupted: "That man doesn't need an introduction! I know him!" He grinned and put his arm around Romany's shoulder, and the photographers snapped away.

Romany recalls: "Then I said to the general, 'General, this has been the biggest honor of my life, having my picture taken with you.' The general riposted, 'Oh, no. The honor is all mine.' Wasn't he nice?"

Right now the Romany future looks pretty busy. He plans to continue a fight, begun before Chicago, to get G.O.P. National Committee recognition of the Eisenhower faction of his party in Puerto Rico. And he certainly plans to attend the next Republican convention in 1956—not as a national committeeman, but as a delegate. "I'd rather be a delegate," he smiles.

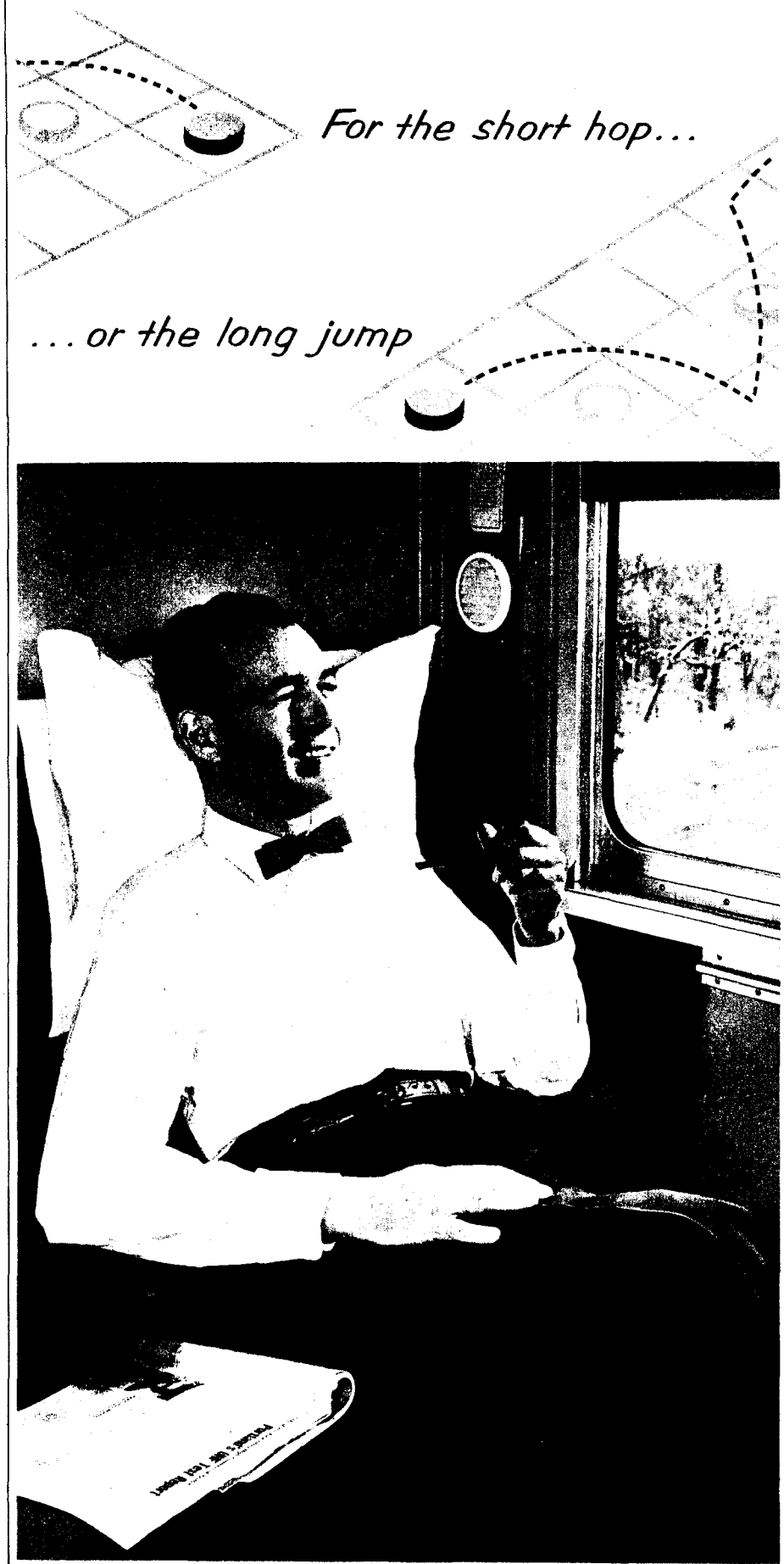
But most of all he aims to keep on fighting for Puerto Rico's inclusion in the Union as a state. Señor Romany's pride in his American citizenship would give pause to any resident of the continental United States.

"My grandfather, my great-grandfather, and my great-great-grandfather were all born in Puerto Rico," he says. "When the Americans landed in Guánica in 1898 during the Spanish-American War, I was a small boy and living in nearby Yauco. I watched the Spaniards march out, bands playing and flags flying, to fight the Americans, and along with the rest I shouted, *'Viva España!'* Who was to dream then that someday I would be a full-fledged American citizen?

"I'd rather be back under American military government, even, than independent. The United States has built this country, and we've learned a lot from it. I only wish we could have an electorate as good and as capable as the American electorate." ▲▲▲

WIDE WORLD

Romany won a place in history during heated credentials battle



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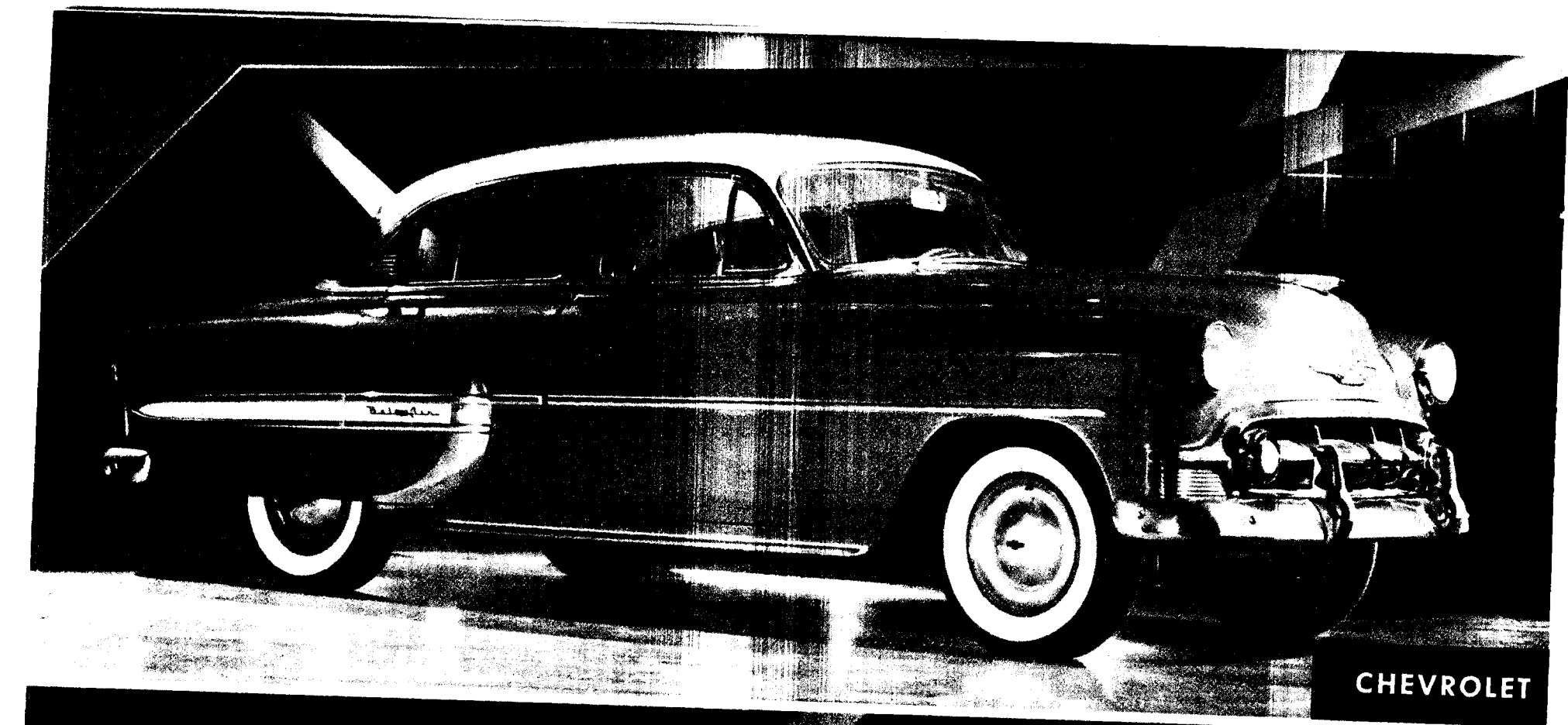

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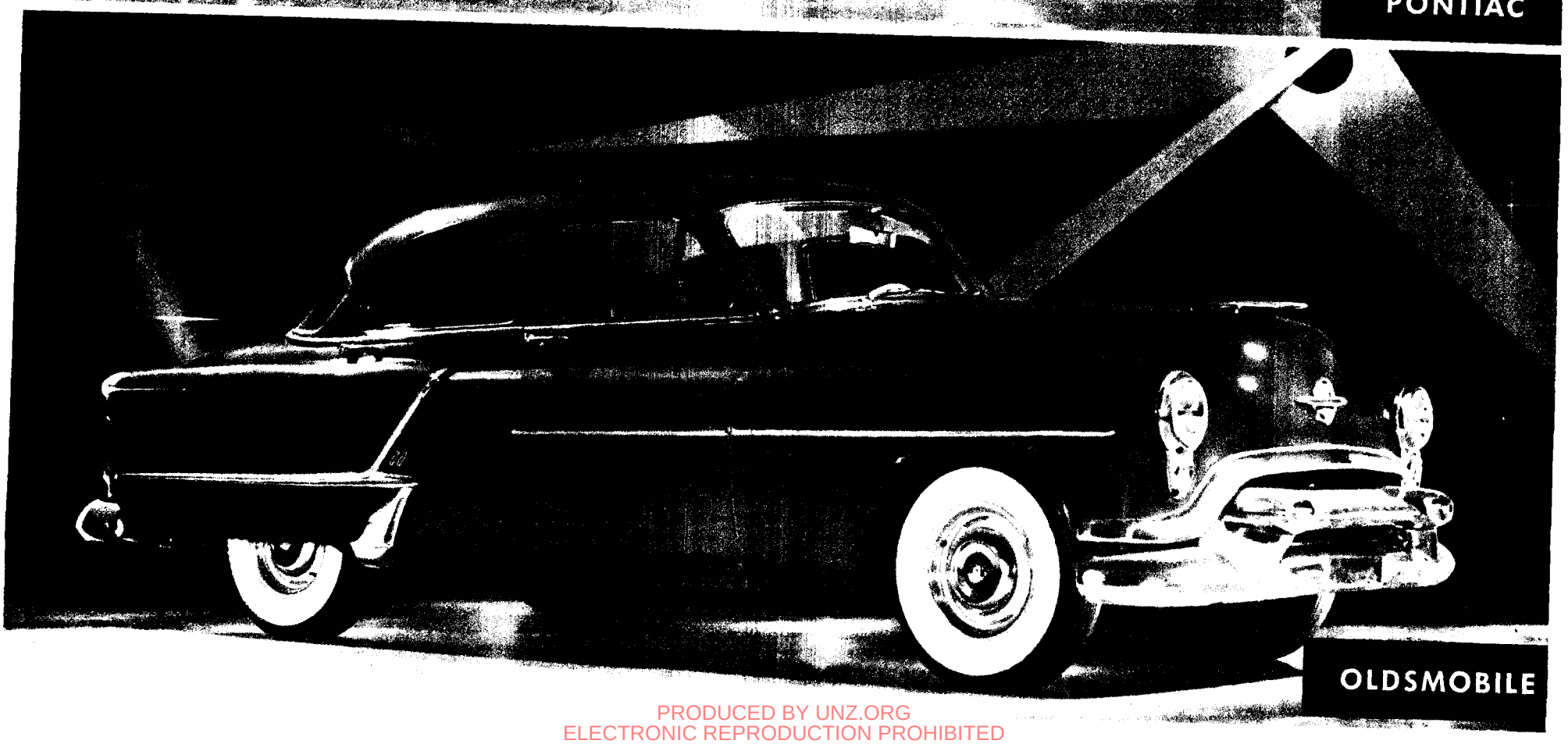

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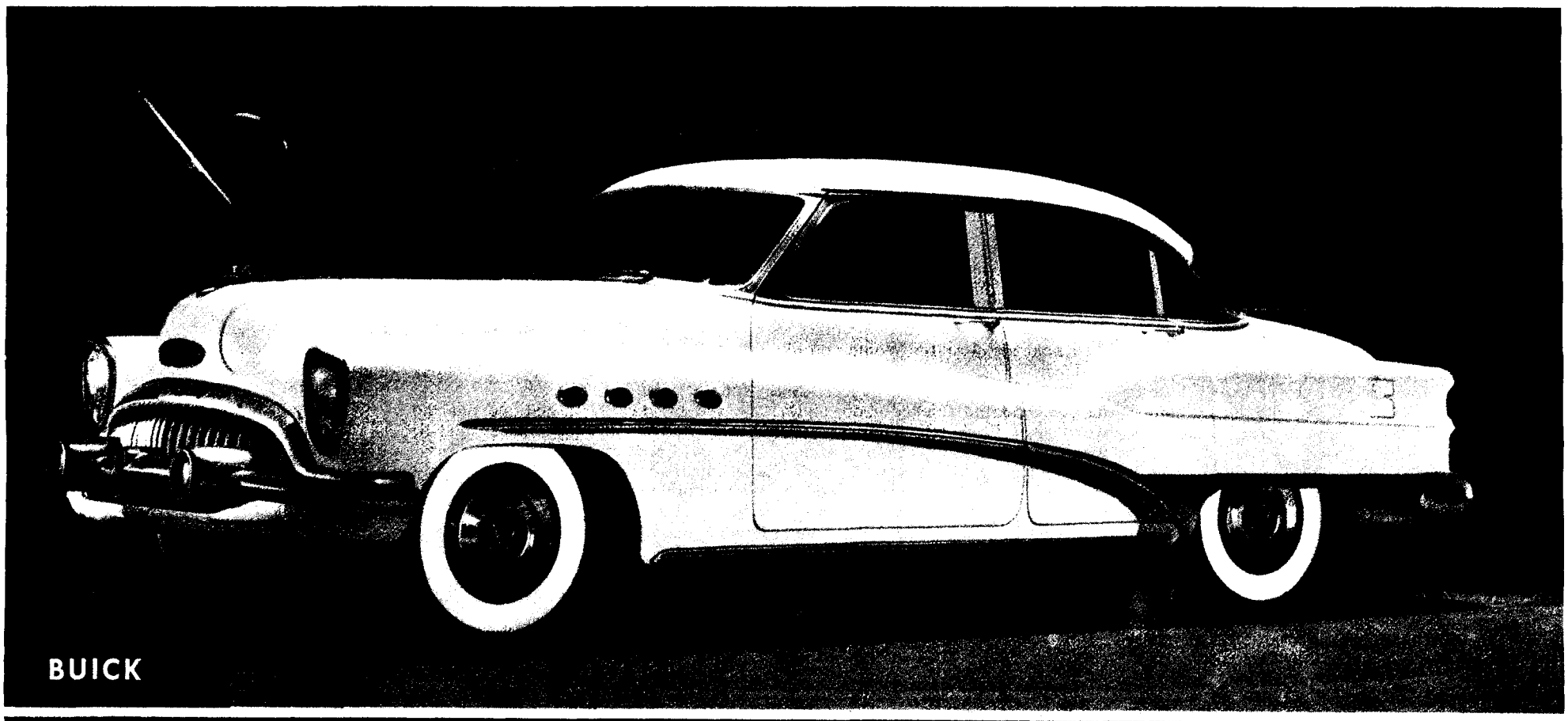

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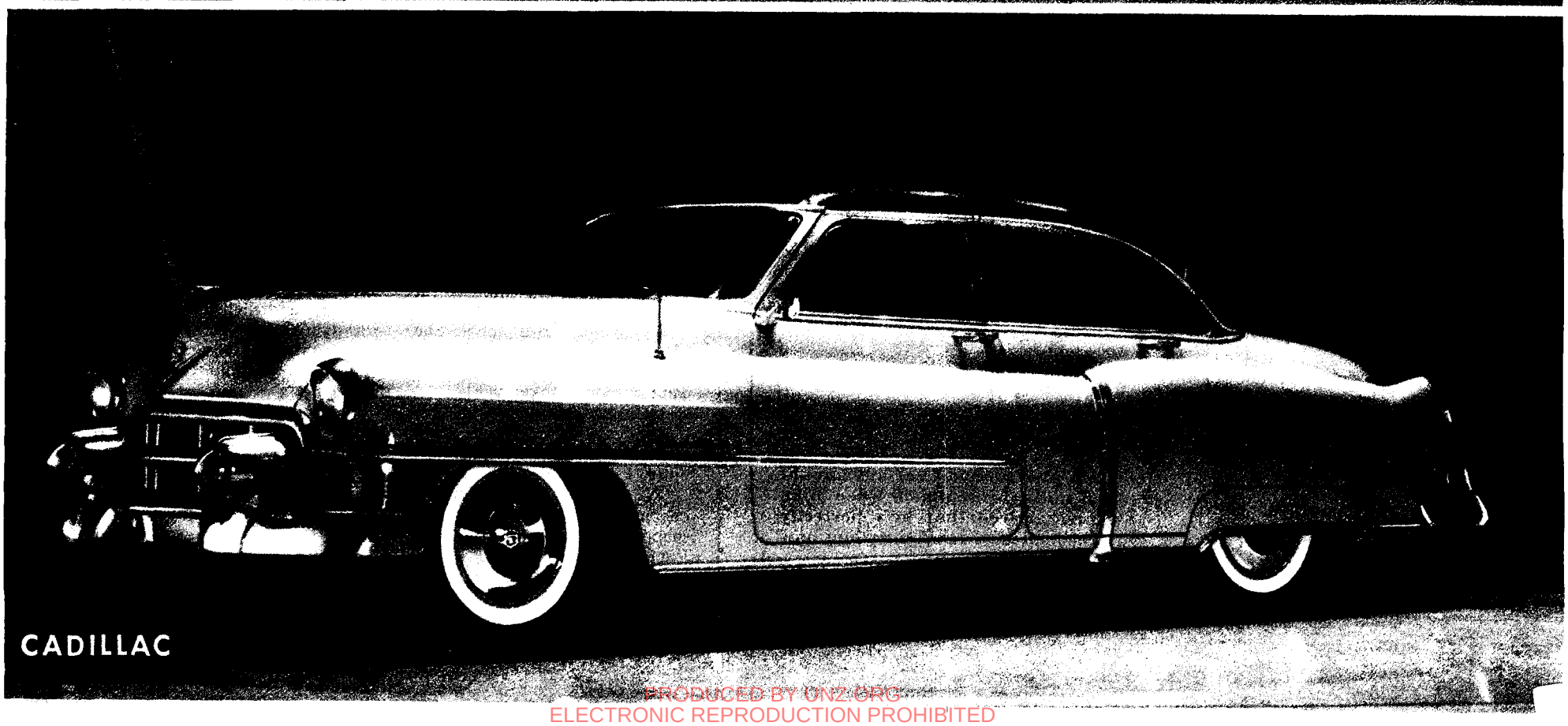

CADILLAC

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A Bachelor Surrounded

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

abuse. "Mrs. Skinner," I said firmly, "it was just a little stag poker party."

"Drinking and carousing until all hours!"

"Nonsense," I said, "perfectly respectable—"

"Don't tell me," old lady Skinner said. "I saw the super carrying out the empty beer bottles. Next time I'll call the police."

Beaten again, I went cravenly into my apartment down the hall. As usual, I left the door open. *Why?* I asked myself. Probably old lady Skinner had looked like Susan sometime back around the Civil War.

My apartment was a mess. I had a cleaning woman who took advantage of me. I paid her seven bucks to come once a week, leaving the money on the kitchen table. I think she spent the day looking at my television set and drinking up my liquor. Once I put a chalk mark on a bottle of rye in order to trap her. She erased the chalk mark, and the following week she said she'd have to have more money.

I went into the bathroom to wash up before going out to eat, and when I came back into the living room, the door was shut. I figured it had blown shut. I started over to open it, and something went "woof." There was nobody living in the apartment but me, and it wasn't me.

SUDDENLY the ragged little black cocker from the pet shop came out of my bedroom and bounced over to me, his ears flopping. It looked as if he'd walked into my apartment and shut the door after him.

"How did you get in here?" I said. "Miss Hillcrest and old lady Skinner will make mincemeat out of you. Dogs aren't allowed here."

He sat there looking wistful, and I was trying to figure it out, when there was a tap at my door and my next-door neighbor, Susan Chalmers, darted in.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said; "but I was desperate. Come here, Topper. Come here." Susan picked up the dog, and rubbed her cheek against his fur.

For a minute I was speechless, sort of putting myself in the dog's place.

"The super called to say he was coming up to fix a leaky faucet," she said. "I was terrified. I was afraid Topper might bark if I put him in the bedroom. Then I remembered that your door was sometimes open, and on the spur of the moment I shoved Topper in and shut your door. The super just left."

"You got that dog in the pet shop down the way, didn't you?" I said.

"Yes," Susan said. "I go by there about four times a day, and I just couldn't stand seeing him in that window any longer. I bought him this evening."

"Women always do things on impulse," I said. "Now the dog will think he has a home, and in a day or so the super will discover him, and the poor dog will end up in the pound. It would have been better to have left him in the pet shop."

Susan stared at me, her cheeks flushed. She looked lovely. I couldn't believe old lady Skinner had ever looked like that. Maybe Susan was different, I told myself. I suppose every married man has said that to himself, at one time or another.

"You think you know a lot, don't you?" Susan said.

I avoided answering that. "I'm just going out to eat," I said instead. "Come with me. We'll get a steak and give Topper the bone."

"I'll go, but only for Topper's sake," Susan said. "See if the coast is clear."

I TOOK her to Rod's, about a mile out of town. I knew the dog would be a problem, and I was hoping it wouldn't be my problem.

After we'd ordered, I said, "I was sorry for the pup myself. But you shouldn't have bought him."

"Just like a man," Susan said, her eyes flashing. "They're so smug, so smart. They know everything. What good did your sympathy do him? It takes a woman to act. You're so sure of yourself, aren't you? Well, it just so happens I'm going to give Topper to my nephew, and his birthday's the day after tomorrow."

"How old will your nephew be?" I asked.

"He'll be two," she said.

"Well," I said, "that's the end of the dog. The kid will think he's a toy and take him apart."

"I disagree with you completely," Susan said. "Timmy's a well-behaved child, not a monster. I just have to keep the dog until tomorrow night. *You* have nothing to worry about."

"I hope so," I said. "Would you like to dance?"

She was a very good dancer. She looked good and smelled good, and as we danced I mentally contrasted her with my secretary, my cleaning woman, Miss Hillcrest and old lady Skinner.

We finished our dinner, wrapped the remains of the steak in a paper napkin and went out to the car to let Topper become a man and chew on his first steak bone.

"How cute," Susan said, and I agreed, but I was looking at Susan. This girl really was different, I told myself. She had bought the dog, which indicated a warm heart, and she had figured out what to do with him, which indicated a mind.

We drove home, and I sent Susan in ahead of me. When her door was open I hurried down the hall with Topper in my arms.

"I'm going to call my sister," Susan said. "She'll be thrilled."

I stood at the door and listened. I heard her say, "Hello, George, is Betty there? Well then, I'll tell you. I've got the most exciting news. I've got a little puppy for Timmy."

There was a silence as Susan listened. I saw her swallow. "But, George," she said. "He's so cute—but, George—" Another silence. "All right, George," she said, finally, "I'll get him a dump truck," and she slammed down the receiver and kicked at the wall.

"That big jerk," she said. "A girl as pretty as my sister, and she has to throw herself away on that big lug. Get the boy a real, live puppy, and he says I could give Timmy a dump truck. Says he isn't old enough to have a dog. He's just too tight to buy dog food."

She stared at me. "Think you're smart, don't you? Stop looking so smug."

"I'm not smug," I said. "I've always had woman trouble. Now it looks like I've got dog trouble, too."

"This does not concern you in the least," she said. "You're as free as the air, and you'd better take some. Thanks for the steak."

She practically pushed me out the door. If that was how she wanted it, that was the way she could have it. In my own apartment I lighted my pipe and turned on the television. It began to rain outside, and I sat there in my bachelor's quarters, feeling completely relaxed and comfortable.

Suddenly I heard a suspicious noise. Turning down the sound, I went over to the wall and put my head against it. I could hear Topper, very faintly; he was whining and scratching at Susan's door.

I went to the window and opened it a few inches. The rain was slanting down hard. It's unfortunate, I thought, but that's what she had to expect. Dogs have to go out once in a while. Besides, I said to myself, the rain wouldn't bother her as much as it would me. The scientists have proved it.

Women are much tougher and have better resistance, I told myself as I put on my rubbers and my trench coat. I went out into the hall and knocked at her door.

She opened it two inches. She had her raincoat on. "I'll take Topper out," I said. "That dog can't be housebroken yet—"

"He's not," Susan said. "I've had a busy evening. But I can't let him bark. It's my responsibility, I'll take him—"

"No, let me. I'll hide him under my trench coat," I said. She snapped a leash on Topper, and I started down the hall. It was lucky Topper was hidden. The door of 1A opened as I was passing it, and old lady Skinner, ever on the eager lookout for scandal or vice, peered out at me. She stared hard at the bulge under my trench coat.

"Falsies," I muttered under my breath, and only when I got outside did I notice that I was trailing the leash. I hoped the old lady hadn't seen it.

Topper and I huddled under a protective tree down the street for a few minutes, and because I was afraid Mrs. Skinner's door might still be open, I didn't dare go back in right away. I got my car out, and drove downtown to a delicatessen, and bought a box of dog biscuits. When I got back it looked as though old lady Skinner had given up. At any rate, her door was closed as I saw by peeking through the glass of the front door.

Topper and I made the dash for safety. I unlocked the main door as silently as a burglar, then raced on tiptoe down the hall. Susan's door flew open, I handed her the dog, shut the door, leaped sideways and was inserting my key in my own lock when Mrs. Skinner lunged into the hall.

"Good evening," I said, bowed and went inside. I put down the dog biscuits, which I had forgotten to give to Susan, hung up my trench coat, and settled down again in front of the television screen.

No sooner had I done so than my doorbell rang. It was the super.

"Mind if I come in?" he said. "I want to take a look at your stove. Thought I smelled gas outside in the hall."

He sounded as phony as a three-dollar bill. Old lady Skinner must have telephoned him.

"Come ahead," I said blithely.

HE WENT into the kitchen and pussyfooted around like a stage detective. "While I'm here," he said, "is there anything I can do for you? Bathroom fixtures all in order?"

He took a look around, but he came back empty-handed, his suspicions apparently allayed.

"Guess everything's all right," he said. He started for the door, then stopped as though he'd been shot, and stared grimly at the telltale box of dog biscuits.

"All right," he said, "where is it? Where's the dog?"

"A friend of mine left those biscuits in my car," I lied. "You can see for yourself there's no dog here. Have another look if you like."

Suspicious but baffled, he left. I went to bed and put in a restless night. . . .

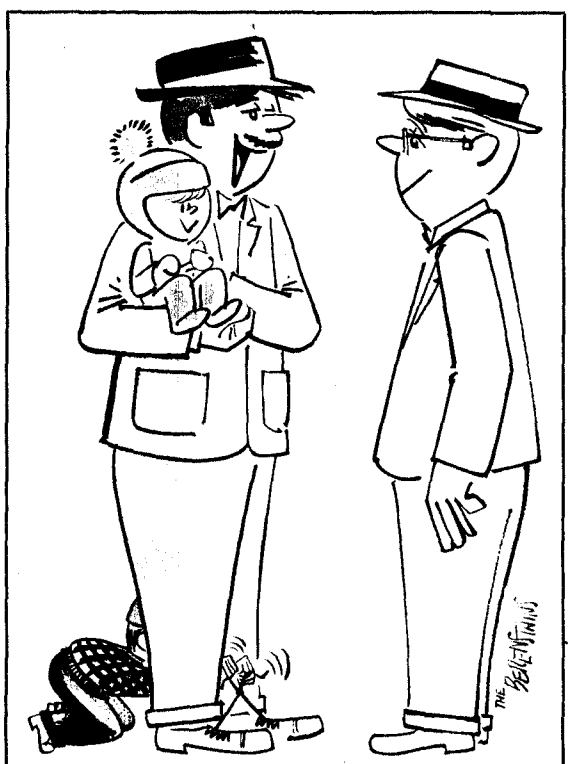
I was up at seven. Glancing out my bedroom window, I saw Susan's head come round the corner of the garage and then disappear. Then Topper's head poked out and was withdrawn just as quickly. The super appeared on the scene, struggled with an ash can, and was gone, and then Susan and Topper came flying from their sanctuary around to the front door. Susan showed a good burst of speed, and excellent underpinning.

I tapped on Susan's door on my way to work. She opened her door a bit and looked out at me. Her eyes were big with apprehension.

"That dog's going to make a wreck of you," I said. "Any plans?"

"I'll sell him," she said. "I'll put an ad in the paper."

She had no right to look that nice



"Oh yes, Leo had a certain amount of normal resentment when Mike first arrived, but he's perfectly reconciled to the situation now"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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so early in the morning. Fascinated by her face just above the door chain, I bent toward her lips. I'd never kissed a girl at seven twenty in the morning. I didn't then, either.

"No, you don't," she said, and closed the door against my chin.

I went outside and found Charley Gordon waiting. He lived around the corner and had no car, and I drove him to work regularly. I didn't like him much, but it was one of those things that's easier to start than stop.

He walked down to the garage with me, and just as we got into the car he said, "You know where I can buy a dog cheap? My wife's got a crazy notion she wants a dog."

A miracle! I looked at him in amazement, then hauled him out of the car. "Your problem is solved," I said, and took him back to Susan's apartment.

"Man wants to buy a dog," I announced.

Susan looked at me in awe. Charley Gordon looked at Topper quietly chewing a corner of the rug. "Give you twenty bucks if he's a thoroughbred."

She'd told me she'd paid thirty. Getting out from under with only a ten-dollar loss was nothing at all. She'd be eternally grateful to me for coming to the rescue.

SUSAN looked straight at me, then shut her eyes. "The price is one hundred and fifty dollars," she said.

Charley almost collapsed, but he was no worse off than I was. Sore as a boil, he strode out of the apartment. I shut the door after him.

"What's the matter? You crazy?" I asked Susan.

"I didn't like him," Susan said. "He didn't even pat Topper. He wouldn't be nice to Topper. So I put the price out of reach. And as for you, stay away from me. Don't you try to kiss me."

"Who's trying?" I said. "I wash my hands of the whole affair. I never want to see Topper again."

"You won't," she said. "Or me, either. Beat it, or I'll scream for the super."

"No, you won't," I said. "Not with Topper here. Even if I did kiss you, you wouldn't scream for the super."

She looked alarmed, and I turned and walked out. I was through with that girl forever. I got in my car and backed into the street.

"That crazy dame," Charley said angrily. "Trying to hold me up. Playing me for a sucker. Stands there with the big come-hither smile on her face. Gives me the eye and tries to hold me up. Nothing but a gold digger— Hey, what's the idea?"

I'd pulled over to the curb. "You can ride the bus, Charley," I said.

"You crazy?" he said. "You in with that holdup artist?"

"Nobody can talk that way about my girl," I said. She wasn't my girl, but suddenly I wanted her to be.

He shouted insults after me as I drove off. It was a bad start for a day's work, and my secretary was worse than ever. I took it on the chin for eight hours and came home beat.

When I rang Susan's doorbell, she opened it and looked at me from behind the door chain.

"Let's go to Rod's," I said. "Let's get a steak for Topper."

"Topper and I prefer to eat at home," Susan said.

"I'll walk him for you."

"That's not necessary."

"Well," I said, "I'll bring over those dog biscuits."

"Thanks, I bought some," she said. "Eat them yourself."

I lunged, and made it this time. I kissed her. She stared at me for a minute. "Okay," she said, "now we're even. You're paid off," and slammed the door.

I went into my apartment, but the evening wasn't much better than the day. The next morning I was up even earlier than usual to watch Susan and Topper play hide-and-seek behind the building. But this morning the super made an unexpected trip to the garage, and she was trapped in no man's land.

She had only a few seconds in which to act. I whistled and she saw me. She came running to my back window and hoisted Topper up in the air. I hung out over my window ledge, grabbed him, and hauled him in and out of sight just as the super came in view. All he saw was me leaning out the window talking to Susan.

Topper had disappeared under the bed. I shaved and began getting dressed. I took out a clean shirt. It was as starched as a board.

I'd told the girl at the laundry about a dozen times that I didn't like much starch in my shirts. I think she did it deliberately because I was a bachelor.

I put on my clothes and reached for my brown shoes. I put on the right one; the left one was missing. I searched in the closet to no avail. Then, bending over, I saw something under the bed. Topper looked out at me, my shoe cradled in his paws, bits of leather sticking to his tongue. At that moment the doorbell rang.

I limped out to the door. This time I'd really end it—I'd tell Susan off. I flung open the door, but it wasn't Susan, it was old lady Skinner. I stared at her, paralyzed. "I just discovered I'm out of coffee," she said in a very phony voice. "Could I borrow a little from you?"

I left the door open and hurried her into the kitchen, praying that I might get her out before Topper investigated. In my rush I spilled coffee all over the table. The old bat was trying to look in four directions at once, but I got the coffee into her cup and got her outside, and there had been no sign of Topper.

"Good old Topper," I said weakly. "Smartest dog in town. Come on out, kid, the old bat's gone.

NOTHING happened. I looked under my bed. My chewed-up shoe was there, but no Topper. He'd vanished. I tried to puzzle it out, and suddenly I heard a scream from down the hall that made my blood run cold.

I jerked open the door. The hall was empty, but the super was running up the front steps. Suddenly Topper came out of Mrs. Skinner's apartment, followed by Mrs. Skinner. It was my opportunity if I ever had one, and I took advantage of it before she could open her mouth. "Well, well," I said, "fine thing. I didn't know you had a dog, Mrs. Skinner. I didn't realize you were an animal lover. When did you get the little dog, Mrs. Skinner?"

Her face got purple. "It was in my apartment—"

"How'd he get in the building?" I said. "How'd he unlock the front door? Where'd he get a key?" I wagged my finger at her. "A likely story!"

I thought she was going to burst. The super, popeyed, clutched at the regulations in his mind and said, "Dogs aren't allowed."

I went over and picked up Topper. "Too bad, Mrs. Skinner," I said. "Would you like me to dispose of him for you?"

The answer was a slammed door that shook the building. I tucked Topper under my arm and started jauntily for my apartment.

"Hey!" the super said, coming out of it. "No dogs."

"It takes time to dispose of a dog," I said. "The wheels have to turn. There's red tape. I'll handle everything."

I shut my door and put Topper down. "Topper," I said, "you have freed me from female tyranny. You are a dog of dogs."

Feeling like a man reborn, I went to the telephone and called Miss Hillcrest at her home; that was something she hated. "Miss Hillcrest," I said, "this is Mr. Shelton. How long do you expect me to put up with an obsolete refrigerator? When I rented this apartment I was promised a new one. That was eight months ago. This model doesn't hold enough beer for my poker parties, and I refuse to serve warm beer to my guests, Miss Hillcrest. I expect action immediately."

I should have left for work, but a new exhilaration had taken possession of me, and it was the day my cleaning woman was due. I was waiting for her when she came in. She gave a little cry of surprise when she saw me.

"Twenty-five minutes late," I said. "I want a word with you. I can't put up with this kind of thing any longer," and I drew my finger along the dust of the kitchen window sill. "I am not operating a rest home."

She just stared at the new Shelton, flabbergasted. All you needed to do, I realized, was to take a firm stand with a woman.

I got up, put on my hat, and snapped on Topper's leash. We walked out to find Susan at the door.

"I'd have come earlier," she said, "but the hall has been full of people. Thanks so much. I'll take Topper now."

"Not now or ever," I said. "From now on, Topper is my dog. Heel," I said, and marched down the hall.

I put him beside me on the car seat and drove to work. My secretary was admiring her image in her compact mirror when I arrived. She did a double-take at Topper, knocked over her chair and backed into a corner.

"I don't like dogs," she said, her baby-blue eyes wide open.

"That is an unfortunate addition to your other dislikes, such as spelling," I said, looking at Topper for approval. "This dog is a fixture, and if you don't care to associate with him and walk him two or three times a day, I suggest you would be happier elsewhere."

She flounced out of the office. I patted Topper on the head, and telephoned the employment agency to send over a new girl.

I had routed my enemies, but suddenly I felt uneasy. I had a notion that, though I had won several skirmishes, the war was not yet over.

At noon I decided to drive home. "We will reconnoiter the battlefield," I told Topper. I parked in the street outside the building and we went in, to find our worst fears realized.

My apartment door was wide open. Miss Hillcrest was inside. Beside her, virtue triumphant, was old lady Skinner. My cleaning woman, leaning on the mop in the kitchen, was ready to attack on my left flank.

EVEN Topper gave up. He sat down on my feet and looked up at me with the whites of his eyes showing; I could feel him tremble.

"Something wrong, Miss Hillcrest?" I inquired, trying to sound defiant but with a quaver in my voice that gave me away.

"Just one question," Miss Hillcrest snapped. "Is that or is that not your dog, Mr. Shelton?"

My cleaning woman leered at me. "Course it's his dog," she said. "I found dirty dog hairs all over the apartment."

Like a trio of witches they had us surrounded, and Topper and I backed into a corner, beaten.

"You'll have to vacate this apartment at the end of the month," Miss Hillcrest said.

I was nodding abjectly, completely routed, when Susan burst into the room like an avenging angel.

"He will not," she said recklessly. "Because that happens to be my dog."

"If it's your dog—" Miss Hillcrest began shrilly, and I tensed, waiting for Susan to be completely overwhelmed.

"We'll discuss that later," Susan said. "In the meantime this happens to be Mr. Shelton's apartment, and he's entitled to privacy. And may I ask what *you* are doing in here, Mrs. Skinner?"

Old lady Skinner had met her match. She slunk out of the apartment, followed by Miss Hillcrest. "Golly, Susan," I said, "you're sensational."

Susan paid no attention to me. "And just what is *your* interest in this situation?" she said to the cleaning woman.

"Just scrubbing the kitchen, ma'am," she said, and tumbled back out of sight.

While I gazed worshipfully at Susan, she said, "You've been terribly sweet, but I won't let you do it. I'll get you out of this."

"Nothing will ever induce me to part from Topper," I said.

"You really like him?" she said. "You weren't just trying to make an impression? What can you do? Where will you go?"

"On the way home just now," I said, "I took a different route, and passed a newly completed garden apartment house on the edge of town. I saw someone walking a dog out front, and there was a vacancy sign on the lawn."

"Oh, I know the house," Susan said. "There's a big field out back. Topper will love it."

She picked up the dog and hugged it to her. "How can I leave you, Topper?" she said. "I'd move into that apartment myself, but I can't afford it."

The strain was telling on me. "Topper and I," I said hoarsely, "are hoping you'll come over often. We're hoping that someday you'll move in with us —damn it, put that dog down and listen to me! I'm trying to propose."

Susan put Topper on the floor. "I heard every word," she said. "I think I'm going to love the apartment."

"One side, Topper," I said, and put my arms around her. Her hair tickled my nose. Being a bachelor, I thought, has its good points, but when a man finds a girl who's *really* different, there's nothing in it. ▲▲▲

Whatever Happened To Good Old Swing?

This bop has got me all confused,
My mind's completely hazy;
They call it cool, instead of hot—
Now, man, that's *really* crazy!

—BARBARA REA RENWICK

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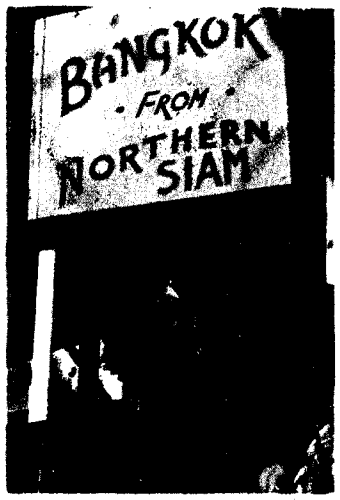


Bangkok, Himalayan bear, greets his New York owner

MY PET BEAR

By WARD MOREHOUSE

The story of a lucky critter from Thailand learning to live in Southern comfort

I OWN a bear. I've never met anyone else who does, but I do. I got him in the mysterious and irresistible city of Bangkok, Thailand, while flying eastward and homeward from an around-the-world spin last spring. I paused in colorful Bangkok, crossed the muddy Choa Phraya River, and spent an afternoon in the sales yard of the Boon Vanit Company, Ltd., merchants of jungle animals, on Burapa Road. I got the cash-and-carry prices on a baby elephant ($400), a baby tiger ($400) and a black panther ($350), but it was a playful Himalayan bear cub at $35 that caught my fancy, and I left the outdoor menagerie with the cub in tow. He was about the size of a full-grown Scotty, six weeks old and fed on goat's milk.

I carried my pet to Bangkok's Hotel Oriental and later, with considerable difficulty and with the help of wide-eyed airline attendants, got him to New York via the airways, not as regular air freight, but along with me in the planes on which I rode, making hectic stopovers in Hong Kong, Tokyo, Honolulu and San Francisco. In San Francisco he made a wreck of the bathroom in the elegant Hotel Fairmont. He did likewise in my apartment at the Plaza Hotel in New York.

I then took him by car to the 700-acre Franklin farm in Bulloch County, Georgia, near the tiny village of Register, and introduced Bangkok, as I was now calling the cub, to my somewhat alarmed brother-in-law, H. V. Franklin, Jr. He mumbled something, glanced at the health certificate I had brought all the way from Thailand, and told a boy to run and get some milk—cow's milk. That was in May of 1952.

Well, during a recent holiday from my job as a theater columnist-critic for New York's World-Telegram and Sun, I returned to Mrs. H. V. Franklin's acreage and found that my little Thailand cub has changed startlingly. He is about ten months old and weighs around 125 pounds—I was told in Thailand that he will get to weigh 400. His home is in an elaborate pen built around a tall sycamore tree. Bangkok has become king of the Georgia farm and pet of the village of Register, to which he is frequently taken on a leash.

Bangkok has also become a tireless actor; the larger the audience the better his show. He is never savage unless molested during a meal; try to take an ear of corn or a chicken wing from him and his growl is that of an animal of the jungle. But it is gentle treatment that he gets from the Franklins, loving attention along with the best food any bear ever had. He will eat and drink anything and his appetite is enormous. No goat's milk since he left the Orient, but every day he has plenty of milk from fine cows and six pounds of dog food in three regular meals. He also gets, in generous handouts, Southern fried chicken, soda pop, potatoes and tomatoes, biscuits and bread and coconut cake, peanuts and oranges and catfish. He will stand on his hind legs for candy, grapes and lump sugar.

Bangkok is allowed out of his pen frequently, but never without being watched. He's had one fight with the Franklin's solemn chow, but he gets along amiably enough with John, the bird dog, and Florabelle, a white kitten. Beauty, the saddle horse, is quite terrified of him and stays well out of his reach.

I was told out in faraway Thailand by the animal man, one Luang Visal Bochanakich, that Bangkok would probably like candy of all kinds, and I saw evidence of it in Georgia when we got him to the big crossroads store of Moses Jackson Bowen. He ate a large assortment of penny candies, in many shapes and colors, but when he reached Main Street in the village of Register he was still hungry and gobbled up a pint of ice cream in the H. H. Olliff drugstore.

Farmers of Bulloch County drop by, ostensibly to talk with my brother-in-law of cotton, wheat, corn and soybeans and of the spring planting, but they always turn their gaze toward Bangkok's pen and ask: "How's that bear getting along?" Such a question had just been put to "H," as my wife's brother is called, at a filling station on Route 301 one afternoon when a Franklin farm hand drove up and rushed toward him, greatly agitated. "The bear's gone, the bear's gone," he said. "Got out of his pen and we can't find him—we've looked everywhere."

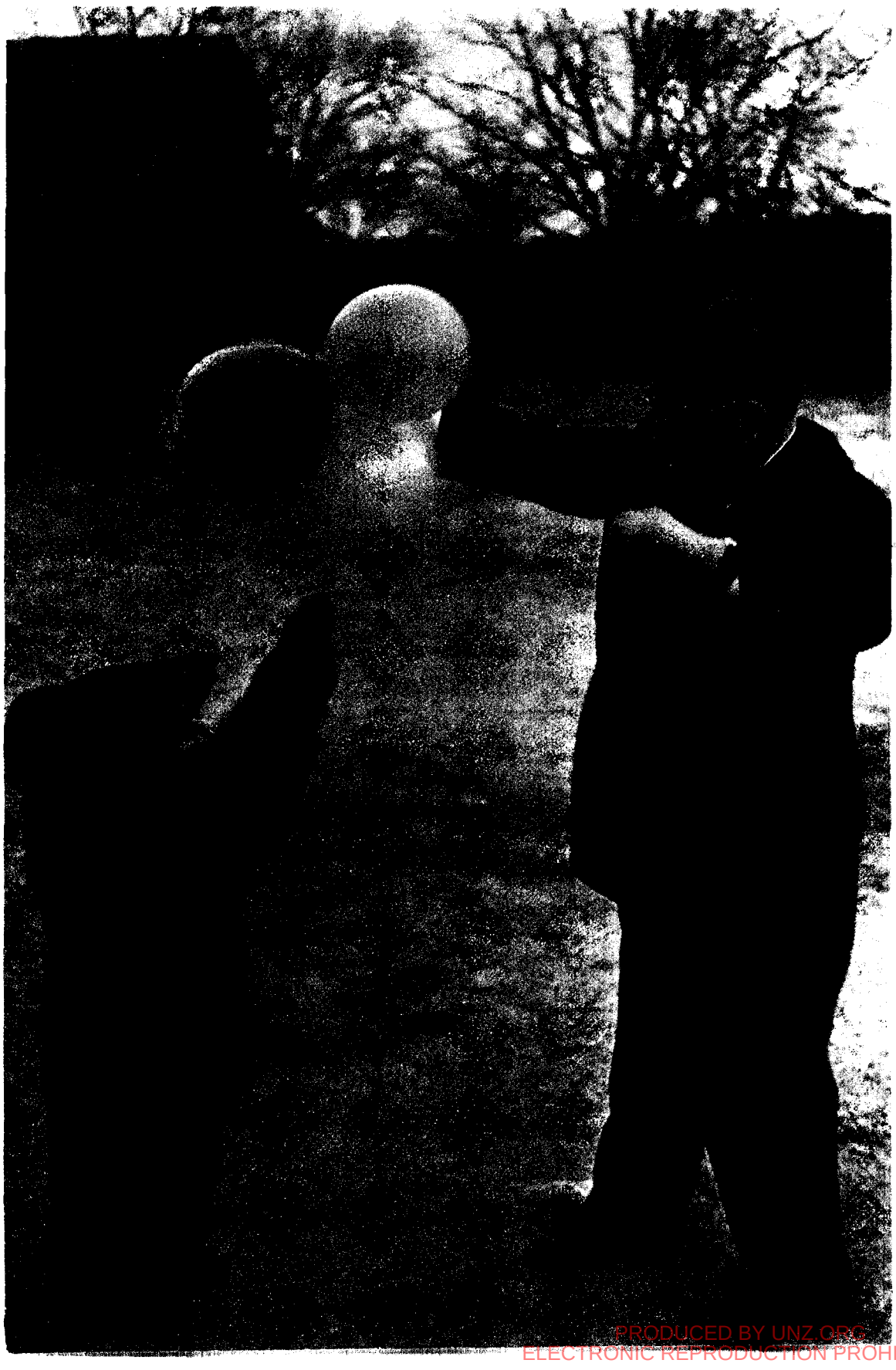
"Why," "H" said, "you couldn't *run* that bear off the farm."

He got into the car with the man and they drove to the house and made a tour of the nearby woods, looked into the barn and the cowshed, and the tool shed and the kennel and finally entered the house, via the back door.

There, upon the kitchen table, sat Bangkok, with a sugar bowl in his paws. He looked up unconcernedly and then went along with his licking of the bottom of the bowl.

"H," in his Georgia drawl, observed quietly, "That bear is more fun than anything this farm ever had—and we'd like to keep him . . . but someday we might sell him to a circus or a carnival or something. Either that, or let my Broadway brother-in-law keep him in his New York apartment. We've heard tell that Mr. Morehouse likes to bring 'em back alive." ▲▲▲

Ward Morehouse, theater columnist-critic of N.Y. World-Telegram and Sun, plays with bear he brought back from Thailand and left on mother-in-law's farm in Register, Ga.



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL PERUTZ

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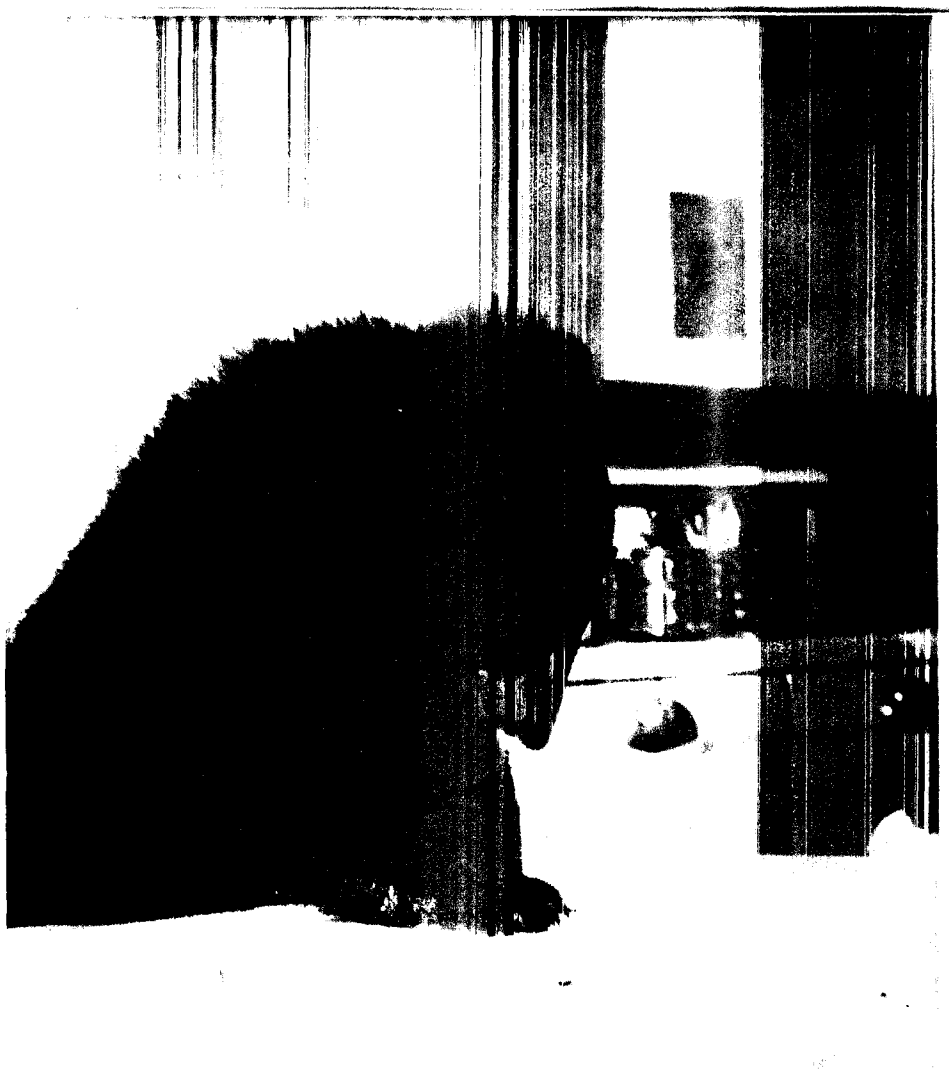

Bangkok now weighs about ...nds, is sometimes ...ven run of farm. When he can, he sneaks to kit... ...steals sugar. He'll ...meday weigh 400

On porch of Moses Jackson Bowen's big general store near Register, Jerry Price, a visitor from Walterboro, S.C., tries to look brave near Bangkok

Morehouse's pet has duplex apartment built around sy...amore tree. To go up to second floor he climbs through chute and up ladd...r leading from pen

One thing Bangkok dearly loves is trip to Olliff's drugstore for an ice cream party. His hostesses here are Missy Lanier (left) and Nancy Riggs

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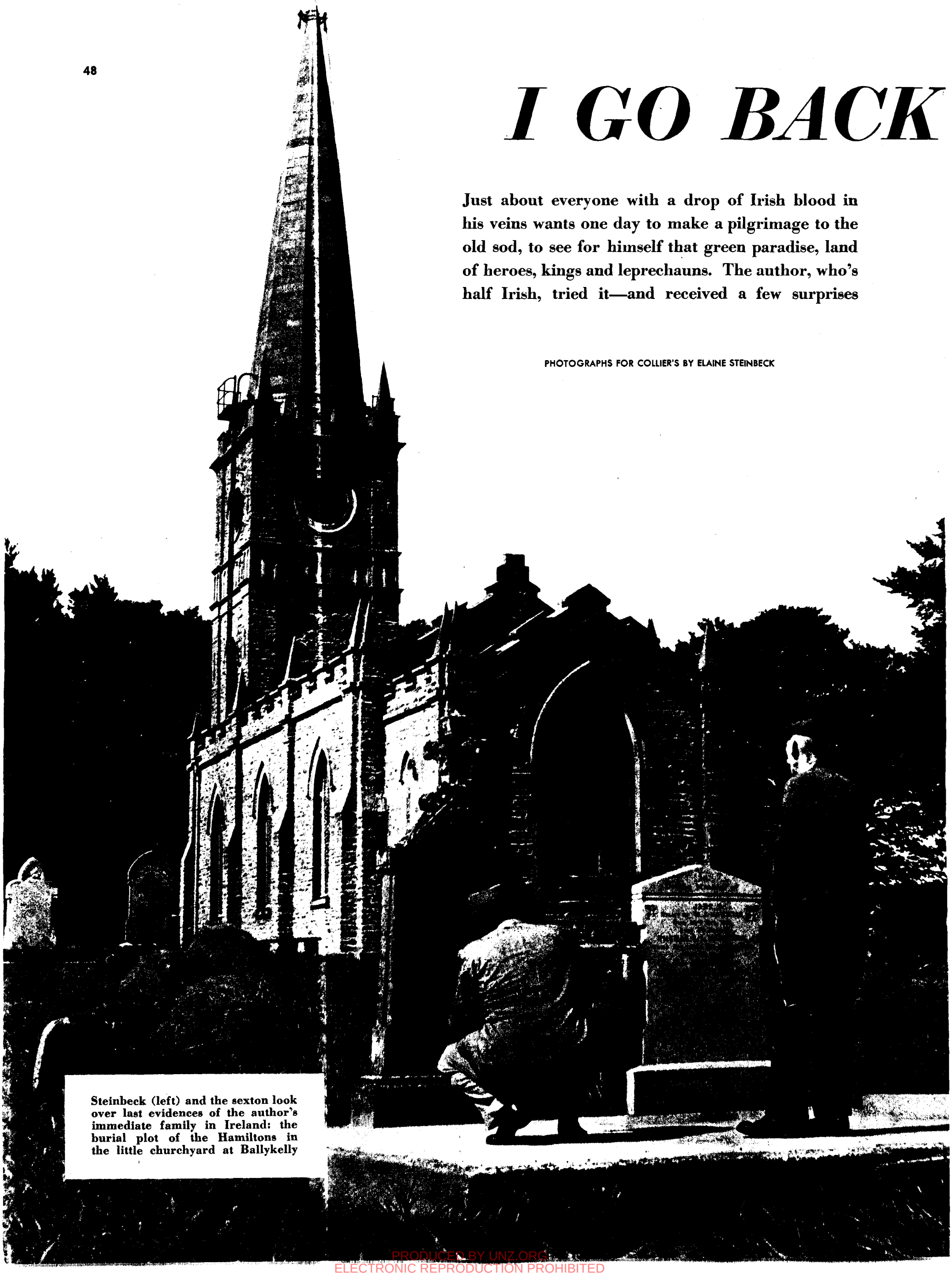
I GO BACK

Just about everyone with a drop of Irish blood in his veins wants one day to make a pilgrimage to the old sod, to see for himself that green paradise, land of heroes, kings and leprechauns. The author, who's half Irish, tried it—and received a few surprises

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ELAINE STEINBECK



Steinbeck (left) and the sexton look over last evidences of the author's immediate family in Ireland: the burial plot of the Hamiltons in the little churchyard at Ballykelly

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TO IRELAND

By JOHN STEINBECK

Mr. Richey (r.), though a distant cousin, did not recall the author's grandfather

The Hamilton house, now overgrown with weeds—and, worse, owned by strangers

Miss Elizabeth Hamilton's prized roses, neglected and choked by towering grass

THERE must be a kind of apprehension in the sleepy little villages of Italy, Germany, England and Ireland in the summer, when the descendant of the native comes back to discover the seat of his culture. I suppose Ireland suffers more from this than any other land. Every Irishman—and that means anyone with one drop of Irish blood—sooner or later makes a pilgrimage to the home of his ancestors. There he crows and squeals over the wee cot or the houseen, pats mossy rocks, goes into ecstasies over the quaint furniture, and finds it charming that the livestock lives with the family.

He wouldn't live there if you gave him the place. And the locals don't think they're quaint—they think they're perfectly normal. To them, it's the American descendant whose speech sounds outlandish, particularly when he puts on a nostalgic brogue, which he usually does. The natives must think the pilgrims are crazy.

I have just made such a pilgrimage. I am half Irish, the rest of my blood being watered down with German and Massachusetts English. But Irish blood doesn't water down very well; the strain must be very strong.

I guess the people of my family thought of Ireland as a green paradise, mother of heroes, where golden people sprang full-flowered from the sod. I don't remember my mother actually telling me these things, but she must have given me such an impression of delight. Only kings and heroes came from this Holy Island, and at the very top of the glittering pyramid was our family, the Hamiltons.

My grandfather, who had come from there carrying the sacred name, was really a great man, a man of sweet speech and sweet courtesy. He died when I was quite young, but it is remarkable how much I remember about him. His little bog-trotting wife, I am told, put out milk for the leprechauns in the hills behind King City, California, and when a groundling neighbor suggested the cats drank it, she gave that neighbor a look that burned off his nose.

Anyway, we grew up feeling singularly favored because of even our demi-Irishness. There was very little running back to Ireland for a look; there was none, in fact. My grandparents never went home to visit. I can recall only two relatives who did. One was a cousin of my mother's who was a judge of the Supreme Court in California. He went back, I guess, mostly to impress the Irish relatives with the importance of the American branch. They must have cut him down to size, because he rarely spoke of his visit.

Later, one of my uncles made the trip. He reported that he had wept out of pure sentiment the whole time. He also reported that the family was just about played out; there remained two sisters and a brother—Katherine, Elizabeth and Thomas—children of my grandfather's brother, all old and all unmarried. They lived in the "new house" (the old house had burned down several hundred years ago).

After my uncle's return, we had an occasional letter from Elizabeth. She wrote a thin, elegant hand, and her English had an exquisite quality, reminiscent of the eighteenth-century writers. We felt good about that; we didn't really believe any dull or illiterate Irish existed—in Ireland, at least. We knew plenty of that kind in this country, but perhaps we thought they had degenerated here.

I should have gone to visit long ago, but I didn't. During the war, I landed at various Irish airports and could have gone, but some curious, powerful reluctance always came over me when I got close to the home place. Meanwhile, the letters had stopped and we heard nothing more.

Last summer, my wife and I finally went there.

It's green, all right—but so is Scotland. It seemed to me a different green, but I wouldn't submit the two greens to a color test. We rented an automobile to cross from Belfast to Londonderry—an extravagance which outraged even the man who owned the car, a Rolls-Royce of sneering gentility, a little younger than Stonehenge and in a little better condition. Summer was full-blown in Ireland and the grain was bowing golden-headed, ready for the cutting.

Then we crossed and came to Derry, and it's a dour, cold city to an outsider—dark, angular buildings and uncrowded streets, waiting for something—a city of protest against the rolling green of County Derry and the lovely hills of Donegal across Lough Foyle.

There was no home feeling in the bleak hotel, that carried its own darkness with it. The girl behind the desk would not smile nor pass a cordial word, no matter how much we tried to trap her. In the bar there was no gaiety. I don't know whether laughter was there before we went in for a drink or after we left, but none was offered for us to share, and curtains of rules brushed against us.

So Many Things Were Not Permitted

A drink in our room? Not permitted. Two minutes late to the dining room? Not permitted to serve after hours. A London paper, then. All taken. There was a hush on the people like the hush on the city, and the feeling that eyes brushed over you and dropped when you looked up. We were strangers.

The porter—not the real porter, he hastened to tell us, the real porter was away—said he would get us a man to drive us into the country the next day, a man who knew the countryside.

This not-the-real-porter was nice to us. He was sorry he couldn't have some clothes pressed for us; it was after hours. He wanted to bring a drink to us. He looked sadly at the bribe in his hand. He would try.

In a while he came back. The liquor was locked up, the manager had the key, and the manager was gone. A sandwich? The pantry was locked up. I don't know who had that key. A copy of the London Times in the morning? They were all ordered and it was too late to order another one. He looked as though he wanted to return the bribe; he was a young, dark, sad-looking man. I found myself trying to explain to him.

"Does the young lady at the desk never smile?" I asked.

"Rarely," he said.

"Is no rule ever broken at all?"

"I don't understand," he said.

"Look," I said, "my people came from hereabouts. They were law-abiding people, but there was a filament of illegality in them. My mother wasn't above putting too much catsup on her plate and sopping it up with a piece of bread in a restaurant."

"Catsup?" he asked.

I said, "One of my uncles had a major difficulty in college for stealing chickens. Another of my uncles had to be disarmed when he had murder in his heart, and I, myself . . ."

I stopped, because the not-the-real-porter was looking at me helplessly, trying to make out my meaning. My voice was rising against a wall of frustration.

"What I am trying to say is this," I said. "Has all illegality gone out of this rebellious island in three generations?"

"Sir?" he asked.

"I mean, if I should give you in your hand more than enough—twice more than enough—to buy a bottle of whisky, a loaf of bread and a sausage,

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Nobody remembered Steinbeck's grandfather; "the tree of our culture had no roots"

couldn't you find some lawbreaker to sell them to you?"

"The rules are very strict," he said, "I'm sorry. I wish I could help you."

My heart broke for him.

"I'm not the real porter," he said. "Good night, sir, I'm sorry."

City More Desolate on Sunday

We sat in the window, looking across the street at the angry stone buildings and the small, locked-up shops. The street was deserted and a desolation came over us. I told my wife how brave and open my ancestors were, how full of lust and courtesy and fine laughter. I lied about them some—I guess I had to. The Sunday dark fell on that city which is somber even on weekdays and in sunlight.

Now my reluctance came on me tenfold and I wanted to give up the pilgrimage and go away quickly and forget it, because reality was violating every inherited memory and I was saying to myself that if the old folks went away from here, maybe they had good reason.

I put on a bathrobe and took the long, deserted, green-carpeted hall to the bathroom. From a room on the corridor came an old woman carrying a broom and a long-handled dustpan. I said good evening to her and her face wrinkled up into a smile that lighted the dark corners of that desolate corridor.

"Good evening, sir," she said.

I stopped in front of her, because this was a tone I had not heard. "I know before I ask that the irons are locked up," I said, "but can you steal an iron and take the wrinkles out of a pair of pants for me?"

"What room?" she asked, and then, "You'll have smooth pants."

The front was broken. In an hour she had the trousers back, still steaming a little, and I tipped her until she begged for mercy. We slept better because of her.

In the morning, we had our driver, all right—he who knew the countryside—a rakish man in a torn cap, who assured us that he knew every nubbin of a hill in all directions. He didn't, but he was willing. His car was so old that it churned and clattered, and a blue, suffocating smoke came from it. We were looking for a place called Mulkeraugh. You can spell it half a dozen ways and it isn't on any map. I knew from half-memory that it was near to Ballykelly, which is near to Limavady, and I knew that from Mulkeraugh you could look across the lough to the hills of Donegal.

We clattered and smoked along 18 miles from Londonderry, past thatched cottages and hedged little fields where the black bundles of the flax lay waiting to be taken in. The countryside was rolling and lovely and the blackness of the city went out of us. The Donegal hills were remote and sunny across the broad water of the lough.

We drove right through Ballykelly without knowing it was there, but at Limavady they turned us back. I guess I had thought of Ballykelly as a town; it isn't—it's what they call in Texas a wide place in the road. Except for two churches, it wasn't different from the cottage-lined highway we had been driving on. An old man stood in front of one of the churches. "Mulkeraugh?" he said. "Second turning to the left—a quarter of a mile."

"Do you know any Hamiltons there?" I asked.

"They're all dead," he said. "Miss Elizabeth died two years ago. You'll find Mr. Richey, her cousin, on the hill, though."

Mulkeraugh isn't a place at all. It's a hill and three or four farms near about. Mr. Richey came to the door of the house on the hill and he looked like some of our breed—the pink cheeks, the light blue sparkling eyes.

He said, "The Hamilton place is sold, sold to the ground. You can find out about it at the lawyer's office in Limavady."

I said, "I'm the grandson of Samuel; he left here a long time ago."

"I have heard there was a brother," he said; "went away to America. But wasn't his name Joseph?"

It was the same everywhere we asked—my grandfather did not exist. So far as Ireland was concerned, there was no Samuel Hamilton. Why should they remember? The tree of our culture had no roots. Maybe I'd known that unconsciously, and that was why I had been reluctant to go back. My grandfather's brother, he who stayed, that was different. And his children, they were different. And how much land they had, that was different. And how improved it was and how much it brought when it was sold. These were immediate things, and who could remember an old, old fact like my grandfather?

Everyone knew the three children of my grandfather's brother, Miss Katherine, Miss Elizabeth and Mr. Tom. It was a good farm they had—about 200 acres—and a good house of two stories. These children never married, the two sisters and the brother; why? No one knew why. They were well-endowed, well-educated people, and they had more land than most. They had silver spoons and fine china and little coffee cups, so thin you could see through them, and all the collected things of the family for hundreds of years, pictures and books and records and furniture, to make them envied all over the countryside. But they never married. They were well known, well liked. They grew old together.

Miss Katherine was the efficient one, almost like Tommy's mother, and Tommy did just what she said about the farm. He plowed when she said and he sowed when she said and he harvested when she said.

Miss Elizabeth was more for reading and writing things, and she had a rose garden. She spent a great deal of her time cultivating her flowers. Tommy was a silent man, but good, and well liked everywhere. The three grew older on the farm and they never married.

Then, about 12 years ago, Miss Katherine died. The directing head was gone. The farm went to pieces little by little and month by month, so slowly that it was hardly noticeable. Tommy, with no one to tell him what to do, when to plow and when to sow, began to neglect the land, and he sold some of the cows and didn't replace them. When the roof leaked, he didn't mend it. The hedges began to creep into the fields. When his friends remonstrated, he smiled and agreed that he should keep up the land, but the directing head was gone and there was no one to tell him.

Elizabeth, the neighbors said, had her head in a book. She tended the roses and she and Tommy grew ever closer together. And then, about seven years ago, Tommy died. He got a scratch on his side from a nail and did nothing about it, because nobody told him to, and he died of blood poisoning.

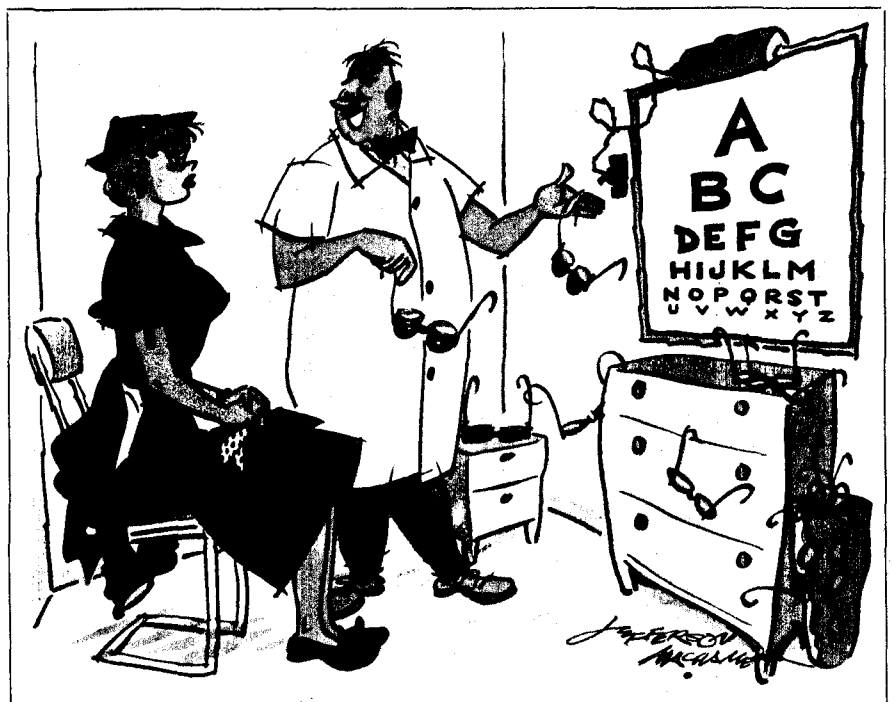
People who told us about what happened next did so reluctantly, as though they didn't want to be gossiping. Miss Elizabeth, they said, grew strange after Tommy died—"strange" was the word they used. She'd be smart and clever as always, but there'd be things like this: she would be talking to a neighbor and at the same time listening to something far away. And right in the middle of a perfectly normal conversation, she would say, "Tom is going to take out that tree stump in the lane. We need a new tree there."

And when neighbor women were having tea with her from those thin little cups you could almost see through, Elizabeth would say, "I'll have to ask you to excuse me now, Tom's coming in and he'll be very tired." And she would usher them out of the house.

And then in the night they'd hear Miss Elizabeth walking in the lanes between the hedgerows and she'd be calling her brother, telling him it was late and his supper was waiting. And several times she was seen in the night, searching through the fields. She was in a nightgown and her feet were bare, but she wasn't sleepwalking, they said—she wasn't asleep at all. She'd just turned strange, they said.

It wasn't as though she was crazy. Except for that, she talked as good sense as anybody, but she just could not bring herself to believe that her brother was dead. And she did another strange thing that was unlike her, they said. She got herself a cause. She joined the party which resisted with all its strength the joining of the northern counties to Eire. She worked for her cause and she made a will in which she ordered everything she possessed sold on her death and every penny turned over to the party that resisted the joining of Ulster to Eire, and then she died.

The neighbors said it was a sorrow to see the house torn apart. It was well known that the Hamiltons had beautiful things. On the day of the auction, the automobiles and the carriages came by the hundred, and people bought pictures just for the frames; and the beautiful silver went, and the fine china, and the books, bought for the binding only—and all by strangers. Strangers bought the farmhouse. It was a sorrow, the neighbors said.



COLLIER'S **"I decided to make it easier for people"** JEFFERSON MACHAMER

In the Neglected Rose Garden

I went to see the house and there was nothing of us there. The rose garden was overgrown with weeds and only the whips of the rosebushes showed above the grass, with haws still on from the last year. The ivy had nearly covered the stone paths. The new owners were kind. But they were strangers, and, what was even worse, we were strangers.

The sexton of the church at Ballykelly is an old, old man, lean and dry, and his speech is like my grandfather's speech.

I asked, "Did you know the Hamiltons?"

"Hamiltons?" he said. "I ought to—I dug their graves. I buried them, all of them. Miss Elizabeth was the last, two years ago. She was a bright one."

We looked at the graves, with the new cement coping around the plot. "Miss Elizabeth put it in her will about coping," the sexton said. He didn't ask, but we felt that he wanted to know. I said, "My grandfather was William's brother." He nodded slowly. "I've heard," he said. "Went away—I forget where."

"California," I said.

"What was his name again?" the sexton asked.

The rain was beginning to fall. He left us for a moment and came back, carrying a full-blown red rose. "Would you like to have it?" he asked.

I took it. And that's the seat of my culture and the origin of my being and the soil of my background, the one full-blown evidence of a thousand years of family. I have it pressed in a book. ▲▲▲

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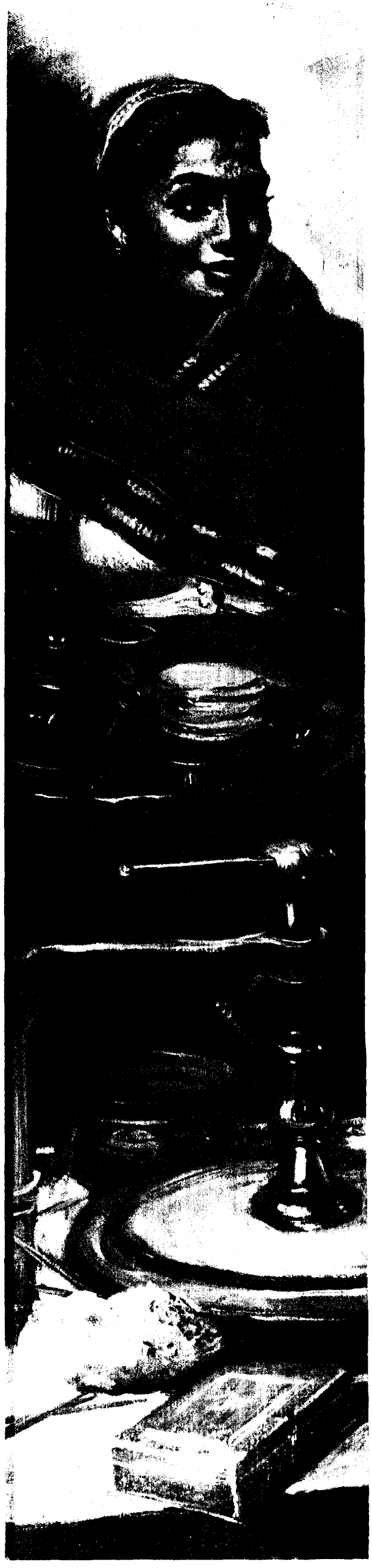
STOLEN PEARL

Candleblow had a gambling blister: a shell-encrusted pearl that might make him rich if he played it right—or might get him killed

By JOHN KRUSE



THE monsoon rain slapped down, exploding in a fine mist on the roadway. It hung like a bead curtain across the doorway and splashed me where I sat inside. The smell of it was everywhere, like warm, rotting vegetation, and it got in the coffee.

I was sitting in a water-front café in Colombo, Ceylon, engaged in watching the scum bubble across the sidewalk and roll in a thick, oily swell along the gutter. The pace was killing me. The monsoon always made a wallflower of me: I just had to sit it out till it quit waltzing with the sea. The big combers that came rolling in over the reefs day and night churned up a fog underwater which made my job—spear fishing—impossible. And the rain—that made *everything* impossible; everything except drinking coffee, that is.

I was just wondering whether I should pack up my gear and hitch east to Trinco, where they don't get the southwest monsoon, when a chunky, sun-wrinkled guy in a battered bush hat came in. I grabbed him by the arm. "Candleblow!"

He blinked his watery blue eyes at me. "By all that's holy—Mike Gardener! How are ya, cobber?" he said, seizing my hand in both his and pumping it. "Gosh, it's good to see you!" He peered short-sightedly over his shoulder, hooked a chair round with his foot so he could see the door, and sat down, still pumping my hand. "How'vya been, fella?"

"Swell," I said, thinking how quickly pearl diving ages a man. Candleblow had never got his voice back. He spoke with only his breath, somehow, in the back of his throat, with the noise a rasp makes on soft wood. He had got that way saving my life.

We had been skin divers together a couple of years back, up at the pearling grounds at Mannar. Smith, his name was then. You have to dive in pairs up there because of the sharks, and we were down on the bottom together, me lifting shell and him on guard, when a big blackfin took a lunge at me. Smith plunged his spike up into the shark's belly. It did a back flip and slapped him across the throat with its tail as it made off. It did something to his vocal chords. He'd gone by the name of Candleblow ever since.

"Bring the bottle," I shouted to the proprietor.

"Ah, ah. Not today, pal," Candleblow said. "I just came in for some fags."

I scrubbed the order and stared at him. "Sick?"

The Australian laughed. "Got to keep sober. Big things afoot."

"What sort of things?"

"Oh, things. How are ya, Mike? Still the lone spear fisherman?"

I nodded, wondering why he kept watching the door. "And you? Still diving?"

"I've quit."

"Quit! Since when?"

"Since today."

I laughed. "You quit at Mannar, remember? You were going back to Australia, had it all saved up, remember? You never even got clear of the water front."

"Go ahead and laugh. I tell you I'm quitting. There's a tub pulling out for Sydney tomorrow afternoon, and I'm going on her. I ain't even sniffing a cork till I'm aboard."

"Say!" I said. "You really mean it. I wish to hell you would, Candleblow. How're the eyes?"

"Terrible. They're getting worse all the time. I'm all washed up, Mike. Pearl diving's all right when you're young. But I've had too much sleeping wet, too much Tamil-cooked skilly, too much air from a rubber hose—or maybe not enough. My lungs taste like the inside of a rotten auto tire. I been diving drunk lately to keep out the cold, but hell, it don't make no difference; I get the shakes either way. No, cobber, when you're past it, you're past it, and I'm quitting."

I looked at him, knowing how it was with him, knowing how the thrill of it had caught him as a kid and how, as disillusion set in, the liquor had held him. Each time he drew his ten per cent of the pearl money, he had been going to quit; but by the time he'd paid back his advance and celebrated his having quit, he never seemed to have quite enough left for the fare home from Ceylon. When the pearler signed on his crew again, Candleblow would be there, rugged, just a mite unsteady on his feet, but determined that this positively would be his last trip.

I looked at his friendly face, the color of a walnut, and his blue eyes, a little worried-looking, and hoped like hell that this time he'd make it. If he didn't I knew—and he knew—that sooner or later he'd wind up like the rest, minus a leg maybe, or an arm; or curled up like a leaf with paralysis.

"How're you staked, Candleblow?" I asked him.

A queer look came into his face. "I dunno," he said. "Pretty good, if my guess is worth a bob."

"You mean to say you haven't got the dough?"

"I mean I don't know."

My impatience must have shown, because he shoved his hat back and scratched his head. That told me he was making a decision. He glanced about him, leaned toward me. "Look, Mike. I'm a pretty excited guy. I got a gambling blister!"

That surprised me. A blister is a swelling that occurs sometimes on the inside of the valve of an oyster. It is caused by a pearl becoming overlaid by the continually forming shell nacre. Sometimes the nacre builds up flush all around and buries the pearl completely, and you can't tell it's there. But if the pearl is big enough, it forms a blister in the nacre. It is a "gambling" blister because it's often auctioned blind. "I can't flash it in here," he said, sideways, "but it's a beaut!"

"Say, that could be worth some tidy dough—if you play it right."

"I'll play it right."

"How did you get it?"

"I got to be ruddy careful, Mike. Could you promise not to blab? No. Don't answer that. I'll tell ya. I been diving for Olaf Peterson."

"That bastard!"

"That bastard. I been with him ever since you left. We just got off a trip."

"But the season ended in mid-April."

"That's right."

I stared at him. "Poaching, huh?"

He nodded.

"But how about the customs?" I said. "Do

Slowly, before our eyes, the pearl dawned. Batliwallah didn't stop working, and it was impossible to tell if there were any spots on her. We watched each stroke of the file

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you mean to tell me they let a fully equipped pearling lugger put in to Colombo with a cargo of shell in the middle of May?"

"Who said anything about a lugger? We got a motor cruiser. And we weren't carrying no shell. Pearls only, were our orders. I tell you, cobber, this was some setup. My guess is Olaf has one of the big Colombo buyers behind him. When we hit port Olaf was lounging back on deck smoking a cigar as thick as your wrist, with six big tuna strung up around him. The boat was cluttered up with fishing gear; we were the crew. The customs looked us over, but there was nothing to see."

"But how about the air pump, the diving gear?"

"In a submarine canister towed underneath," Candleblow explained. "It's still there, ready for the next trip—the gear, that is. The pump's built into the engine."

I whistled. "So that's how it is. That stuff's not for you, Candleblow."

"You don't have to tell me, cobber. I didn't find out till I'd spent the advance; then it was too late. Anyway I'm through with all that now."

YOU hope, I thought. Quitting wasn't so easy when you were in that deep. "How did you pick up the blister?" I asked.

"You'll never guess. Off the bottom."

"Dead shell? Are you sure it's not worm-eaten?"

"Nope. Live shell. I been trying to do it for years. She hadn't closed up. Quick as light I nipped the toe of my boot in and held her. How many times does a guy do that? Maybe twice in a lifetime. And what are the odds against there being anything inside her? A thousand to one. But, cobber, it happened. When I saw that blister, I knew it was a sign from heaven telling me to pull out."

"You didn't turn it in to Olaf?"

"Turn it in? Yeah, sure I turned it in—right into my glove! Olaf makes his own extras two-timing us on our percentage."

"You know what'll happen to you if the crew finds out you got something and didn't split it!"

"Those dirty Tamils? Look, Mike, I been in this game too long not to know I'm on a knife-edge. From now on everything's set dead against me. If the crew finds out, they'll slit me open like a sack of corn. Olaf will be more subtle; he'll just fix it so I starve. The pearl doctor I take it to will try and blackmail me, and the buyers will gang together and not bid against one another. I tell you, Mike, pulling out from here is going to be just about the toughest job of my life."

"I'm glad you realize it," I said. "Now I'll tell you something. I'm not letting you out of my sight till you climb that gangplank tomorrow afternoon. I'm going to watch every move you make. And if you screw it up I'll break your neck!"

Candleblow's face wrinkled all over like a sea lion's neck. "Good on ya, cobber! Watch me; I want you to. I'm going to play this like you'd play a game of chess, move by move. I'm going to play this real good."

Going out into the rain was like stepping under a waterfall. With one slap, it plastered our clothes to our skin. The streets were empty.

"I suppose you know it's Sunday, Candleblow," I said.

"We're going to his house."

We went up through the fort district and on into the poorer quarter. Once when two figures came toward us through the rain, Candleblow said: "In case we run into any of the crew, remember they're Tamils, nearly black, broad, short. The tender has a mustache over a harelip. The shell opener is older, with gray hair—handsome, kind of."

Presently, without any warning, Candleblow turned up a flight of steps and into a house. I got a glimpse of a concrete front streaked with rust, then we were in a dark, narrow hall. There was a lot of noise coming from upstairs. Candleblow peered about for the apartment bells, but there weren't any, so we went on up the stairs, which were made of stone and were very wet. The paint was scraped off all the way up, and the air was sickly with the smell of ghee. On the first landing three Indian women in saris were splashing about with buckets. The rain was coming in fast from somewhere. A thin fellow in a crumpled alpaca jacket and house slippers was flitting about and jabbering instructions.

"Where can I find Mr. Batliwallah?" Candleblow called up to him.

The Indian turned sharply. He wore gold-rimmed glasses, and his cheeks, which were dark, looked as though they had been gouged out with a chisel. "I am he," he said in a finicky voice. "You wish to see me?"

"If you got the time."

The Indian issued a final burst of instructions and came downstairs. He glanced sharply from one to the other of us as he passed. He led us back to the ground floor. "Terrible bad business," he said over his shoulder. "We are quite flooded out."

He took us into a small, dark apartment and shut the door. "You are very wet. Excuse me." He kicked back the Afghan rug, looking up penetratingly as he was doing it. "I don't believe I know you two gentlemen."

"You don't," Candleblow said, and that was that. He glanced round the room at the hair sofa, the screens, the cheap Indian furniture, felt in his pocket, and brought out the blister.

The Indian adjusted his glasses with one hand and took the blister with the other. He turned it slowly between his fingers.

I hadn't seen it before. It was big all right. Candleblow had cut away the surrounding shell, leaving a rough knob about the size of a walnut. It was black and dirty-looking.

The Indian carried it over to the window. Candleblow went with him. "Why are you bringing this to me?" Batliwallah said, holding it up to the light.

"I heard you were good with these things."

The Indian said nothing. He shook it, chipped at it with his thumbnail. He had craftsman's hands, large, precise, with surprisingly fresh-looking fingers. There was something strikingly dexterous about them. The rest of him was nothing—clerkish, wasted, faintly disreputable. It was as though the hands had drained the goodness from the rest of his body.

He handed the blister back to Candleblow and looked at the pair of us without any expression.

"Well?" the Australian said.

"Well, what?"

"What do you think of it?"

"Really indeed"—the Indian smiled and shrugged—"what does one think of such things? Merely that they are gamblers' toys. Sometimes they are containing a pearl of worth; nine cases out of ten, they are not. If you mean, will I buy it—I will give you three hundred rupees for it. You will not get more."

"I haven't come here to bargain, Batliwallah," Candleblow said. "If I wanted to sell this nut, I'd have gone where the money is. I came here to have it scraped."

"Really?" The Indian pretended to be surprised. "But I do not do private work. Is too dangerous. If you are wanting it done, you should have gone first to Mr. Ganga, the jeweler. He is my employer."

"I thought you Indians were smart," Candleblow said. "If I took it to Ganga, you'd have to do it on salary. This way you'd get a commission."

"A commission would be no good to me in prison. I will give you five hundred rupees for it, though I am probably a fool."

"You are no fool," Candleblow said, "and I'm not either, so let's quit fencing around. If you'll agree to work on it, I'll give you five per cent of what the pearl fetches."

Batliwallah unhooked his glasses and breathed on them. "And if it is a baroque, fetching nothing?"

Candleblow hesitated. "I'll pay you a hundred rupees for the work."

The Indian replaced his glasses with a mixture of reproach and contempt. "I see that you are not understanding about the work. One man in millions can do it. It requires the highest skill." He paused. "Five hundred rupees and twenty per cent."

Candleblow looked at me. The Indian was interested; that meant the blister had promise. The two of them started to bargain. I kept out of it; Candleblow had it all figured out how much he was prepared to pay.

It took twenty minutes. The Indian settled finally for ten per cent and a guarantee of two hundred and fifty rupees—about fifty dollars. They wrote out a contract and both signed it. They were cagey as a couple of mountain cats. Ten minutes later, work on the blister began.

We sat on two chairs in front of the desk. We were too excited to feel cold or wet.

BATLIWALLAH flicked on a work lamp, laid a piece of white card on the desk, and emptied a roll of files and blades onto it. He changed his spectacles for a pair with thicker lenses and started to work.

First, with a knife, he scraped away the serrated remnants of the outer shell. They came away quite quickly, leaving him with a slightly oblong, discolored ball. He exchanged the knife for a file and began to erode the protruding ends.

He worked quickly, turning the blister from end to end, until he had worn it into an almost perfect sphere. He rolled it about on the card, evened it up some more.

When he was satisfied, he straightened his back and took a breath. It had taken him half an hour.

I don't think either of us had moved up till then. We shifted our cramped positions. Batliwallah eased his glasses down his nose to increase their magnification, glanced quickly at us, and went on. He worked now with a polishing movement of the file, rotating the blister continually in order to maintain its roundness. His face was set in a look of concentration. No part of him seemed alive but his hands, working with minute precision in the strong light, turning the discolored lump between his forefinger and thumb so that the file moved over all its facets.

The rain kept up a continuous tattoo on some ash cans out in back. A clock struck two somewhere. We hadn't eaten. I wondered how long this sort of procedure took. Suppose it was a dud—misshapen, or ringed or baroque? Candleblow wouldn't pull out, that was all, not now or any time. I watched the blur of the file. It was crazy that our lives could depend on such things.

Mrs. Batliwallah brought in some tea from the kitchen. She had put on her

COLLIER'S

"I'm so glad you came South with me, dear. It's much nicer than writing you for money all the time!"

JACK MARKOW

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best sari, and was all drapes and eyebrows and smiles. She asked us, speaking in a whisper, whether we took milk, and we answered her quietly, as though we were in church. Presently she went out, and the business went on, with the noise of the file vibrating through the desk, and the rain beating on the cans outside.

The whole of the outer crust had gone now, leaving a grayish ball about the size of a marble. Candleblow's eyes never left it for an instant. I had never known him to go so long without a cigarette.

By five o'clock Batliwallah had something that looked more like a pearl. It was much reduced in size, still gray, but with a silver sheen to it. He was using the finest file I had ever seen in my life, and the work was much slower. An hour passed, and the sphere diminished still farther.

Suddenly I caught a whitish gleam breaking through the gray. Candleblow saw it too.

"It is only the underskin," Batliwallah said.

We watched the spot slowly spread under the file until the whole pearl gleamed an unnatural silvery white. The Indian stopped, took off his spectacles, and inspected it minutely through a glass. Presently, he handed it to Candleblow.

The Australian took it. His hand was shaking. "Is it going to be all right?" he asked.

"She is clean," the Indian answered. "So far."

He took back the pearl and went on filing. Candleblow controlled himself very well. He had lived with pearls long enough to know that a lot of things could happen yet.

More tea arrived, this time with wheatcakes. The food was cleared away. Seven o'clock, eight, nine, chimed the distant clock through the rain, with all the time the steady scratching of the file.

Slowly before our eyes the true pearl dawned. No other word can describe the process. She came up out of the silver with a creamy glow which brought the two of us to the edge of our seats. Batliwallah didn't stop working, and it was impossible to tell if there were any pinholes or spots on her. We watched each stroke of the file with the agonized fear that it would reveal some discoloration. A single dark spot would halve the value.

Batliwallah worked around her carefully, his face showing nothing. Then he was finished, and there was again the business with the glasses. He turned her slowly under the magnifier, turned her again, passed the pearl and the glass across to us.

"You are usually so lucky?" he asked. "She is perfect; not large, but perfect."

Candleblow uttered a sort of strangled grunt, as though somebody had slugged him. Then he was hunched over the pearl with the glass, trying to look at it, but he was shaking so much he couldn't get the focus. He thrust them both toward me. "Oh, Gawd! Here, cobber, you look. Oh, Gawd in heaven!"

THE polishing, the final rolling between oiled palms was over. We stood around the desk and gazed at the dewy luster of the finished pearl as it lay in the tray of the scales. Batliwallah was working out some figures.

Finally he said, "Approximately eleven hundred pounds sterling."

Candleblow punched one hand into the other palm, and shook hands with us with his lips turned in as though he were going to cry. Batliwallah asked us if we would like some beer. The Australian would have accepted if I hadn't cut in quick and refused. He gave me a grateful look and quieted down a bit.

"As an interested party," Batliwallah said, smirking, "might perhaps I know where you are intending to sell?"

Candleblow hesitated. The Indian hurried on. "It is a personal thing. You see, I should like for Mr. Ganga to have first chance to buy. He pays a very good price."

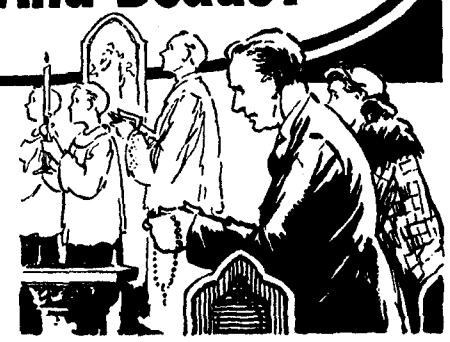
Candleblow looked suspicious. "Are you after more commission?"

"My dear sir! He is my employer. It is merely a matter of etiquette. If you are not having objection, I could speak with him tomorrow morning."

Candleblow considered. "Tell him,"

COLLIER'S "There's nothing wrong with it, I'm happy to say, that money can't fix" RAY HELLE

"But Why The Candles, Holy Water And Beads?"



"It looks like hokus-pocus to me," Dave Smith said to Father Crane.

Dave was expressing a quite common view held by many non-Catholics... that the Catholic use of such articles as beads, crucifixes, medals and holy water is unnecessary in religion and even smacks of pagan superstition.

"What good does it do," Dave asked, "to light a candle or burn incense? And how can a little medal around my neck protect me from accidents?"

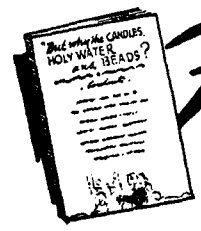
Unfortunately, too many people outside the Catholic Faith have a complete misunderstanding of these religious articles and the use to which they are put. There is nothing pagan or superstitious about them, and they do have a very real religious meaning and value.

"Actually," Father Crane told Dave, "religious articles used by Catholics are meant to be helps to their religious life —nothing more. The value of such articles is not in the metal, wood or wax of which they are made, nor in the form they may have... but in the prayer of the Church and of Christ, in whose name the Church prays in blessing them... as well as the fervor of the user's own prayer and his good disposition."

But Dave was still not convinced. He argued that religion is a spiritual thing ... that it requires no external manifestations. "Yes," the priest agreed, "it is spiritual. But isn't it the natural thing for a human being to give outward expression to the things within his heart? How, for example, could you be sure that your mother loved you if she gave no sign that she did?"

Our Lord, Father Crane added, could have cured the blind man (John 9:6) merely by willing it. Instead, he first made a salve of clay and anointed the man's eyes. In blessing little children, He did not have to lay His Hands on them — but he did. Many people, Father Crane added, think the Catholic practice of kneeling to pray is unnecessary... yet Jesus, in the Garden of Gethsemane, "kneeling down... began to pray" (Luke 22:41).

Many Catholic practices which seem strange to you now, would make a deep and convincing impression upon your mind and heart if you really understood them. And this is your invitation to investigate.



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he said, "that when he opens up, I'll be there on his doorstep."

The Indian smiled. "Ah, very good, gentlemen." He picked up the pearl with a pair of forceps and dropped it into a small chamois bag and put it away in the drawer of his desk.

"Hey! What the hell are you doing?" Candleblow demanded.

"It will be safe here tonight. Tomorrow it will be waiting for you at Mr. Ganga's."

"Don't make me laugh," Candleblow said with a dangerous drawl. "Come on, Batliwallah. Hand over."

"But you may take the key if you wish. See, it is quite safe."

"Sure, sure. Come on, Batliwallah. Quick!"

THE Indian looked scared. "But how may I be sure I will ever see you again? I am not even knowing your names. I must protect myself."

Candleblow took a pace forward. The Indian opened the drawer, fumbled for the bag.

"Very well. Very well," he agreed quickly. "But please, I must ask you to do one thing." He brought out a safety pin and stuck it through the neck of the bag. "Pin it to the inside of your pocket. Please!"

Candleblow grunted, took the bag, scowled at Batliwallah and stuffed it into his pocket. "Tomorrow," he said.

As we went out into the night and the rain, the Indian came to the door and watched us go. He stood in the shadow with only his hands catching the light of the street lamp, and when I looked back I saw just two hands, folded, in the darkness of the doorway.

As soon as we were round the corner, Candleblow took out the bag and pinned it to the inside of his shirt.

"Can't trust 'em a foot," he said. "If I'd 'a let him keep it, he'd have turned up tomorrow with a substitute, ringed as a coon, most likely. From now on we got to expect trouble, cobber. Ten to one Batliwallah's on the telephone this minute trying to find out who we are. He'll find out; and inside a couple of hours all the pearl boys in Colombo will know what's cooking, and that could include Olaf. We might even get a visit."

"Better come to my place," I said. "There's just a chance they won't link me up with this."

We got a taxi to the Galle Face and walked the rest of the way, with the sea wind blowing the rain, down a narrow track with bungalows among the palms. The track became sand, and there was my shack silhouetted against the white breakers.

We skirted round it but couldn't see anyone, so we went inside, closing the shutters before we lighted the lamps. We got into some dry clothes and rustled a meal on the oilstove. It was late by then, so we tossed up for the camp-bed. Candleblow won. I rolled up in some blankets on the floor, and we lay in the darkness, talking for a while.

Candleblow was pretty excited still, and it made him chatty. He talked about Batliwallah and about Olaf and about what he was going to do in Australia. I lay there listening to the soft rasp of his voice. The sea and the rain made wild, sad sounds outside. Something was troubling me. I lay there trying to think what it was. Something that had happened. Somehow we had slipped up. I went back through the events of the day carefully, but the trouble eluded me. The more I thought about it, however, the more I was certain that something was wrong.

Candleblow's monologue tailed off eventually. Presently I heard him snore. I lay awake a long time with suspicion nagging at me. It mustn't go wrong now, I thought. He would never get a chance like this again; somehow we had to strengthen our hand.

I worked on it for about an hour; then suddenly I knew what would have to be done. It was risky, but it was the only way.

I got up silently, slipped into my swimming trunks, collected my knife and fins, and let myself out the back. The rain was like an electric shock on my skin. The sea was pounding furiously along the beach, and for a moment I felt like turning back—but only for a moment; then I remembered a certain afternoon in Mannar and a certain black-fin shark, and I started off along the sand.

I moved parallel to the sea, trotting to keep warm, past the Galle Face Hotel with its lights, and along past the Esplanade. I ran till I was as close to the town as I could get on the beach; then I stopped and put on my fins. The sea looked angry and cold. Getting out through the surf would be the tough part; after that, nothing but sharks could stop me.

I stepped into the water, taking the waves sideways. They were warm after the rain. I waited until there was a lull, then struck out into the darkness.

I GOT back just as dawn was breaking. I was tired and cold. When I entered the shack, Candleblow was standing in his shirt making coffee. "Where in hell you been, Mike?" he asked, looking me over.

"For a swim," I said.

"In a bucket of tar, looks like," he said, and his eyes were full of suspicion.

"The beach is filthy," I said. "Sleep well?"

"Uh-huh."

On that note we ate breakfast. Candleblow was unusually silent; I caught him looking at me a couple of times. He'd probably been up for some time, I thought, and knew damn' well I hadn't just been for a dip. I considered telling him the truth, but my fears of last night seemed suddenly ridiculous by daylight. Only a big fool would have done on spec what I had just done. I kept quiet and didn't say anything.

When we were ready to move, Candleblow said to me, "Look. There ain't no need for you to come traipsing all the way into town."

"Well, I'm coming," I said, "so relax."

We took a bus into Colombo. The markets were full of early shoppers dodging the rain from awning to awning. We moved warily through the crowds, Candleblow pinching the pearl tightly under his shirt in case he should brush against a pickpocket.

Ganga's was already open. We paused on the steps outside and took a look around the street. We saw nothing particularly suspicious.

"Well, this is it!" Candleblow said. He pushed open the swinging door.

It was a typical Colombo jewelry shop. The walls were lined with showcases; big fans hung in rows motionless overhead. At the back stood several screens.

A half-caste, with skin the color of parchment, came whispering across the marble toward us. "Good morning?"

"We've come to see Ganga."

"You are Mr. Smith? Oh, yes. Come, please."

Candleblow raised an eyebrow at me. We followed the old man behind the screens to a door at the back. He knocked and went in, closing the door in our faces. A moment later it opened again, and we were looking into an office. A tall, well-nourished Singhalese was standing behind the desk.

CANDLEBLOW advanced warily. Batliwallah was in there; three other men sat in easy chairs. Ganga came around the desk to us, smiling with rubbery, polished-looking lips. He was younger than I had expected, about thirty-eight, with a black mustache and cheeks that looked as though he were sucking a couple of boiled sweets.

"Mr. Smith, I believe? And—ah—Mr. Gardener?"

English public school, I thought. And he knew our names. Suddenly I knew that we were going to have to be awfully smart.

"This is Mr. Sin, Mr. Rashid Beg and Mr. Krishna." There was a nodding of heads. "They are in the trade. I have invited them here to have a look at this pearl Batliwallah speaks of so highly. They may bid for it if they wish. That is," he added, with a sidelong glance at Candleblow, "if you have no objection. Cigarette?"

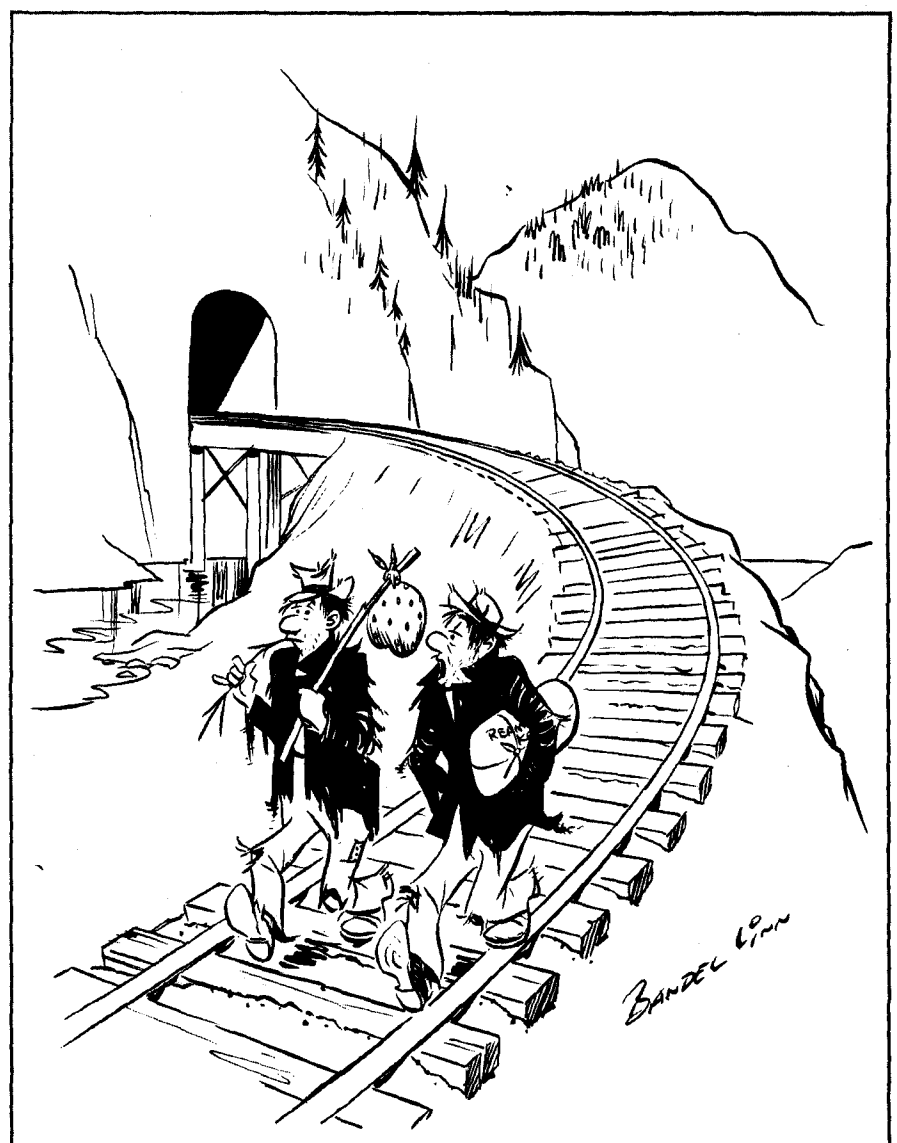
He lifted an ivory box carelessly by the lid. Candleblow took one. What the devil, I thought; why is Ganga passing up the chance of a private deal?

"Smoke, Mr. Gardener?"

"No, thanks."

Ganga's eyes looked into mine for an instant. "Well," he said. "To work." Retiring behind his desk, he cleared a space on his blotter and looked up expectantly.

Slowly, almost reluctantly, Candleblow unpinned the chamois bag from inside his shirt and turned it upside down on the pad.



COLLIER'S

"Just think . . . This time last year we had a nice soft job in Washington!"

BANDEL LINN

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There was complete silence. The pearl before us was a piece of baroque, as blind as an upturned eye.

Candleblow gasped. The dealers, who had leaned perceptibly forward, sank back, looking at one another. Ganga did not move. He glanced at the Australian as if to see how he was reacting. "This is perhaps some kind of joke?" he said.

I KNEW instantly, then, what it was that had slipped my memory last night. When he had fumbled in the drawer of his desk, Batliwallah had switched bags. The one he had produced had been darker than the one he had put in. I turned on him angrily.

But at that moment he stepped forward. There was a smirk on his thin mouth as he pocketed the baroque and emptied the real pearl from its bag onto the blotting paper. "A slight precaution," he murmured, glancing at Candleblow over the tops of his glasses.

"Why, you dirty—" The Australian took a step forward.

"Please!" Ganga held up his hand. He was smiling. "Batliwallah was acting in my interests, weren't you, *mera dost?* You must forgive us our little comedy. Our lives are so dull." He hid his smiles with a folded, spotless handkerchief and looked at the pearl. Candleblow made a baffled sound and stood opening and closing his fists.

Completely the master of the situation now, Ganga said: "You know, this is quite perfect, Smith. A really lovely thing. Do you mind?"

He handed it to the dealers. They examined it minutely with the lens he passed them. Ganga sat on the desk and hugged his elbows casually. "I should be interested to know where you picked her up."

The Australian grunted. "Around."

Ganga looked him up and down, with one beautiful nail pressed against his lip, and nodded.

"May we weigh it?" Mr. Sin asked.

Ganga pointed to the scales. Batliwallah applied the weights. There was a moment of calculation.

"I, myself, will offer one thousand pounds sterling," Ganga said, to start things going.

"One thousand fifty," Mr. Sin said.

"Eleven hundred," Krishna said.

I glanced at Candleblow. The sullen look on his face was giving way slowly to triumph.

"Eleven hundred fifty," Mr. Sin said.

The bidding was brisk and to the point. Ganga did not bid again. There was something mighty screwy somewhere, I thought, watching closely.

The Indian, Krishna, reached thirteen hundred and stopped. No one raised him. In a fine humor, Ganga shook him by the hand. "She is yours," he said. "You are too rich for us. Or perhaps I should say your customers are, eh?" There was a ripple of laughter from the other two. "I will make out the bill of sale." He sat down at the desk.

Krishna brought out his checkbook. "To whom shall I make it payable?"

"Richard Ganga," the Singhalese said, "and Company."

Candleblow jerked upright as if he'd been knifed. "Hey!" he exclaimed. "What's the big idea?"

Ganga looked up at him coldly. "Sit down, Smith, and control yourself. Show Mr. Peterson in, Batliwallah."

Candleblow wheeled around to me. "If you're back of this, Gardener, I'll kill you!" he said.

BEFORE I could say anything, the door opened and Olaf came in. He stood in the doorway, his hands in the pockets of a sopping trench coat, looking around—short, dark, a yard wide. He scowled at Candleblow and me.

"Is this your fellow?" Ganga said.

"That's him," Olaf said.

Ganga turned to Candleblow. "You see, it just can't be done. You can't double-cross us. But then you're not very bright. Didn't it occur to you that as the biggest pearl buyer in Colombo I might also be Peterson's backer?"

"You?" Candleblow said. He looked round at the gentlemen in the chairs.

"Don't concern yourself about them, Smith," Ganga said. "They are fully in my confidence. I don't know how you obtained the so-called gambling blister that Batliwallah operated on yesterday, but since you obviously came by it during your trip with Peterson, you have unwittingly brought it to its rightful owner. You have saved me the trouble of having you rounded up. I suppose I should be thankful; certainly you should—you probably saved your life." He opened a drawer. In it was a short, black automatic. He didn't touch it. "We don't want any violence. Just take your hat and go."

Candleblow swayed on the balls of his feet. I thought he was going to make a grab for Ganga's throat.

"Hold it, Candleblow!" I snapped. I approached the desk. "See here, Ganga. I've been riding in the back seat through all this. I came here for one reason—to help Smith raise enough dough to pull out of this racket and go home. You're plugging the line that all the pearls resulting from a certain shady trip are rightfully yours. Okay. Not that you talking legitimate isn't like a trollop getting married, but that's the pitch and we'll bat it. If you have a right to the pearl, then the crew must have a right to their percentage. Divers get ten, Ganga, so pay the man his dough! One hundred thirty pounds!"

Ganga stared at me; then he laughed. "Really. These two are absurd. I'm under no obligation, you understand. But I'll pay you, just to get you out of my office. My checkbook, Batliwallah."

He started writing out the check.

"Payable, if you please, to Batliwallah," said the Indian.

Even Ganga was surprised.

"Pearl doctor's fees," Batliwallah explained. "I have Mr. Smith's signed contract here."

That did it. Candleblow was dumfounded, but there was no way round it. Ganga completed the check. Then he began to laugh. He laughed with a high-pitched nasal sound. "Oh, go away, you two," he said, laughing and dabbing his eyes with his handkerchief. "Go on, push off. Run along home." He closed his checkbook.

"Don't put that away," I said quietly.

Ganga looked up. "What's that?"

"I said, don't put that away. You're going to buy something."

"Such as what, you funny man?"

"Some hose, a couple of diving suits, thirty fathoms of life line—all neatly packed in a submarine container."

The room was suddenly silent. Ganga sat absolutely motionless. His doll eyes went from me to Olaf. Olaf stood in the doorway—still as a flashlight photograph—with his bald bullethead thrust forward, his hands hooked as though ready to wring my neck. "What about it, Gardener?" he demanded.

"I've got it," I said. "I cut it loose last night and towed it away. It's for sale; anyone can buy it. Anyone who has thirteen hundred pounds, that is. And the check, by the way, should be made out 'cash.'"

CANDLEBLOW got the boat. He was very apologetic about having mistrusted me. It seemed that the night before, he had waked up the moment I left the hut and when I didn't explain myself, he thought I was in on the double cross.

I stood on the dockside and watched him pull out. The rain had hauled off, and a bright light was showing out along the western sea. It looked eerie behind the filth of the quay and the four-rupee-a-day coolies and the blistered barges—like gold plate in a kitchen.

Candleblow forced his way to the rail and waved his hat. He was shouting something, but his rusty voice got mixed up with the cries of some sea gulls. Sounded like: "I love you!" I grinned. I was glad for him, gladder than I had been for a long time about anything. ▲▲▲

TRAIN SCHEDULES
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No. 16 from Louisville - on time 7:46
No. 7 from Red Bank on time 8:21
arriving from Washington 9:36
7

COLLIER'S "If you're right, this will be the first time my wife ever arrived anywhere on time!" REAMER KELLER

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EDDIE CHAN

We sat there, drinking tea and making conversation. I envied Ed and admired his taste

THE FAVOR

By WALTER MALDAY

ALL the way East on the plane, I thought about Ed. He had driven me to the airport in Chicago and, as I had expected, at the last minute he had asked me to do him the favor. "When you're in New York," he said almost shyly, "will you do something for me?"

"Of course."

"Will you go and see Jean and little Mary? Then when you get back, you can tell me how they are."

"I'd be glad to, Ed."

He reached into his pocket and took out a slip of paper with an address written on it. "Her mother's," he explained. "They're staying there now."

Then he said good-by hastily, and Ed walked back to his car. . . .

I liked Ed. So did everybody else in our Chicago office. A few months earlier he had been transferred there from our New York branch, and right away he had become one of the most popular men in the place. He wasn't a glad-hander or a backslapper; he was just plain likable.

There was a little bar near our office where most of us stopped off for a beer or two on our way home after work. Soon after Ed came to the city, we asked him to join us there one evening. At first he seemed a little hesitant—he was on the wagon, he said—but we persuaded him, and he came along.

We soon learned that he was a wonderful drinking companion. Company stimulated him far more than the two or three beers he drank; it made him a storyteller. A light would come into his eyes, and he would begin one of his stories: "I talked to this bus driver once—maybe you read about him in the papers. He got fed up with Fifth Avenue and drove his bus all the way to Florida. He told me . . ."

All of us caught on pretty quick that Ed was, well, not lying exactly, but exaggerating, inventing for our benefit these strange encounters, these odd turns of fate. But his fantasy amused us, and nearly every day at five we would head for that bar, like a bunch of children heading for the Saturday-afternoon movie at the neighborhood theater.

Before I had known Ed very long, I sensed that there was something beneath this unfailing good humor of his, an undercurrent of sadness. And I guessed what it was when I once asked him casually when his wife was coming to Chicago. "I don't know," he said, "Jean isn't too keen on the move."

And finally, one day when the two of us were having lunch alone, he told me that they were separated, that his transfer to Chicago had come when Jean was about to walk out anyway. He didn't say it, but it was clear just from the way he said her name that he was still crazy about her. And as the weeks passed, it became even clearer. He used to find occasions to mention her. Sometimes we would pass a girl on the street, and he would say: "Jean's hair is just about that color," or perhaps, "Jean used to have a coat like that."

Of course, to a prejudiced male eye, Ed looked like a nearly perfect husband, and we all figured Jean was a prig or worse. But, again from some stray remarks of Ed's, I gathered that his drinking hadn't always been limited to a few beers. More than that, he had used some of his exaggerations and his stories to avoid some straight talk and explanations. Somebody from New York said that he had been drifting around the field for quite a while before our firm gave him a chance.

"A woman wants security," he said to us once, and I knew he was thinking about Jean.

But he had made a fine showing in our office, and it was common knowledge that he was in line for a better job as soon as there was an opening. So I really hoped that something would come of this visit I was going to make for him in New York.

I CALLED Jean up and explained that I was a friend of Ed's. She asked me to come around that afternoon.

When I got there she was alone in the apartment. "Mother has taken Mary, my little girl, out for a walk," she said. "They ought to be back in a few minutes."

I told her that I had heard a lot about her and about Mary, and that I had been eager to meet them both.

"How about some tea?" she said, and when I said that would be fine, she excused herself and went into the kitchen.

When she came back, I found myself envying Ed a little and admiring his taste. Jean was a tall girl with soft, sandy-colored hair and deep-brown eyes: the sort of girl who would always be attractive. She had a distinctive, slow way of walking. You would pick her out in a crowd, I thought.

We sat there, drinking tea and making conversation. She asked me a few polite questions about Chicago and about our work there; I answered them politely, disturbed because I felt there was a wall between us, that I was doing Ed no good at all. Though Jean had given me no opening, I came out and said how well Ed had been doing, and I told her about the likelihood of his being promoted.

"I'm glad," she said, as if we had been talking of some old friend she hadn't seen in years and remembered kindly, but vaguely.

THEN, as I was beginning to run out of subjects, the door opened and a little brown-eyed, sandy-haired, five-year-old edition of Jean ran into the room.

"Where have you been, Mary?" I asked her.

"Out for a walk," she said.

It was uncanny, I thought, how much she looked like her mother. "Did you see anything interesting?" I asked.

"We went to the zoo," she said, "and I saw a lion and some monkeys and a tiger . . ."

When she saw that I was paying close attention to her, she looked quickly from me to her mother, and a funny look came over her face; her eyes shone, and her mouth twitched with repressed laughter. "And . . . and then . . ." She said, almost bubbling with laughter, "I saw a funny little old man. He had green hair and green eyes and a green beard."

Her own joke was too much for her. She started to laugh, the way a child does, completely. And all at once she looked exactly like Ed. She was irresistible. I was laughing myself.

I looked at Jean. Her expression was strange, a mixture of love, amusement and something else—regret, I thought. But she was laughing, too. "Oh, Mary, Mary—" she said in an odd voice, as if she were talking to somebody not in the room, to Ed.

The wall around her had disappeared; my talk had had more effect than I had realized, and now Mary's sudden outburst, the sudden imitation of her father's fantasy had brought Jean's love to the surface again.

"Don't you have anything else to say, Mary?" Jean asked, conscious, perhaps, of what I was thinking. Mr. Preston is a friend of Daddy's, and he'll be seeing him soon."

Mary looked at me with interest. "Well," she said, her eyes still shining with excitement and invention. "There *was* something else. That funny little man gave me a letter. It was from Daddy, and he said he was coming to get us in an airplane as big as this building, and he was going to take us to his new house that's all covered with snow you can eat and—"

Her grandmother called Mary, and she ran out of the room.

"I guess she's quite a handful," I said, looking after Mary.

Jean shook her head. "She always seems to be excited about something, but I wouldn't want her any different. Life would be pretty dull without her kind of imagination."

Then I was sure Jean was thinking of Ed, missing his stories and his liveliness, that all the security in the world couldn't make up for.

I looked at my watch. "It's getting late," I said. "I expect I'd better be going." I got up. "It's been a great pleasure to meet you and Mary."

"We both enjoyed your visit," Jean said, shaking my hand. And with a smile that recalled her laughter of a few minutes before, she added, "When you see Ed, tell him we're well, and—tell him we'll be seeing him soon." ▲▲▲

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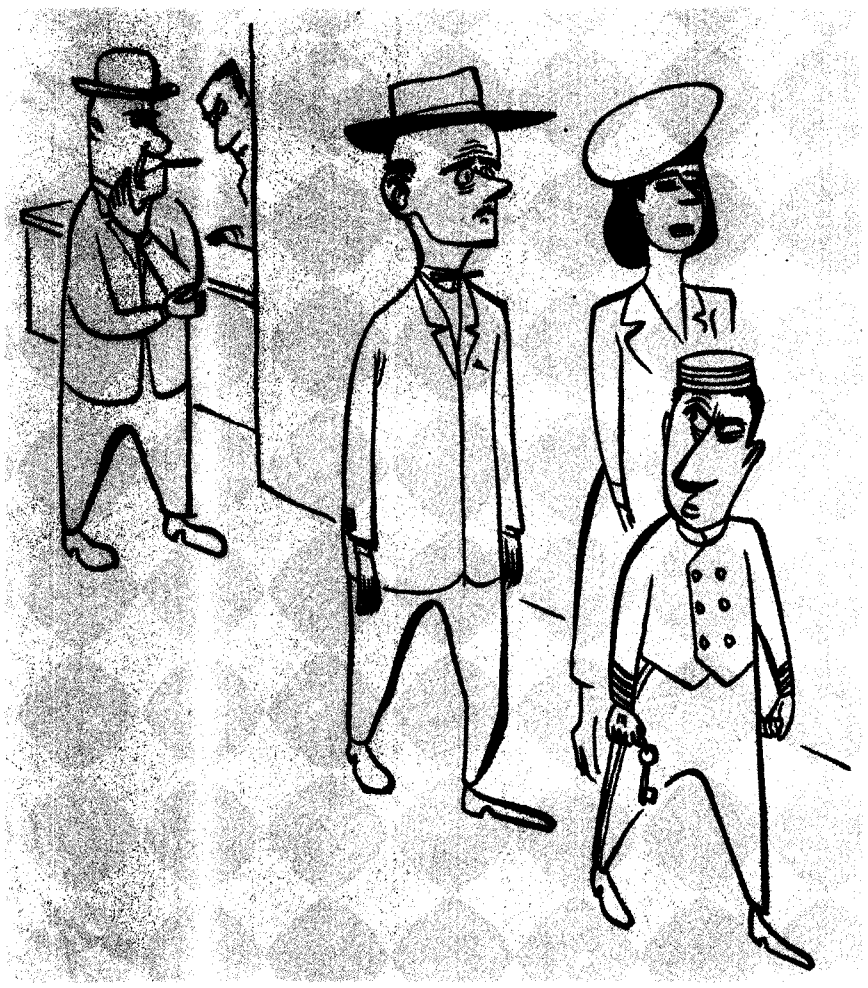
Maybe I Look Like a Crook

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

If you feel ill at ease when asking for credit, read this saga of frustration and feel superior



The bellhop will probably warn the house detective

ONE morning last August my wife walked into a strange bank in a Massachusetts town to cash a check for $50 which she had signed against our joint account 250 miles away.

"Did you have any trouble?" I asked her when she returned to our rented cottage carrying six quarts of milk, two dozen cans of beans and a case of beer.

"Trouble?" She looked puzzled. "No. Why?"

"I mean at the bank. Did you have sufficient identification?"

"Don't be silly," she said. "I just handed the man the check and he gave me the money, minus ten cents for a service charge."

"Well, I mean—didn't you even have to write your address on the back?" I asked.

"Of course not," snapped the mother of our son, as she put the beans in the refrigerator and set the beer cans on a kitchen shelf. "Do I look like a rubber-check passer or a gun moll or something?"

"No," I admitted with a sigh.

I was thinking back to the week before when I had obtained $50 from the same bank. After I had slipped the check (too furtively, I decided later) to the teller, he scrutinized it carefully, then went into the next cage to confer with a fellow teller. They examined both sides of the check, glanced at me several times and whispered something I couldn't hear. My teller then returned to his cage and asked me if I could identify myself. I produced my auto operator's license, seven credit cards from various department stores and hotels, a commutation ticket on which was pasted my photograph and, lastly, a Civil Defense document bearing my fingerprints.

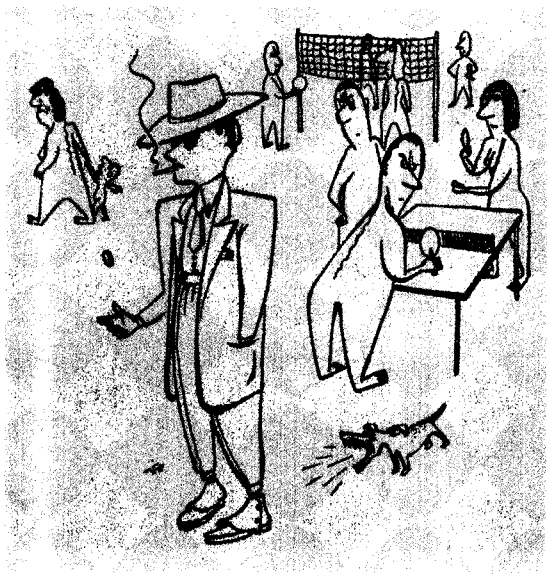
The teller read everything, compared my signature and photograph, asked me how long I was going to be in the vicinity, requested my endorsement and local address—and a dime. I licked my dry lips (a guilty gesture, I suppose) and shakily complied with his requests, feeling meanwhile as conspicuous as a guy in a nudist colony wearing a tweed suit and spats.

As the teller finally doled out the dough, I got the distinct impression he felt it was going to be deducted from his salary.

* * *

I must look like a crook, because no matter where I go, for merchandise or service involving credit, I seem to be suspect. (Before I hear loud screams from establishments with which I have been on the best of terms for years, this, boys, isn't for you.) I don't mean to carp overly about banks. But despite the fact I have a special checking account in a Manhattan financial institution, when I want to cash a modest check I do so in our office accounting department. And I make sure to call out cheerily through the window at various acquaintances working at desks inside so the girl with the greenbacks will hand them to me without asking to see a birth certificate and a character reference from my pastor.

The first and only time I cashed one of my own checks drawn against the bank in question, the teller gave me a long look, glanced significantly at a pistol lying in the cashbox and had a protracted telephone conversation with a bookkeeper while two armed guards moved in with jaws clenched. To give the bank *some* credit, I did get the money.



No matter where I go, I seem to be suspect

* * *

One of my unfavorite nightmares has to do with finding myself somewhere without funds. This has in reality happened several times, notably when I once ran up a taxi bill of $1.45 only to discover I'd left all my cash with the Bureau of Internal Revenue. "I'm sorry, Mac," I told the driver, "but I'll have to run upstairs here and borrow a fin from a friend."

"That's all right, Mac," said the driver agreeably. "I'll go up with you."

This happened to my wife, too. The only difference in the outcome was that in her case the driver smiled, said, "That's all right, lady," gave her his name and address and drove away. *Her* fare was $3.25.

You could assume from all this that my wife looks like a Conover model and that I have a sallow complexion, a shifty look and a five-inch scar on my right cheek acquired in a knife fight with a gang of counterfeiters who didn't cut me in on my share of the queer. Neither assumption is correct. My wife is certainly attractive, and I have never been frisked by the police at midnight in a cafeteria; otherwise we're pretty average.

But although I have been married to Lois for 19 years, we can't walk into a hotel minus baggage without my feeling I'm the No. 2 man on the FBI list and a forthcoming witness in a vice scandal. Hastily, I assure the clerk I will pay in advance; and when the bellboy shows us to our room, tests the tension of the window shade, makes sure the cold-water tap in the bathroom is in operating condition and drops the key on the bureau, I wonder if he is wondering why I didn't sign the register "Mr. and Mrs. William Smith" or "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones" instead of the highly unlikely—but quite legitimate—name I do sign.

"I think you better tell Murphy to keep an eye on that bum," I can imagine the hop advising the room clerk, even though—or perhaps because—I handed the lad a buck for a bowlful of ice cubes. "The dame looks okay, but *him* . . ."

I can't figure out why I should feel guilty about asking people to trust me. The other side of the picture is, I'm generally a soft touch. If a Skid Row character accosted me on the street and asked for $50 until Saturday, I'd probably give it to him—if I had it. (If I didn't have it, don't lay any bets I wouldn't take him to the bank—I mean the office—and get the scratch for him.)

Sometimes I think I haven't a brain in either head. ▲▲▲

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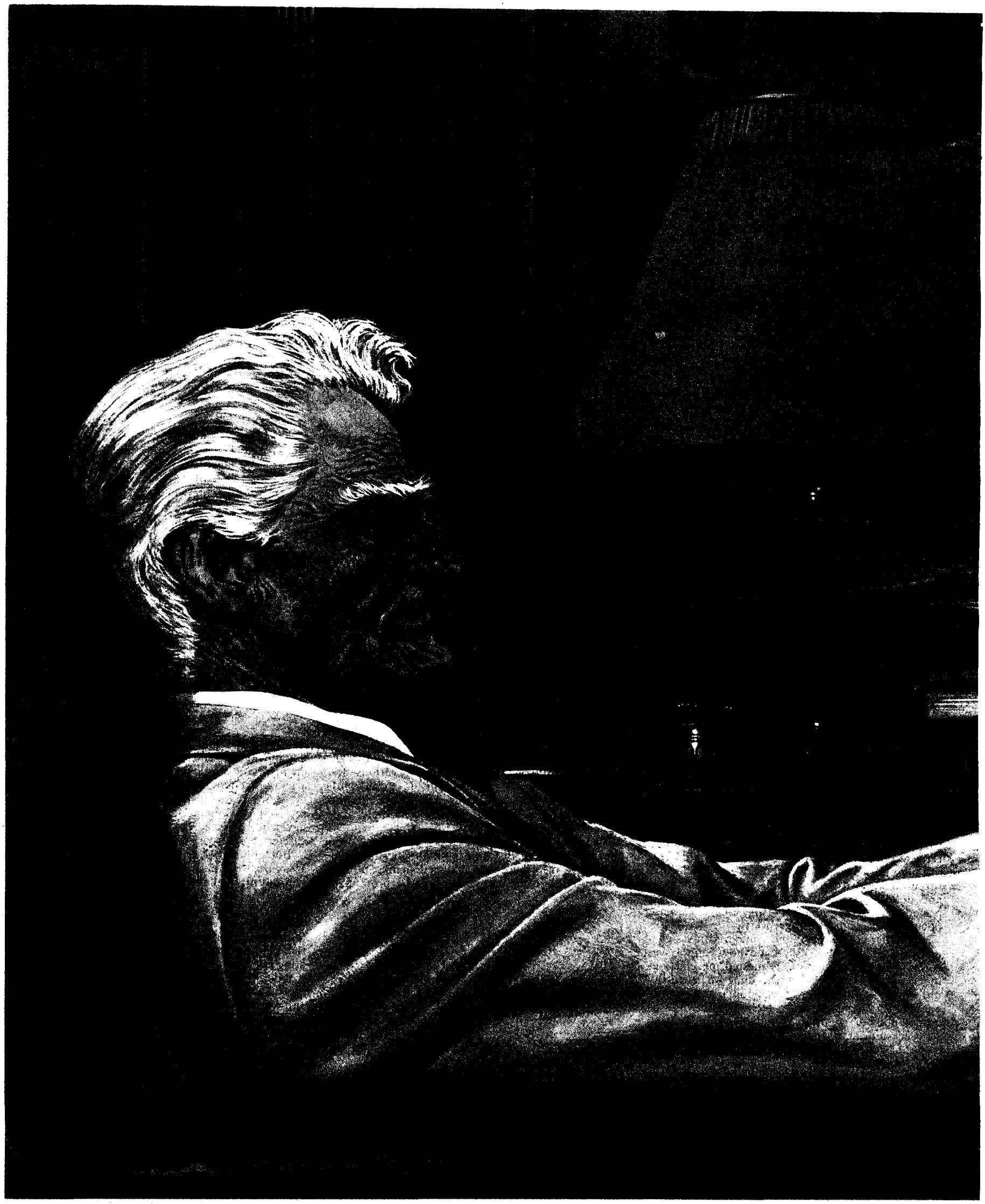

So many times nowadays he saw her in his mind, could almost smell the freshness of her hair, almost feel the firmness, the

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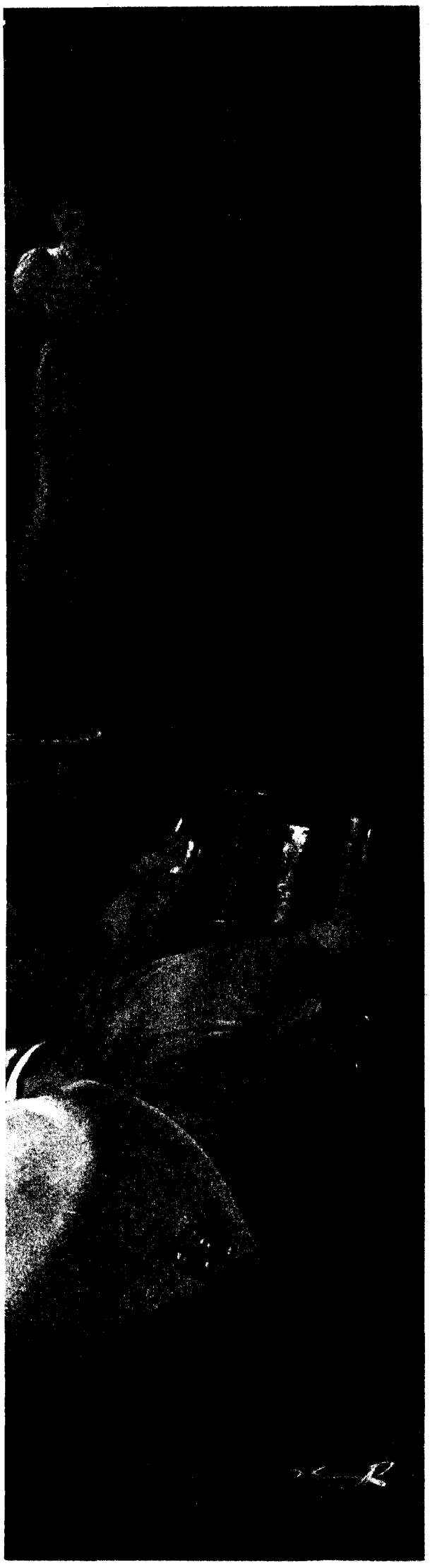

coolness of her flesh—almost but not quite

The Good Land

By WILLIAM FULLER

He loved this bountiful land he had wrestled out of the harsh Florida jungle. Just because he was a stubborn, proud old fool, must he leave it to a passel of fools?

THE old man was awakened just after dawn on his eighty-fifth birthday by a brace of crows squabbling noisily high in the branches of the slash pine tree just outside his upstairs bedroom window. He cursed the crows, mumbling flap-jawed and toothless in his anger. He fumbled his store teeth from the Mason jar of water on the bed table, popped them into his mouth, clacked them into position and resumed his crow-cursing—this time more audibly. The crows cracketed and rasped in reply.

The old man threw covers aside, swung spiky, work-gnarled feet to the naked pine floor, and, groaning, slowly straightened to his full height of six feet and four inches. His muslin nightgown flapped about his bony shanks as he made his way unsteadily to the closet across the room. He took his .22-caliber rifle from the corner of the closet and creaked back to the bed. He sat cross-legged on his bed, aimed carefully at the farthest of the two crows, squeezed, and, rapidly swinging his sights, fired again and sent the second crow plummeting to the ground after the first.

He grunted in satisfaction. He made a mental note to have Odum, the colored man who cared for his needs, patch the two holes in the screen against the mosquitoes. There were patches on almost every screen in the house, for the old man, Calhoun Sumpter, just purely did hate crows; he had hated them ever since he'd started snatching this place away from the hungry Florida jungle growth, away back there in eighteen eighty-eight. Away back there, the damage crows could have done to a man's corn and tomatoes might just have made the difference between hanging onto the place one more year, or creeping home, flat on his belly like a whipped feist, with his pa saying: "Well, now, boy—I told you. But you was too danged stubborn to heed me!"

He heard Odum calomphing up the stairs. He sat in his bed as Odum pushed, without knocking, into his room. "Lord God, Mister Cal," Odum said, his dark face mournful. "You done shot *more* holes in the screen?"

"My screen, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir, Mister Cal, but—"

The old man grinned impishly at him. A sudden wave of affection for Odum swept him. Odum had worked for him for almost as long as he could remember—ever since that night he'd found him, a lean and hungry youngster, huddling under the backdoor stoop like a scared puppy, with two tweed caps on his head and the rest of his ownings in his pocket. He'd left home in a hurry after a beating by a drunken father. Cal's wife Ophelia had complained, as usual, when he'd taken the boy in. He'd had to shush her whining with the threat of the back of his hand.

Poor Ophelia, Cal thought, more charitable now in his memories than he had ever been—discounting the first few months of their marriage—while Ophelia was still alive. Poor woman, she had not been able to take to sweating a living from the earth. She'd reluctantly borne him a son and a daughter and had then started disintegrating in the heat and the rain. He'd tried to get her to leave him in peace, to move to the nearest town rather than live away out here by the river with the nearest meetinghouse fifteen sand-rutted miles away. But she had refused, declaiming in noble self-martyrdom that she had made her bed and would continue to lie in it. And so she had stayed on—straggle-haired, sunken-cheeked, and resentful—until the quick Florida growth had claimed her, as it would claim an acre cleared in its midst, if nature were not fought back and mastered.

One thing Ophelia had done for him, though: she had helped make him a rich man. She'd driven him early from his house, and she'd kept him late in his fields. He wouldn't waste much time warming his backsides at the hearth with Ophelia whining and grumbling through her house chores. Yes, he had worked relentlessly in anger, and now his land—all fenced and seventy per cent in improved pasture—stretched farther than a man could see in all directions at noon of a cloudless day. His eight thousand odd head of cattle ran strong to the Brahma strain and were as fat, sleek and pretty as any in the Kissimmee River valley.

ODUM was still mumbling and grumbling about the holes in the screen. Cal shook his head to rid it of thoughts and memories. A man of eighty-five with an ailing heart lived—for the most part—inside his head. And the memories seemed to grow stronger each day. It seemed strange to him that he could remember some trivial thing that someone had said sixty years ago—could see the sunshine as it had shone that day, could see the expression on the man's face as he had spoken—yet could not remember what he had had for supper the night before.

". . . looks like you might remember them Herefords, Mister Cal, when you start getting mad at crows," Odum was saying.

Damn the man's impudence! If he wasn't so right, Cal thought, I'd crawl his frame for that! The shooting of the Herefords had been a foolish, petulant, stubborn, sick old man's trick—though he would admit it to no one, now or ever. And it had lost him Jack, his grandson, the only one of his kin he'd ever cared a hill of beans for—lost him, probably forever.

Jack Sumpter was all of twenty-four or twenty-five now, Cal reckoned. He was as tall and broad in the shoulders as Cal himself. His hair was reddish-brown, as Cal's had been, and there was devilment almost constantly in his blue eyes. The boy simply hated authority, couldn't stand being checked any more than Cal's prize palomino stallion Amigo could stand a curb or bit.

The boy's hatred for authority had burst for the first time into open rebellion when he'd left school at fourteen declaring that he was through with his formal education. He had hitchhiked to Lake Okeechobee and thrown in his lot with a group of hard-drinking, hard-cussing catfish fishermen. His father had had him brought back. He had taken Jack to the modern equivalent of the woodshed—his three-car garage—and had started giving him a belting. The boy had stood up to his father with his two fists and had, much to Cal's delight, whipped him fair and square.

It wasn't long before Jack ran away again, lied to a recruiting sergeant about his age, was awarded a Silver Star and a promotion to corporal on Guam,

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a Purple Heart and a promotion to sergeant on Iwo Jima. He was court-martialed later for going over the hill for a week in San Francisco, reduced to the rank of private, and subsequently discharged.

After the war he refused to work for his father, whom he despised. Cal took him on at his ranch. Ten days later Jack broke Cal's foreman's jaw in a hassel over a crap game, and Cal was obliged to fire him.

Much to his mother's and father's horror—neither of them could understand why a young man would sweat himself lean and whip-hard grubbing in the earth, when he might have gone into any one of his father's successful businesses—Jack negotiated a loan and started buying a hundred and fifty acres of virgin land along the river. He put together a tractor from junk-yard parts, moved into a falling-down shack on his property, and started clearing land for his own spread. Cal had his own ways of finding out things. The boy had his share of juke-house brawls and Saturday-night sprees, and when he was on the verge of losing his land, Cal hired him back. He settled down this time, though the wildness was still in him, and Cal was careful not to head him. The boy had a real feeling for the earth, the grass and the stock. Eventually Cal made him foreman. And after Cal's first sickness he gave over the buying and the marketing of the stock to his grandson. And then came the debacle of the Herefords.

AS AN experiment, Jack had bought five registered Hereford steers. The old man hated the animals from the moment he first laid eyes on them; the way they grazed together—fat, stolid, implacable—irritated him beyond words. He took Jack to task for buying them. Jack reminded the old man that he had been authorized to use his own judgment in the purchase of stock. There were hard words, hard feelings. Cal, his authority outraged, was unable to sleep that night. Early the next morning he took his .30-.30, had Odum drive him to the range, and shot and killed the five Herefords as they stood, then told Odum that the meat was to be a gift to the colored help on the ranch.

Jack came storming into the house an hour later. "You shoot those steers?"

"My steers, weren't they?"

"I'm hired to run this place," Jack said. "That true?"

"Maybe."

"You didn't ask me if you could shoot them, did you?"

The old man's face became mottled with rage. "Whose ranch do you think this is, you damned, ungrateful upstart, you!"

Muscles twitched in Jack's cheeks. "All right. It's your ranch. You're a damned-fool, stubborn old man, and I should have had better sense than to try and work for you in the first place. To hell with you and to hell with your job!" He wheeled and started toward the door.

"Get off my property!" Cal shouted at his broad back. And he hadn't seen Jack since then. . . .

Odum was saying something to him again. Cal shook his head. ". . . help you get dressed, Mister Cal," Odum was saying. "Folks'll be getting here real soon."

The old man grunted. He had forgotten that his kin were coming to celebrate his birthday. Fat lot they cared about him, either, the whole mealy-mouthed lot of them! They were coming to look at his stout barns and his green pasture land and to remind themselves that they hadn't much longer to wait. "I don't need any help," he told Odum.

"You ain't forgetting what the doctor says, are you, Mister Cal?"

Damn Odum's hide! Treating him like a baby. They all treated him like a baby. Just because his heart was finally giving out. No more cigars. Two ounces of bourbon a day. No more work—except a few hours weekly at his desk. No more hunting, no more fishing. And, worst of all for a man who loved horses as he did—a man who had, until he was eighty-three, sat strong and straight and sure in his saddle—no more riding. That had been the hardest blow of all, especially as he had just acquired Amigo, the finest, seventeen hands high of strong-willed, powerfully muscled, beautifully proportioned palomino stallion he had ever seen.

"Cal," Doc Grey had said, "that's about all it would take to finish you off. A man of your age has got no business on a horse anyhow—bad heart or no!" Why, Cal thought, couldn't they let an old man die in peace?

He sent Odum downstairs for a cup of coffee, bathed, and started shaving. As he scraped away at the stubborn, snow-white bristles, he damned his kin again for the misery they were causing him. Shaving in the middle of the week! That daughter of his, Dora, was probably the worst of the lot. Dora was pretty much like her mother had been: forever whining, forever complaining.

"Father," she'd told him once, "you're a disgrace to the family. Look at that beard! Look at those clothes! You look more like hired help than one of the richest men in the county!"

"Nobody cares how an old man looks," he'd told her.

"Well, *I* care. I've got a position to maintain in this town, and so has Tom. Tom says he thinks you must lie right down and roll in the compost pile before you come to town—just to be stubborn!" Tom had been her husband, a doughy lump of a pale-skinned, pale-haired man who had surprised everyone, and won Cal's grudging admiration, by finally getting a bellyful of Dora's whining and complaining and leaving her for a buxom widow half his age. Tom and Dora had produced three pale-skinned, pale-haired, unimaginative children—all grown now, all living in town, all married and with children of their own. Cal couldn't even call the names of Tom's and Dora's children and grandchildren—or pretended that he couldn't. And he wouldn't have thrown in a can of stale fish bait for the whole passel of them.

CAL had just finished shaving and was wiping his face when one of his bad times started coming on. They'd been coming oftener lately. First there was the numbness that started in his left shoulder and traveled down his left arm to his hand, and then came the constriction of his throat, the feeling of strangulation—and then the dizziness. He lurched, half falling, gasping, to the bed table where his white pills were. He choked down two of the capsules and sprawled, face downward, on his bed, waiting for the steel band around his throat to go away, waiting for life to return to his arm and shoulder.

The pills worked. He could breathe again, and the numbness was gone. He mopped sweat from his face and rose unsteadily. One of these times—and soon, too, he knew—the medicine would not save him. He accepted this fate calmly, with no fears, no real regrets. He had lived his life—all he'd wanted to live, and more, too. His only real regret was that he had not died sooner, while he was still active. He'd much rather have gone doing the things he liked to do—working, riding, hunting, fishing. This way, he knew, they would find him in bed or huddled pitifully on the floor. He rose, crossed the room on shaky legs, and commenced dressing.

"Coffee, Mister Cal?" Odum had returned and was looking anxiously at him. "You been sick again? You're looking mighty poorly."

"Never felt better," Cal lied.

"Folks has started coming."

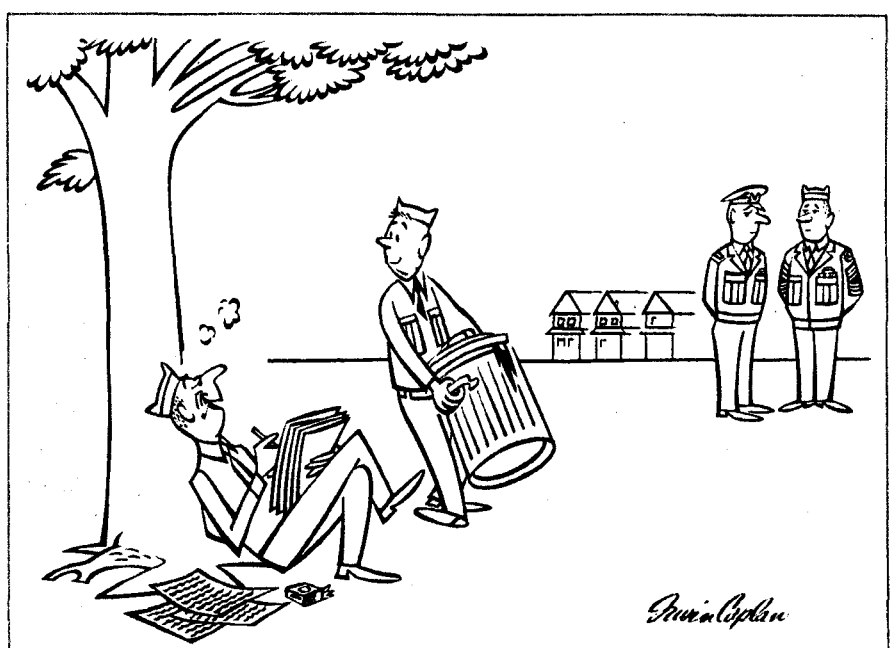
The old man tried, and failed, to fight the concern from his voice. "Mister Jack here?"

"No, sir."

Damn that Odum, Cal thought. Odum knew, and knew that Cal knew, that Jack wouldn't come today—not after that Hereford episode.

"Mister Henry and Miz Sarah, they're here."

Henry, the old man's son, and Sarah, Henry's wife, were Jack's father and mother. "Dang fools," Cal muttered. "Tell 'em I'll be right down." Henry



"Just pretend that you're writing a novel about Army life. You'd be surprised how they leave you alone"

COLLIER'S — IRWIN CAPLAN

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BUTCH

"I can see now I shouldn't have said nothin', but it struck me funny, findin' ten bucks in th' guy's shoe"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

was one of the nearest town's most successful citizens. He owned a hardware store, a real-estate and insurance business. He operated a loan company that had been forced, during the depression, to take over a number of farms and ranches that were now highly productive. He kept three large sedans in his garage and gave a hundred dollars each year to the United Drive. A solid, well-thought-of citizen—respected and admired by almost everyone in town except the members of his immediate family. His wife Sarah ruled him with an iron hand. Cal disliked him intensely.

THE old man, dressed in his linen suit, which had once been white but was now yellowed with age, made his appearance in the living room. Henry, a full head shorter than his father, gave him a limp hand and a flaccid smile. "Happy birthday, Father," he said. "And many more of 'em."

The old man grunted. Sarah kissed his leathery cheek. Now she'll start talking, Cal thought, and she won't shut up until she's home in bed asleep. "Father Cal," she said, "have you heard what Jack's doing to us *now*?"

Cal had heard. But he knew that Sarah would tell him anyway, so he shook his head.

Sarah said, "There's this dreadful, common, cheap woman—Ruth Somebody-or-other—who's working in some roadhouse out in the county, and Jack thinks he's in love with her and is threatening to *marry* her!"

"Might settle him," Cal said.

"But a woman like that! What will our friends think? He'll never bring a woman like that in *my* house. Not while I'm alive!"

The old man closed his mind to Sarah's prattle. He thought of Mary Bates. Strange, he thought, that he should think so often lately of Mary, who'd been dead for so many years. He had wondered many times lately what his life would have been like if he and Mary had married. He could see her now; see the slim grace of her; see her shining black hair, her Irish blue eyes. They had really been in love, those two—and Cal reckoned he'd always loved her, still loved her, if a man of eighty-five with a sick heart within him is capable of love. He had met her in Tampa, when he'd been stationed there waiting to be transported south to help free Cuba from Spain. They had fallen desperately in love. He had known, long before that, that he would never be happy with Ophelia, nor she with him. But he had lacked the courage to do as his heart dictated—leave his wife for Mary Bates. He hadn't been sorry for Ophelia; she had made life miserable for him. He had cared little for his children.

"Then, why, why—" Mary had wanted to know.

"I don't know," Cal had told her miserably.

BY THE time the war with Spain was over—and a sorry, mixed-up excuse for a war it was, too—Cal had made up his mind to tell Ophelia that he and Mary were in love. But by then it had been too late—Mary had married another man. And Cal had learned from subsequent letters it had been an unhappy marriage. And so it was, Cal knew now, that because of his hesitation two lives had been without fulfillment. So many times nowadays he could see Mary, could almost smell the freshness of her hair, almost feel the firmness, the coolness of her flesh—almost, but not quite. She was on the far side of a narrow, racing stream, in a shaded, secret place surrounded by blood-red hibiscus. She was leaning against the

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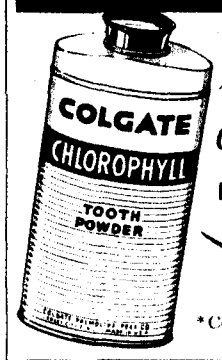

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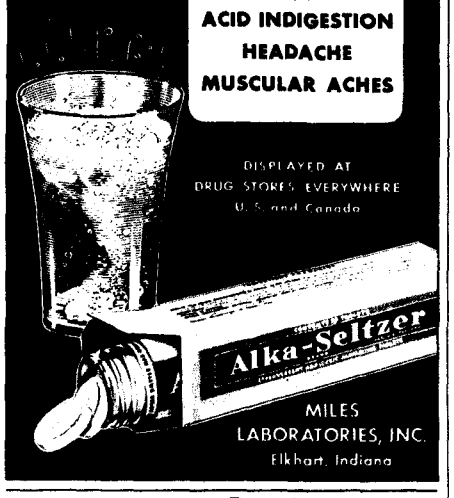

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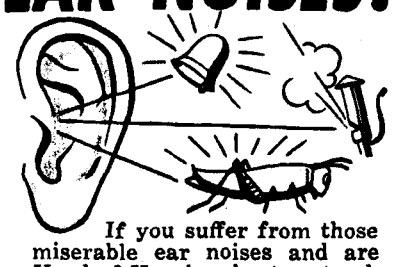

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trunk of a giant magnolia and she was smiling at him, beckoning. . . .

"Father Cal, you're not listening to me," Sarah was saying.

The old man sighed heavily.

"I said I don't know what Henry and I have done to deserve a son like Jack. Sometimes I think he must be some kind of a throwback to—"

A throwback, all right, Cal thought—a throwback to the days when a man could stand straight and proud on the land he'd cleared with his own two hands. A throwback to the days when a man's strength and independence were of more importance to him than the cars in his garage and the money in his bank account. A throwback, all right—*and Cal had lost him.*

DORA and a carload of her pale-skinned, pale-haired children and grandchildren arrived. They cluttered the living room and made it noisy with their cries of birthday greetings. Presents were stacked high on a table by the door. Tomorrow, the old man thought, he'd give the presents to Odum. What could an old man of eighty-five possibly want or use? His life was done. All he wanted was to be left in peace for the few remaining days that were left him. "Odum," he called. "Bring the bourbon!"

Dora assumed the long face that reminded Cal so much of Ophelia. "Father," she said, "please remember what the doctor says—"

Ignoring her, he poured three fingers of bourbon into the glass that Odum had reluctantly given him. "It's my birthday, ain't it?" He tossed off the whisky, cutting a sideways glance at Sarah. Sarah was always after him for using the word "ain't." He used it as often as he thought of it when she was near him. Sarah hadn't heard him; she was busy running a caressing hand over the mahogany bookcase on the far side of the room. She had become quite possessive about many of the things in his house in recent years.

"So much of your furniture is so dark and heavy, Father Cal," she had many times said. "But I can have it refinished, lightened." As wife of the oldest heir she naturally expected to have first say when it came to the distribution of the house furnishings. Even as she would talk, endlessly, her eyes would dart from one piece of furniture to the other, sizing each piece up, mentally finding a place for it in her own home, or placing a cash value on it. Well, she'd get it all right—or half of it—the old man thought now. Henry and Dora were his only heirs. In spite of his contempt for them both, the old man had a great respect for the permanence of things, for the passing down through the generations of worldly goods. That was the proper scheme of things. Sentiment—likes or dislikes—had nothing to do with it. Henry and Dora would inherit.

The good bourbon whisky he had taken was warming him. He had almost forgotten—with the piddling little two ounces a day that Doc Grey had allowed him since his sickness—how good it was. All his adult life he had admired and respected the honesty, the sincerity of good aged bourbon—and the liquor had been his friend. "Odum," he called. "The bourbon—"

"Father!" Dora said.

He grinned impishly at her. "Shut up," he said.

Henry was waving pale, soft hands. "Father," he said, "you ought to come to some decision about that downtown business property before you—"

Cal poured bourbon into his glass. "Before I what?"

"Well, you *have* been sick, and—"

"Go to hell!" the old man said.

Sam Randall appeared at the front door. Sam was the family lawyer. He was in his early sixties, but Cal thought of him as a boy. He bored Cal with his stuffy, contentious legal mind—but Cal *trusted him. Sam Randall* was the only outsider who was included in all family gatherings.

"Happy birthday, Cal," Sam said from the doorway.

"Come in, boy. Come in."

The adults other than Cal gathered around Sam, monopolizing him. Sam was treated with deference by most members of the family. Cal suspected it was because Sam was the only man—other than himself—familiar with the terms of his will. They seemed to hang on Sam's every word, to search his every statement for some clue to the disposition of the old man's wealth. Cal closed his eyes and could see them all in Sam's office as his will was being read. Henry, his soft hands fluttering, would be mentally estimating the extent of his new wealth. Sarah, silent for once, would be thinking of the envy of her friends at her good fortune; she'd be the richest woman in town, the undisputed social leader in spite of the disgrace that Jack, with his wild and rebellious ways, had brought upon her. Dora, her face long, her eyes bright with greed, and Dora's pale and listless children, *would all be hoping the old* man had not forgotten *them.* They'd all be there listening to Sam's dry and legal voice—all but Jack. Jack might be anywhere but he wouldn't be there. Because with all his faults, greed wasn't in him—and he'd leave it to the vultures to pick an old man's bones.

No one was paying any attention to Cal at the moment. He finished his bourbon, left the house, and shuffled the two hundred yards of shell path to the stables. Amigo whinnied at his approach, trembled, and tossed his great head as Cal drew near his stall. "Ho, boy, ho," he crooned, as he reached a lump of sugar toward the stallion. "Ho, boy—" The horse calmed and took the sugar. Cal stood silently admiring the beauty of the animal. The stallion had been half broken when Cal had bought him, two years before. The old man's sickness had come almost simultaneously with his purchase of the great horse, and Cal had been able to ride him only half a dozen times. And—selfishly, childishly, perhaps—Cal had allowed no one else to ride him. He remained the old man's horse and no one else's—a symbol to Cal of the days of his strength. Now he stroked Amigo's quivering shoulder, marveling at the play of supple muscles as the horse moved nervously beneath his touch.

"Still think a lot of him, huh?"

CAL turned quickly. Jack stood there, tall and straight. Beside him was a slim and lovely young girl: dark-haired, blue-eyed, and so much like Cal's own memories of Mary Bates that his knees went rubbery. He shook his head. His old man's mind, he decided, was playing him tricks. But Jack was here. A wave of exultation swept Cal. But his pride was to be considered. "What are you doing here?" he asked gruffly.

"Well, old-timer," Jack said, "maybe I'm all wrong. But I figured that maybe—in spite of the way we parted company last time—you'd like to meet my wife."

"Your wife!"

Jack grinned. "Yes, since last night."

"Sarah and Henry'll be mighty upset about this, boy."

"Let 'em be."

"What're your plans?"

"We're leaving here. I'm selling my place. It'll take a few days to get the sale through, and then we're heading West. Idaho, Oregon, California—just heading out."

Cal asked the girl, "You want him to do this?"

The girl looked at him with level, candid eyes. "He's my husband."

The old man's heart sank. Jack, a drifter, cutting his roots, giving up land he'd sweated for. He would drift from job to job, probably. It was all wrong.

Next Week

YOU'RE A SUCKER IF YOU CASH MY CHECK

A veteran con man, an alumnus of two prisons, tells how he gypped trusting people of $100,000. His account of the tricks he used is certain to amaze you

Where Are Baseball's .300 HITTERS?

There were only 17 of them in 1952. Here are the reasons why, as told by players themselves and other experts

IKE'S PIPEFITTER

What kind of man is Martin Durkin, new U.S. Secretary of Labor? Read this full report on the humble, able—and tough—plumber who is the Cabinet's most controversial figure

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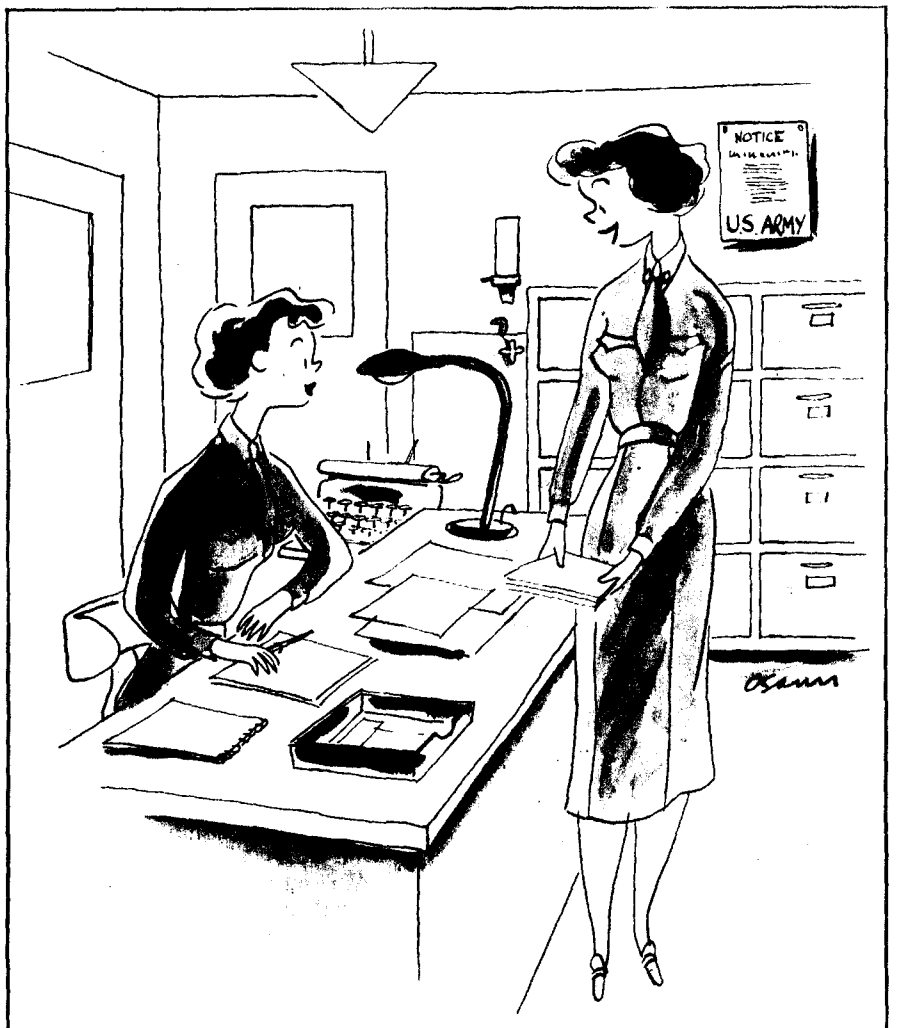

COLLIER'S

"That fresh lieutenant won't bother us again. I made a clerical error that transferred him out to Alaska"

KATE OSANN

Cal wanted with all his heart to plead with him to stay, to ask his forgiveness for the words he'd spoken in anger, to beg him to come back and run the ranch, and keep his own land, too. But Cal had never in his life asked a favor of any man. And when the words came they were not at all as he had wanted them to be.

"No use being a damn' fool, boy. You promise to behave yourself and I'll give some thought to taking you on here again."

Jack shook his head. "It won't work. Maybe for a while, but it just wouldn't last. We're bullheaded, you and me. You had your say and I had mine. I want to leave you with no hard feelings. But I could never work for you again."

The old man said harshly to the girl, "How about you?"

THE girl's eyes were bright with tears, and Cal sensed that hers had been a hard life—with little security—and that she wanted badly to stay. She moved closer to Jack, took his hand, and leaned her head against his broad shoulder—and Cal knew that this was her final answer.

The old man glared at Jack. "Damn your stubborn hide, boy! She's more than you deserve!" The anger in his voice gave way to weariness. "You coming in to tell your ma and your pa?"

"All right." Jack grinned. "We'll get it over with."

"I'm not afraid," his wife said.

From the end of the long living room Jack said proudly, defiantly, "This is my wife Ruth." In the openmouthed silence that followed Jack's announcement, Ruth—her body straight, slim, poised, her face a little pale—walked straight to Sarah and held out her hand. "I'm glad to know you, Mrs. Sumpter."

Sarah reluctantly took Ruth's hand. At a loss for words, she simply stared at her. Ruth returned her gaze steadily. Sarah dropped the hand and turned away. Ruth went to Henry. Before the girl's straightforward and obvious sincerity, Henry giggled and fluttered like some gauche and self-conscious child, and Cal, watching him, turned away in disgust.

Ruth met the others, and it was only Sam Randall who greeted her with warmth and sincerity. Then Jack said, "We'll go now. There's lots to be done in the next few days. We're pulling stakes, Ruth and me. We're selling out and heading West."

Cal watched Sarah and Henry. They both looked relieved. They thought alike, and Cal could read their minds. He'll be back, they were thinking, as soon as he finds out that life with a cheap little tramp like her is no bed of roses. He'll be back—without this woman. And in the meantime Sarah would be spared the social awkwardness of the situation. And Henry—who had a pretty good idea why women of this sort married the scatterbrained sons of wealthy fathers—would, quite possibly, save himself a respectable sum of money. Yes, it was much better that Jack and this woman went away.

The old man walked to the driveway with Jack and Ruth. They all stopped at Jack's car. The two men, so much alike, victims of the same pride and stubbornness and independence, faced each other.

"Well, you know what you're doing, I reckon," Cal said.

"Yeah," Jack said. "I reckon."

Ruth stood beside them, sympathy for them both apparent on her face. If she would only speak, Cal thought. One word from her might break the barrier between them. But in his heart he knew that she wouldn't. Her husband's way must, because she loved him, be her way. Cal cursed the stiff pride within him that made it physically impossible for him to reach out and embrace both of them.

He cleared his throat. "Well," he said, "I think you're a fool. But good luck to you."

"Thanks, old-timer." Jack grinned stiffly. "Take good care of yourself." He hesitated for a moment, then took Ruth's hand, and turned.

THE old man went back into the house. Birthday festivities went on around him. He answered when spoken to, was even strangely polite to the group; he was submissive to Dora's complaints and patient with Sarah's prattling, attentive even to Henry's constant concern with the making of more money. But his mind was not on the things that were being said.

"Sam," he whispered, as the others were preparing to leave. "You stay for a few minutes."

He waved his family good-by, then led Sam to the library and made stiff bourbon highballs for them both. Then he went to his strongbox, took out his copy of his will, and tore it up. "There's a pen and paper beside you, Sam," he said. "I want you to make a new will. You write down what I say. It won't take long." He started dictating.

"Cal," Sam said. "Think it over."

"I've thought it over."

"But—"

The old man grinned. "It's my property, ain't it?"

The new will—short and to the point—was made, and witnessed by Sam and then Odum, who had no idea that he was signing a document that would make him independent for life.

When Sam had gone, Cal sat in the library until Odum's room was dark. He reached for the bottle of bourbon beside him, tipped the bottle to his lips, and drained it. For months he hadn't felt better, hadn't thought as clearly. Jack Sumpter, he knew, would never leave this land if it were his. And though Mary Bates had never lived here with him, Ruth, who in his own mind had come to resemble Mary so much, would live here in her stead. They would wail and moan, the rest of them, and they would say that he had been selfish, stubborn, contentious, right up to the end. And perhaps they would be partially right.

He put the empty bottle on the floor beside him. He crossed the room to his desk. His white pills—Doc Grey had insisted that he keep a box of them in each of the rooms—were there. He dashed the box to the floor, and the pills scattered.

Amigo stood strangely still for him as he bridled him and lifted the heavy stock saddle to the animal's back. He quivered only slightly as Cal, his body wet with sweat and his mouth brassy, labored into the saddle. The corral gate was open, and, beyond it, the good land that Cal had cleared with his own hands lay shimmering beneath moon-shot, lowland mists. Beyond the cleared land, at the river's edge, were the bayheads. Cal closed his eyes and saw the great magnolia and the blood-red hibiscus among the bays.

Mary Bates was leaning against the magnolia, and Cal could see her lovely smile and her outstretched, beckoning arms.

He gave Amigo his head. The stallion gathered his massive strength and thrust forward toward the river. ▲▲▲

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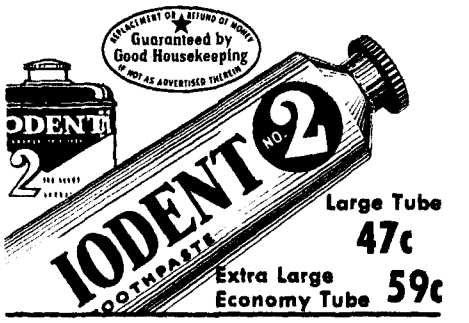

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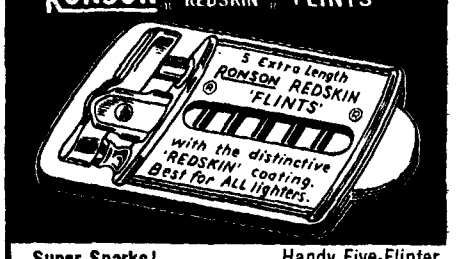

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Round the World with the

How do Malayans like their basketball? A famed exhibition team found out by living u

SINCE 1927, I've been the owner-coach of a professional basketball team. Once they were called the Savoy Big Five, because they played their home games in the Savoy Ballroom on Chicago's south side. But then we had to move, and I changed the team's name to the Harlem Globetrotters. That's what they've been called ever since—Harlem, to identify us as a Negro team, and Globetrotters because I hoped people would think we'd been around.

But we hadn't been around, and for years that bothered me. Even after we had barnstormed all over the United States, I fretted because we couldn't really justify that grandiose title.

I fret no more. Last year the Globetrotters by name became globetrotters in fact. Together with the New York Celtics, another topflight pro exhibition team, we traveled around the world, by chartered plane, train, bus, gondola and even camel. In 168 days, we whirled 51,850 miles through 34 countries. We played 141 games before 1,500,000 spectators in 87 cities, starting at Recife, Brazil, on April 19th and winding up at Honolulu on October 1st.

It was a great trip. We had visited Europe in 1951, but nothing that happened then had prepared us for our 1952 round-the-world junket. We played literally any hour of the day or night. In siesta countries like Spain and Portugal, local promoters started our games at one o'clock in the morning! We started another game, in the Philippines, at 7:30 A.M. (to avoid midday tropical heat), on a solid mahogany court hewn out of the jungle.

We weren't fussy about accommodations. We played indoors or outdoors; in drained swimming pools, bull rings, opera houses, airplane hangars and baseball parks; in fog, rain and sunshine; in temperatures ranging from a finger-numbing 33 degrees at Amsterdam, Holland, to a blistering 120 degrees at Taipeh, Formosa. It was so hot at Taipeh, our players had to wear water-soaked towels, wrapped turban style around their heads.

As might be expected, our schedule was subject to change without notice. At Athens, we were booked for an afternoon game on an asphalt court hurriedly constructed in a soccer stadium. But 100-degree temperatures made the asphalt pudding-soft. So we postponed the game until 10:00 P.M., and hardened the court by hosing cold water over the hot asphalt for seven hours. Next, we dusted the water-slick surface with a special powdery absorbent similar to the stuff the Navy uses to give sailors better footing on slippery decks.

Five minutes after the game started, it began to rain—hard. Instead of quitting, our players donned their hooded, knee-length rain jackets and kept right on dribbling. When their canvas shoes became sopping wet, they took them off and splashed around in their bare feet. I don't think even the Greeks have a word for the kind of basketball the Trotters played that night. Yet nobody in the capacity crowd of 11,000 went home early. At least, nobody asked for a ticket refund.

Our share of the gate receipts was 79,679,325 drachmas. Next morning, I took my drachmas to an Athens bank in a cardboard box. Sorted in stacks, the paper currency—ranging in denomination from 100 to 10,000 drachmas—made a pile three feet long, two feet high and two feet wide.

A drachma, I hasten to add, is worth 1/15,000th of a dollar, so our Athens stopover grossed about $5,300. That wasn't an enormous amount, considering the size of the bale of drachmas, but I got a kick out of banking the Greek currency because it recalled a December evening in 1927 when the Globetrotters made their première in the Loyola University gym in Chicago. Admission was 35 cents, and there were 27 people in the crowd. Afterward, the promoter, who had guaranteed us $25, said: "Abe, we took in $9.45."

In 1948, Abe Saperstein told Collier's Bill Fay: "A basketball boom is on the way in South America. The Philippines, too. I never saw anything like Manila. All the kids play the game. You'd think you were in Evansville, Indiana." That was the idea that developd into a world tour last year for Saperstein's famous Harlem Globetrotters. The team already had visited most of the United States, besides Europe, Canada, Mexico and Cuba

"How about making our end five dollars?" I suggested. "That'll be a buck for each of the boys."

At that bleak moment, I had absolutely no reason to suspect that the Globetrotters would develop into one of basketball's most popular attractions, much less take a trip around the world. I was then twenty-seven years old, basketball-crazy, too small (5 feet 3 inches) to play well, not experienced enough to coach—but young enough to be optimistic.

Fortunately, my optimism was justified. Over the last 25 years, basketball has become America's No. 1 spectator sport, and the Globetrotters have kept pace with basketball. We've traveled farther (about 2,000,000 miles) and performed before more people (some 12,000,000) than any other professional team.

The Trotters, as you can see, should know something about basketball crowds. Even so, our players were amazed at the enthusiasm of the fans who paid American-scale prices ($1 to $3) to watch our world-tour exhibitions. Judging from the hoop hysteria the Trotters encountered on five continents, I'll make this prediction: Before the next Olympic Games in 1956, basketball will be recognized as *the* world sport.

Even now, all over the world, more people seem to be playing basketball than any other sport. That's really something, when you consider that basketball is one of the youngest major sports. It wasn't even invented until 1891.

Even the Reds have gone hoop-crazy. We weren't permitted behind the Iron Curtain (although we carried on negotiations through the Russian embassy in Washington for 18 months), but I've been told that 1,000,000 Russians are taking part in a nation-wide program aimed at Olympic victory in 1956.

But I don't believe the Russians, or anybody else, are as balmy over basketball as the Filipinos. They're the world's most enthusiastic, most critical fans. They actually booed us in our opening game in Manila, because we were more interested in putting on an exhibition than in playing for blood. Here's what happened:

Before a cheering, capacity crowd of 12,000, the Trotters accumulated a comfortable 55-39 lead over the Celtics, who were led by Tony Lavelli, the former Yale All-American. Then Marques Haynes, our sensational dribbler, touched off one of the clowning routines that have been the Trotters' trade-mark for the last 20 years.

Starting from mid-court, Haynes went into his dribbling act, running, sliding, sprawling, but always keeping the ball under perfect control. Haynes has such a delicate touch that he can execute a dribble only one inch high, and he's so agile he can keep the ball away from two or three opponents almost indefinitely.

Everywhere we had played, Haynes's dribbling had absolutely wowed the spectators. At San Remo, on the Italian Riviera, exiled Queen Narriman of Egypt was so captivated by Haynes that she sent an attendant to the dressing room to request Marques's autograph. Later, Haynes's dribbling also won the approbation of the Sultan of Morocco and Aly Khan. Marques was the darling of royalty, all right, but when he started dribbling in Manila, the Filipinos booed—long and loud.

Startled by this unprecedented outburst, the Trotters switched to their football routine. From mid-court, gangling Goose Tatum drop-kicked a field goal. Now, drop-kicking is a lost art, even in football. However, by practicing hundreds of hours, Goose has acquired amazing accuracy. He invariably kicks the ball *near* the basket (a feat in itself), but the odds against his lofting the ball *into* the basket must be about 300 to 1.

I almost fell off the bench when Goose's kick swished the net for a bull's-eye. But those fans kept right on booing.

I found out why after the game. Filipinos are so enthusiastic about basketball they thought our clowning was downright sacrilegious. They wanted straight basketball—and no funny stuff!

Oddly enough (as I explained to the Manila sports writers), the Trotters can't stop their clowning. No team can play upward of 300 games a year at top speed. To conserve energy, the Trotters bear down for about 22 minutes of each game—and take it easy the other 18 minutes. However, we disguise our stalling with razzle-dazzle ball-handling displays and comedy routines—during which the ball moves but the players' feet stand still! Even Haynes's dribbling is a glorified stall. While he's dribbling, his four teammates are resting.

But the Filipinos wouldn't stand for that. During the remainder of our nine-game stopover in the Philippines, the Trotters cut the comedy and played 40 minutes of straight basketball per game. The players had to work almost twice as hard as usual, and Tatum quipped: "Abe, if we stay here much longer, you'll have to pay us for overtime."

In Manila, a wealthy sugar plantation owner named J. Amado Armeta made what I considered

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Globetrotters

By ABE SAPERSTEIN with BILL FAY

its name with a global tour

a fantastic offer. Armeta offered to pay $5,000, plus expenses, for a Trotters-Celtics exhibition at Bacolod City, two hours by air from Manila.

Armeta just smiled when I told him he'd lose money. "Look," I said, "you'll have to transport 27 players—15 Globetrotters and 12 Celtics—plus our two referees, Pat Kennedy and Ellie Hasan. What's more, we carry four entertainers—Ray Wilbert, a hoop manipulator; Jack Cordon, who juggles while he's riding a unicycle; and the Tumbling Farrises, Les and Bev. They're trampolin artists."

"Bring them all," Armeta said, "and don't worry. We'll make money."

Money No Object to This Promoter

At Bacolod City, I discovered that Armeta owned eight plantations employing 81,000 people. He had constructed a solid mahogany court in a beautiful jungle setting, and he had sold 12,000 tickets at 10 to 25 pesos each (about $4 to $10). He grossed about $30,000, the largest gate of our entire tour. (By way of contrast, our largest crowd—the 50,376 in Rio de Janeiro—paid $20,991 at the turnstiles, and our opening night in Paris—a 12,000 sellout—grossed $17,142.) In a way (a nice way), Armeta did lose money on the deal, though: he donated all gate receipts, less our guarantee, for the construction of a church in Bacolod City.

What with keeping track of 34 players, referees and entertainers all the way around the world, I didn't have much time to keep a diary. But here are some highlights of the tour I'll never forget:

In Buenos Aires, capacity crowds of 22,000 turned out eight straight nights. On opening night, there were 10,000 fans in the stands at Luna Park three hours before game time. Afterward, the players were surrounded by about 1,500 souvenir-hunting fans.

We escaped without even the loss of a necktie, and I can thank our 1951 European tour for that. On the European junket, we were mobbed time after time, and more than once our players literally lost their shirts—and their coats, ties and trousers—to enthusiastic souvenir hunters. So we knew what to expect on the world tour.

We licked the problem with rabbits' feet.

Actually, the rabbits' feet were fakes—life-size chunks of simulated white fur pinned to a "good luck" button. All the players carried at least a couple dozen of them in their equipment handbags at all times. They worked fine. In Buenos Aires, we handed out hundreds: the total for the entire tour was about 50,000.

We started the European leg of the tour at Wembley Stadium, London, on June 2d. The British like basketball. Playing on a wooden floor laid down in the Empire pool, we enjoyed six straight nights of sellout crowds (8,000 each); then we flew to Amsterdam to pick up our two Globetrotter buses, which had been shipped overseas from New York.

We played our first outdoor game at Lille, France. Afterward, we were guests at a party where, for the first time in their lives, our players were toasted with champagne.

Fifteen thousand fans saw us for three consecutive evenings in Paris—and we saw Paris, too, from the Eiffel Tower to Pigalle. We also saw the Communist-inspired "Go home, Americans!" signs

Famous Globetrotter comedy star Goose Tatum kept his head warm as he lobbed one in for a score against Trotters' travel mates, the New York Celtics, at Palais des Sports, in Paris

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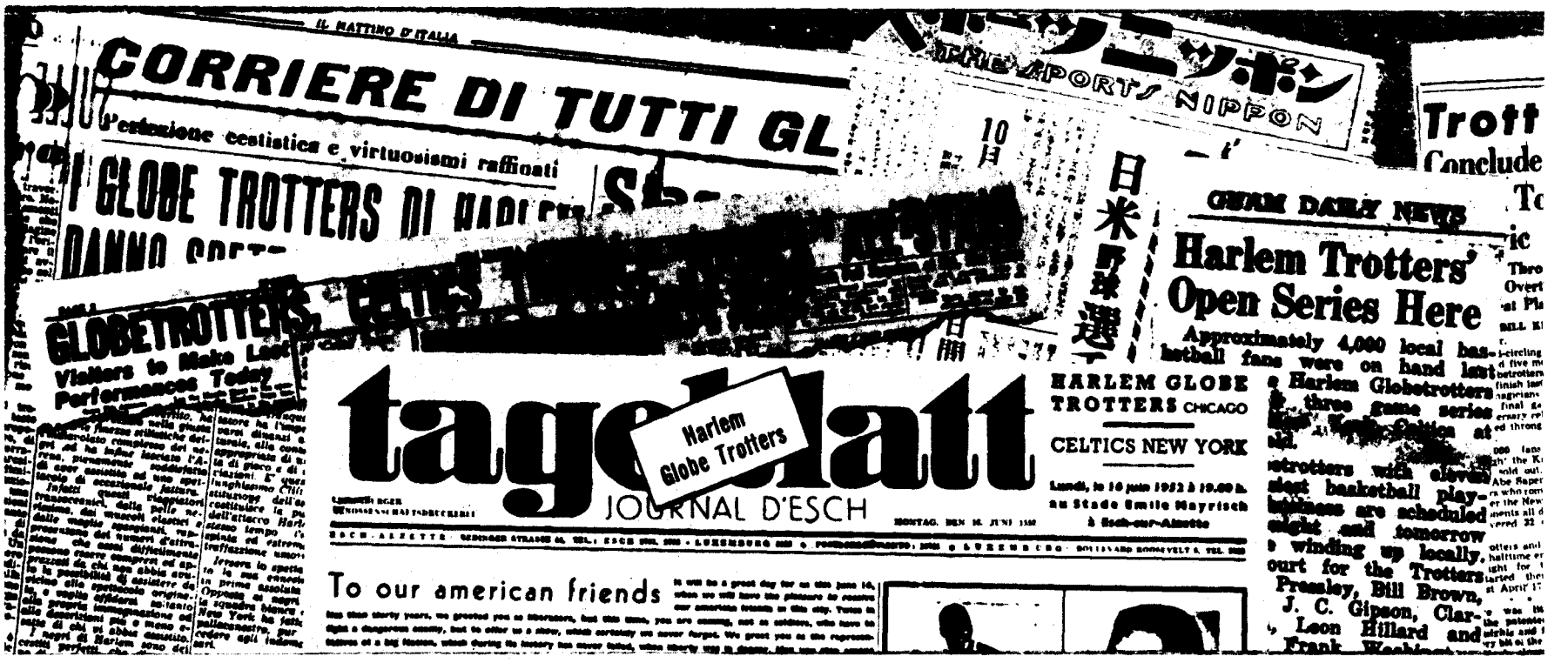


which later popped up profusely in Germany and Italy.

The Globetrotters are a basketball organization. We don't pretend to be propagandists or diplomats. But I'm proud of something a French newspaper editor said during our stay: "The Red press in Europe pours out propaganda that American Negroes are enslaved. The Globetrotters are refuting these lies in the most spectacular way possible. Their mixed party is almost half Negro. The players—Negro and white—travel together, stopping at the best hotels and eating at the finest restaurants. When people see the Globetrotters, they know the Red propaganda can't be true!"

The Trotters did eat well, as any gourmet can testify after scanning this All-World menu selected by the Trotters after their return to New York: shrimp cocktail at the New Osaka Hotel restaurant, Japan; St. Germaine pea soup at the Coq Hardy, near Paris; roast duck at Leoni's Quo Vadis in London; spaghetti from Alfredo's in Rome; salad at the Richmonde Hotel, Geneva, or the Princess restaurant in Singapore; a baked potato from the Frankfurter Hof in Frankfurt; and, for dessert, those strawberries (almost as big as baseballs) served with sour cream at the Canterbury Hotel restaurant in Brussels.

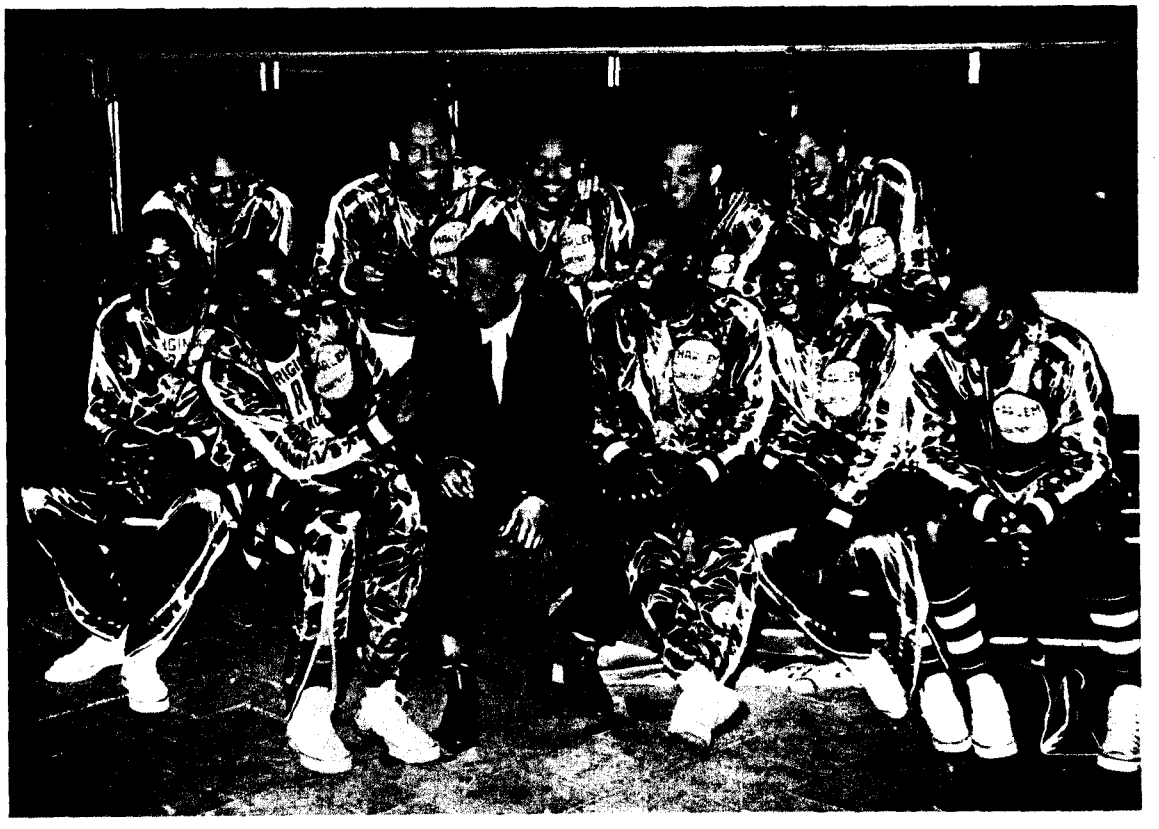
The most memorable audience of the entire trip was also the smallest—in fact, the smallest in Trotters' history. It was just one man—Pope Pius XII. His Holiness, who received us at his summer home about 20 miles from Rome, spoke to each player and gave us his blessing. Then he sat down on a chair, and the Trotters, forming a ring around him, staged their spectacular circle drill, which features fancy passing and tricky ball handling. Afterward, the Pope remarked: "My, but they are a clever group of boys." He visited with us for 45 minutes. (His next audience was with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and—we were told later—they stayed only 18 minutes!)

Our visit to the Pyramids in Egypt would have made a great comedy for Hollywood. The players wrapped scarves around their heads, Arab style, as protection against the searing sun. Our guide offered a choice of horses or camels for transportation. Everybody except Pop Gates prudently asked for a horse. Pop took a camel, and here is his description of what happened:

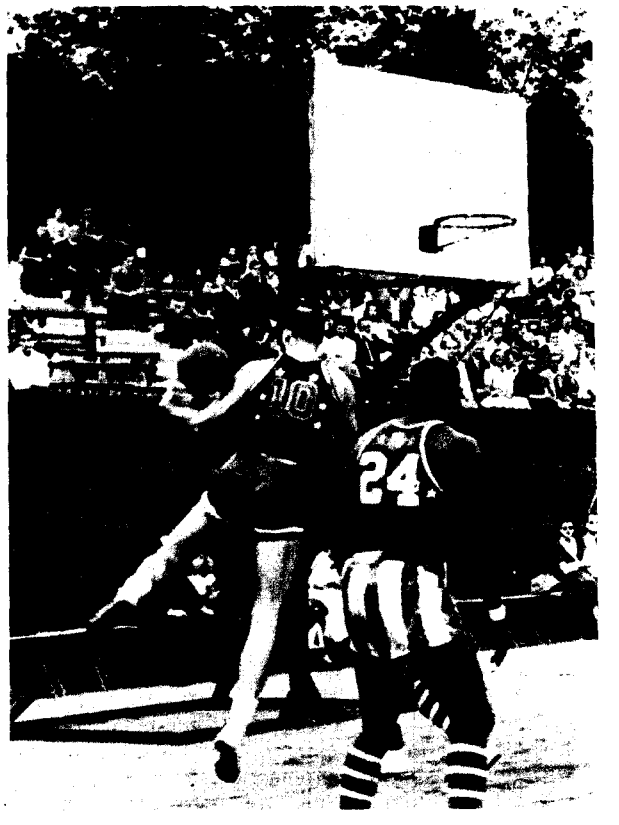
"The camel was lying down, and I got on the blanketed saddle, figuring, 'This isn't much different from riding a horse.' But it was a lot different. Most animals get up from the ground forefeet first. A camel does it hind end first—and fast! I sailed right over his head!"

By way of contrast with Pop's sad experience, the most soothing transportation the Trotters experienced was a four-block gondola ride in Venice, which lasted about 15 minutes and cost only $1.75 for our party of 34. We've traveled in a lot of New York taxis which made slower time, covering approximately the same distance, between our hotel and Madison Square Garden!

A 33-hour flight carried us from Cairo to Bangkok, Thailand. En route, we hit some rough air which almost put Tony Lavelli out of business. Tony, the Celtics' captain, doubled on tour as accordionist and musical director of our half-time vaudeville show. The tremendous jar of the down-



Randy Turpin (center), onetime conqueror of Sugar Ray Robinson, visited touring hoopsters during their London stay. Trotters played before six straight sellout crowds in Britain



Globetrotters and Celtics played many of th exhibitions in makeshift open-air courts li

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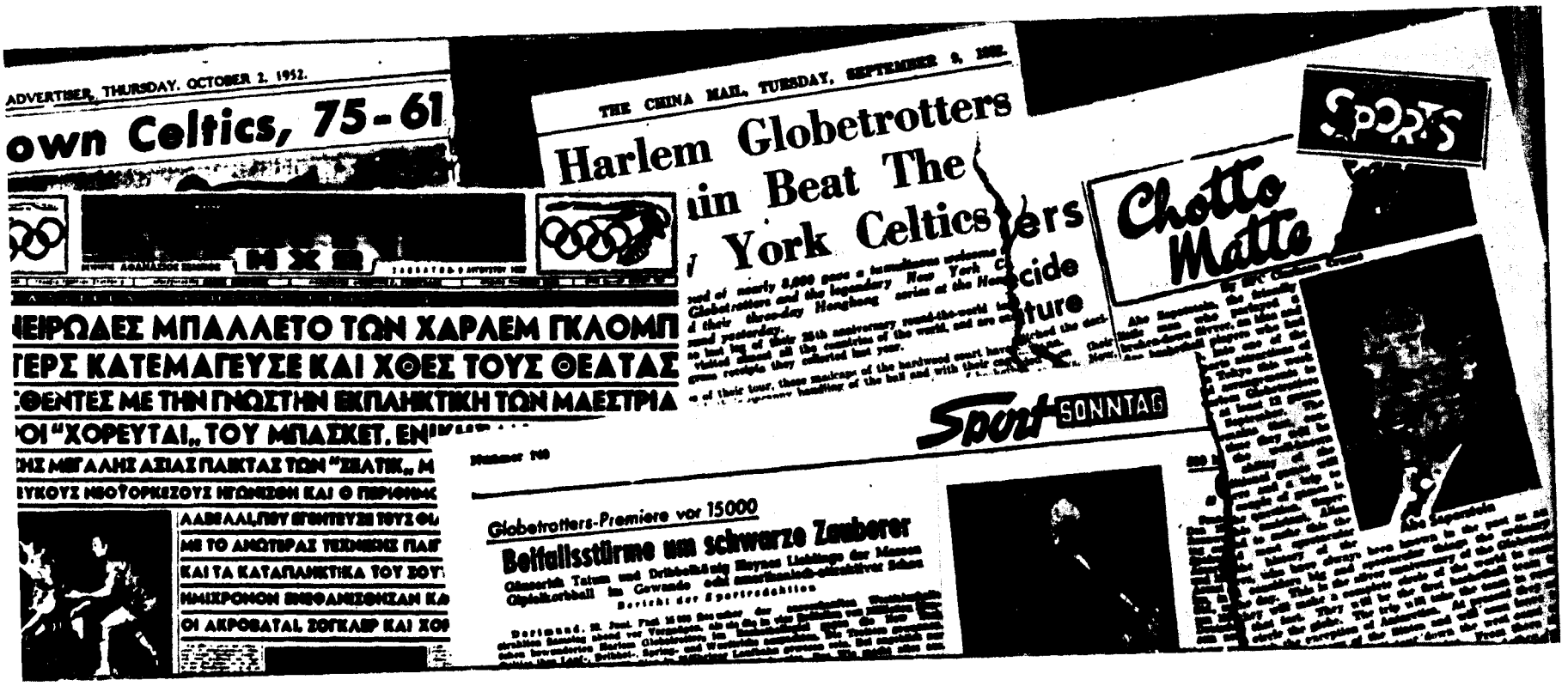

draft we ran into jammed Tony's accordion—a discovery he made, much to his embarrassment, when he attempted to tune up in front of our first Bangkok audience.

In the Far East, temperatures climbed to a high of 126 degrees at Kuala Lumpur, capital of the Malay States, and our players lost from 10 to 20 pounds each over a two-week period. As a further complication, an overzealous promoter at Kuala Lumpur sold 40,000 tickets for an outdoor stadium seating only 20,000. So we tried to play a doubleheader. After the first game, a torrential rain came down. The second-game crowd sat for two hours in a virtual monsoon, so the boys went out in raincoats and tried to play, but they had to quit after 20 minutes. It was raining so hard the players could scarcely follow the ball.

Our next stop was Manila, where we were booed. From there, we went to Hong Kong—where we were hissed! A crowd of 14,000 Chinese squeezed into the Happy Valley Stadium, a strange auditorium with bamboo walls and a thatched roof. Until you've heard 14,000 people hiss, you've missed one of life's unusual sounds. The hissing worried us until we found out it was intended as applause.

Our reception in Tokyo was fantastic. At least 5,000 fans and more than 100 cameramen and newsreel photographers met us at the airport. A motorcade of 15 convertibles, filled with lovely dancing girls, paced our welcoming parade to downtown Tokyo. Three helicopters flew above the motorcade, and office workers hurled confetti from the downtown buildings. We experienced more of the same kind of welcome at Yokohama, Nagoya and Osaka. Throughout our stay in Japan, we played in baseball parks before crowds ranging from 15,000 to 35,000.

Unfortunately, most of the native players we observed in the Far East were handicapped by their lack of size. The best Filipino performer was Ponchiano Saldana, of Manila, who has terrific drive and is a great floor man.

Saldana would be included on the Trotters' All-World Team, along with Tom Furlong, a rugged six-footer who plays with the Argentine Olympics and recently spurned an offer from the Minneapolis Lakers; José Santos, a six-foot, three-inch forward from Monterrey, Mexico, who is a great hook-shot artist; Marc Quibbler, a barrel-chested guard from Lyon, France; and Wong Ni-cheun, a gangling Chinese who plays with the Seven Tigers of Formosa. I'd win a lot of games with that team.

I want to say a good word for my own boys, too: fellows like Tatum and Haynes, Ermer Robinson, Clarence Wilson, Josh Grider and Bill (Rookie) Brown—and for such Celtic stars as Lavelli, Bob Karstens, Joe Lyles, Bob Clark, Bob Luksta and Claudell Overton. The Celtics did a swell job on the tour. Of the 141 games, they played us in 90; the rest of the games pitted the Trotters against local competition.

Will the Trotters make another world tour someday? Probably not. The traveling is hard on the players, and even harder on the bank roll. Despite the tremendous crowds, the trip resulted in a net loss of about $40,000. But this tour was well worth while. It was the thrill of a lifetime. And in what better way could we have celebrated our 25th anniversary? ▲▲▲

EUROPEAN

his one in Germany. Teams also performed in everything from airplane hangars to opera halls

WIDE WORLD

Most memorable audience of trip consisted of one spectator: Pope Pius XII. Globetrotters and Celtics party visited with the Pope for 45 minutes, later exhibited trick plays for him

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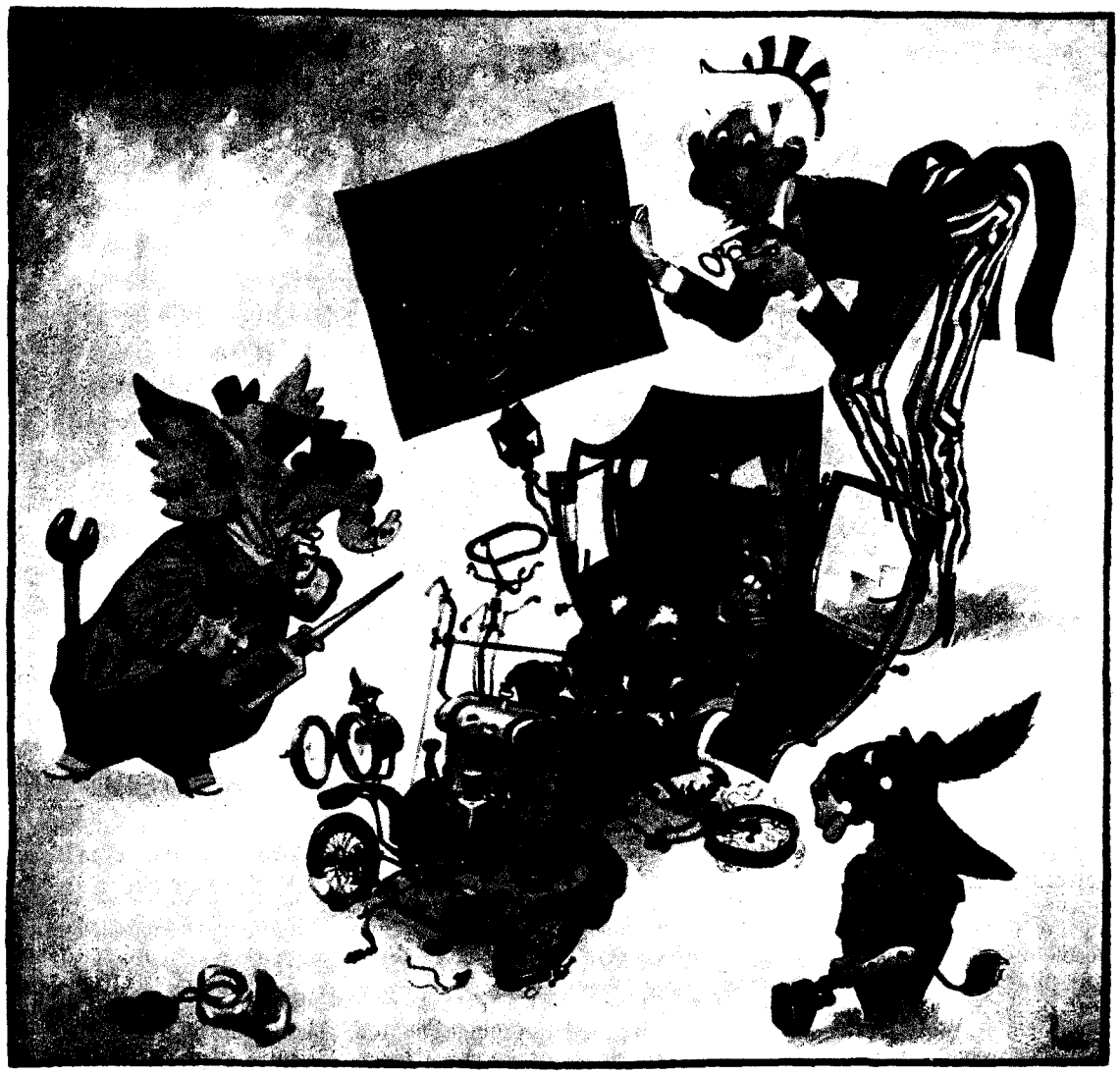

LOWELL HESS

Blueprint for a New Model

IT WAS THE American people's good fortune to have a choice between two excellent candidates in the last Presidential election. But that good fortune reflects no credit upon the antiquated, undemocratic convention system by which those candidates were chosen, and about which Senator Estes Kefauver makes some justifiable complaints in this issue of Collier's.

Senator Kefauver speaks as more than an unsuccessful office seeker, even though he frankly confesses to his disappointment in missing the Democratic nomination for President. Long before the convention, as he points out, he had joined a bipartisan movement to streamline the American electoral machinery to conform to twentieth-century realities. Mr. Kefauver generously admits to an admiration of his party's choice which was shared by many millions of his countrymen. But, even so, we think the senator made a good case for his contention that the popular will was by-passed in favor of some strong-arm political methods in Chicago that helped assure the selection of Governor Stevenson.

We give an enthusiastic second to Senator Kefauver's current proposal that preferential Presidential primaries be made nation-wide, and that the conventions be governed by the first choices of the country's voters in choosing their Presidential nominees. We say amen to his suggestion that the Vice-Presidential candidates be named from among those men whom the people consider to be of Presidential stature.

We agree with the senator's plan to make the electoral vote conform more accurately to the popular vote. We welcome his agreement with this magazine's contention that active political campaigning should be limited to about a month's duration. And, in addition, we think that something should be done—particularly in view of the new constitutional limit on two terms for one President—to assure a shorter, more orderly and legally designated means for the transfer of authority from one administration to the next.

There is no reason why all this cannot and should not be done, because there is nothing so sacred or perfect about our method of choosing and installing Presidents as to prohibit change. Modes of living and thinking have altered drastically since that method was first established. It has already been amended to some extent, and it ought to be amended further.

Most of the laws and customs which govern the American political process date from the days when the country's economy was largely agricultural, and when the horse was man's swiftest means of transportation. We still vote in November because once upon a time it was more convenient for farmer citizens to take the day off when all the harvests were over. Until recently we inaugurated Presidents in March because, in the days of the republic's infancy, roads were likely to be impassable earlier in the year. We still nominate candidates for President some four months before election because the nominees needed that much time in horse-and-buggy days to show themselves to even a small portion of the electorate.

In addition to all that, the authors of the Constitution were by no means unanimous in their respect for the people's intelligence, or in their confidence in the people's ability to choose their governments wisely. So they built a political structure through compromise, with a delegation of authority to the electors, which carried over more than a hint of aristocracy into the new democracy.

Thus what seemed sensible and practical 150 years ago is awkward and cumbersome, or worse, today. It is time that our lawmakers took cognizance of the existence of trains, automobiles, airplanes, radio and television. It is time they admitted that the uncertain compromises of the 1790s have become the vehicles of undemocratic bossism, deals and trades. And the time to do something about the whole situation is now.

It may take two or three years to bring about the necessary changes. There will still be stubborn defenders of the *status quo* to contend with. And even when they are won over or voted down, the process of amending the Constitution is no overnight matter. So we hope that the members of the new Congress who believe in the need of change will make electoral reform an early order of business. It will be one of the finest contributions that the new administration can make to the cause of truly democratic government.

Beyond and Above Politics

AS THE REPUBLICANS take over control of Congress, we should like to pay a tribute to some members of the departing majority in both House and Senate. We can't recall all of their names, but that in itself may be part of the tribute. For they were men who took a minimum of bows while doing a lot of valuable work.

We refer to the Democratic heads of committees who did a thorough, businesslike job of uncovering the well-known "mess in Washington," while the Joe McCarthys did most of the feather-preening and chest-thumping. The fact is sometimes forgotten or overlooked that it was Democrats who started and engineered and pursued the investigation of such unsavory characters as the five percenters, the influence peddlers, the bribetakers, the cover-uppers for tax evaders, and other betrayers of public trust.

These Democratic committee heads exposed the scandals in the RFC, the Treasury and Justice Departments. They spotlighted the link between gangsters and politicians in some of our big cities. And even in the period between the election and the opening of the new Congress, they were still at work on the matter of subversive Americans in United Nations jobs, and the possible connection between their appointments and the State and Justice Departments and one of their own colleagues.

Such zeal and courage are in marked contrast to the practice, all too prevalent with some of the Truman appointees, of overlooking wrongdoing or covering it up for political reasons. The departing committee heads leave to their successors an example of seeking truth rather than publicity, and of putting honesty above party. We hope the example will be followed.

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Mr. Chas. F. H. Johnson, Jr.—distinguished chairman of the board, Botany Mills, Inc.—started as a wool-sorter's helper. Later, while a salesman, he recommended converting some bulk cloth into consumer items bearing the mill label. Today "Botany" ties, "500" suits, and other wearing apparel make up 60% of Botany's business. Away from work Mr. Johnson is a radio "ham" and horse breeder. He's shown, above, on his N. J. farm with his prize yearling, "Sleipner".

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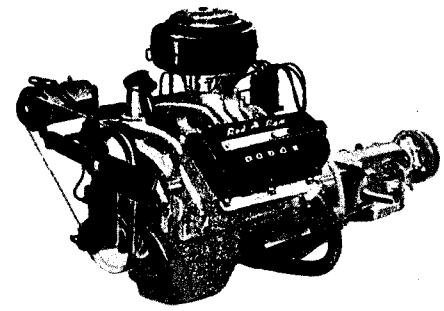

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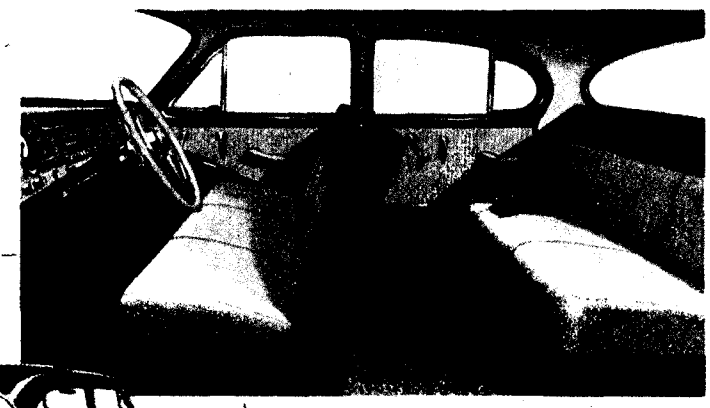

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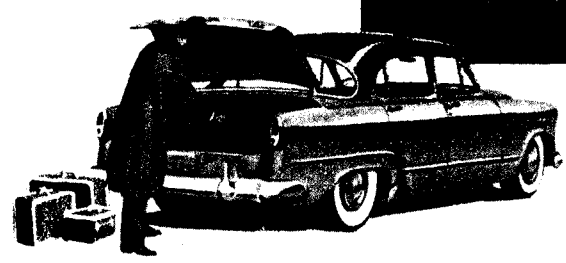

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